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THE

WORKS

OF

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, A. B.

LATE VICAR OF BROAD HEMBURY, DEVON,

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WITH AN ENLARGED MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

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THE

SCHEME

OF

CHRISTIAN AND PHILOSOPHICAL NECESSITY

ASSERTED.

IN OPPOSITION TO MR. JOHN WESLEY'S TRACT ON THAT SUBJECT.

" Adeò stat et permanet invicta sententia, omnia necessitate fieri. Nec est hic ulla obscuritas, aut ambiguitas. In Esaiâ dicit [Deus], consilium meum stabit, et voluntas mea fiet. Quis enim puer non intelligit quid velint hæc vocabula, consilium, voluntas, fiet, stabit?" Luther, de Servo Arbitrio, sect. 19.

" *Quæ nobis* videtur contingentia, secretum Dei impulsum fuisse agnoscet fides." Calvin, Institut. l. 1. c. 16.

" Quid igitur, inquies, nullane est in rebus, ut istorum vocabulo utar, contingentia? Nihil casus? Nihil fortuna?—Omnia necessariò evenire Scripturæ docent." Melancthon, Loc. Com. P. 10. Edit. Argentor. 1523.

" There is not a fly, but has had infinite wisdom concerned, not only in its structure, but in its destination." Dr. Young's Cent. not fab. Letter II.

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PREFACE.

YESTERDAY'S post brought me a packet from London, including, among other papers, a small tract, recently published by Mr. John Wesley, entitled, "Thoughts upon Necessity." I had no sooner perused those "Thoughts," than I resolved to bring them to the test: and am now setting about it.

During some years past, I have for the most part, stood patiently on the defensive, against this gentleman. It is high time that I take my turn to invade; and carry the arms of truth into the enemy's own territory.

Mr. Wesley's tract, abovementioned, was sent to me, by a well known, and very deserving, London clergyman. So much of whose letter as relates to the said tract, shall, for the amusement of my readers, be submitted to their view.

"I went last night to the Foundery (*a*); expecting to hear Pope John: but was disappointed. After hearing a Welshman, for an hour and twenty minutes, on Psalm lxxxiv. 11. preach up all the heresies of the place; a man, who sat in the pulpit, told him to 'give over;' for he seemed to bid fair for another half hour, at least. But he came to a conclusion, as desired. Then this man, who seemed a local preacher, stood up, with a pamphlet in his hand, and addressed the auditory in the following manner:

"I am desired to publish a pamphlet upon Necessity and Free-will: the best extant, that I know of,

(*a*) Mr. Wesley's principal meeting-house in London.

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in the (*a*) English tongue; by Mr. John Wesley, price three-pence. I had purposed to have said a good deal upon it: but the time is elapsed. But, in this three-penny pamphlet, you have all the disputes that have been bandied about so lately. And you will get your minds more established by this three-penny pamphlet, than by reading all the books that have been written for and against. It is to be had, at both doors, as you go out.

"I beg leave" (adds my reverend friend), "to transmit you this here said same three-penny wonder."

Upon the whole, this must have been a droll sort of mountebank scene. Attended, however, with one most melancholy and deplorable circumstance, arising from the unreasonable and unseasonable prolixity of the long winded holderforth: which cruelly, injudiciously, and despitefully, prevented poor Zany from puffing off, with the amplitude he fully intended, the multiplex virtues of the doctor's three-penny free-will powder.

Never do that by delegation, says an old proverb, which you can as well do in propriâ personâ. Had Doctor John himself got upon the stage, and sung,

"Come, buy my fine powders, come buy dem of me;
Hare be de best powders dat ever you see:"

Who knows, but the three-penny doses might have gone off, "at both doors," as rapidly as peas from a pop-gun?

My business, for a few spare hours, shall be, to amuse myself, by analysing this redoubtable powder. The chemical resolution of so inestimable a specific into its component parts (a specific,

"The like whereto was never seen,
Nor will again, while grass is green,")

(*a*) Query. Does the said lay preacher, whoever he may be, know aught of any other tongue?

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may, moreover, be of very great and signal use. It were pity, that the materia medica, of which it is made up, should remain a secret. Especially, as the good doctor designed it for general benefit. To make which benefit as universal as I can, I do hereby give notice, unto all philosophers, divines, and others, who have poisoned their intrails, by unwarily taking too deep a draught of Necessity: that they may, at any time, by help of the following decomposition, have it in their power to mix up, for their own immediate recovery, a competent quantum of the famous Moorfields powder: whose chief ingredients are,

An equal portion of gross Heathenism, Pelagianism, Mahometism, Popery, Manichæism, Ranterism, and Antinomianism; culled, dried, and pulverized, secundum artem: and, above all, mingled with as much palpable Atheism as you can possibly scrape together from every quarter.

Hæ tibi erunt artes. Follow the above prescription, to your life's end, and you will find it a most pleasant, speedy, and infallible antidote against every species and effect of the baneful necessitarian nightshade. It is the felix malum,

———Quo non presentius ullum
(Pocula si quando sævæ infecere novercæ,
Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba)
Auxilium venet, ac membris agit atra Venena (*a*).

But though Mr. John Wesley is the vender, and the ostensible proprietor, of this efficacious threepenny medicine; the original discovery of the nostrum is by no means his own. He appears to have pilferred the substance, both of his arcana medendi, and of his cavils against the true philosophy of colours, from the refuted lucubrations with which a certain north British professor hath edified and en-

(*a*) Georgic. l. 2. 127.

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riched the literary public. Let the simple, however, be on their guard, lest Mr. Wesley's spiritual medicines have as pernicious influence on their minds, as the quack remedy, which he (*a*) recommends for the gout, had on the life of Dr. T——d, the late worthy dean of N——ch.

By way of direct Introduction to the following sheets, allow me to premise an extract from the commentary of a very great man on those celebrated lines of Juvenal:

"Nullum numen habes si sit pudentia; sed te nos facimus, fortuna, deam, cœloque locamus.

"Dicit autem hoc poëta, ob fortunam: quæ non solum nullum numen est, sed nusquam et nihil est. Nam cùm sciamus omnia in mundo, maxima et minima, providentiâ Dei gubernari; quid restat de fortunâ, nisi vanum et inane nomen?——Unde, rectè dicitur, tolle ignorantiam è personis, fortunam de

(*a*) In Mr. Wesley's book of receipts, entitled "Primitive Physic," he advises persons, who have the gout in their feet or hands, to apply raw lean beef steaks to the part affected, fresh and fresh every twelve hours. Somebody recommended this dangerous repellant, to Dr. T. in the year 1764, or early in 1765. He tried the experiment. The gout was, in consequence, driven up to his stomach and head. And he died, a few days after, at Bath; where I happened to spend a considerable part of those years; and where, at the very time of the dean's death, I became acquainted with the particulars of that catastrophe.

I am far from meaning to insinuate, because I do not know, that the person who persuaded Dr. T. to this fatal recourse, derived the recipe immediately from Mr. Wesley's medical compilation. All I aver, is, that the recipe itself is to be found there. Which demonstrates the unskilful temerity, wherewith the compiler sets himself up as a physician of the body. Should his quack pamphlet come to another edition, it is to be hoped that the beef steak remedy will, after so authentic and so melancholy a probatum est, be expunged from the list of specifics for the gout. It is, I acknowledge, an effectual cure. Cut off a man's head, and he will no more be annoyed by the tooth-ache. Alas, for the ingenium velox, and for the audacia perdita, with which a rash empiric, like Juvenal's Græculus esuriens, lays claim to universal science!

Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aleptes,
Augur, Scænobates, Medicus, Magus! Omnia novit!

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rebus sustuleris. Quia enim homines rerum omnium causas non perspicimus, ut est mortalium cæcitas; fortunam nescio quam vagam, irritam, instabilem, nobis fingimus. Quòd si causas rerum latentes et abditas nobis inspicere daretur; non modò nullam esse talem fortunam videremus, verùm etiam omnium minima, singulari Dei providentiâ, regi. Et sic fortuna, nihil aliud est, quâm Dei providentia, sed nobis non perspecta. Et rectè divinus ille Seneca: fortuna, fatum, natura, omnia ejusdem Dei nomina, varie sua potestate utentis (*a*)." i. e. "The poet in this place, levels his arrows at fortune or chance: which is not only no goddess, but a mere nothing, and has no existence any where. For since it is certain, that all things in the world, both little and great, are conducted by the providence of God; what is chance, but an empty unmeaning name? Hence it has been rightly observed, Take away man's ignorance, and chance vanishes in a moment. The true reason why any of us are for setting up chance and fortune, is, our not being always able to discern and to trace the genuine causes of events: in consequence of which, we blindly and absurdly feign to ourselves a supposed random, unreal, unsteady cause, called luck, or contingency. Whereas, were we endued with sufficient penetration to look into the hidden sources of things, we should not only see that there is no such power, as contingency or fortune; but so far from it, that even the smallest and most trivial incidents are guided and governed by God's own express and special providence. If, therefore, the word chance, have any determinate signification at all, it can mean neither more nor less than the unseen management of God. In which sense, the admirable Seneca makes use of the term: Fortune (says that philosopher) and fate, and nature, are but so many dif-

(*a*) Lubini Comment. in Juvenal, Sat. 10. p. 454. Edit. Hanoviæ, 1619.

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ferent names of the one true God, considered as exerting his power in various ways and manners."—But, with Seneca's good leave, as the words fortune, chance, contingency, &c. have gradually opened a door to the grossest atheism; and as they require much subtilty and prolixity of explanation, in order to their being understood in any other than an atheistical sense; it is more than expedient, that the words themselves should be totally and finally cashiered and thrown aside.

I have only to add, that if, in the succeeding essay, any reader should imagine I express my meaning with too much plainness; it may suffice, to observe, that there is no end to the capricious refinements of affected and excessive delicacy.

Quod verum, atque decens, curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

Language, like animal bodies, may be physiced, until it has no strength left. We may whet its edge, as the fool sharpened his knife, and as some are now for reforming the church, until we have whetted the whole blade away.

Broad Hembury,
January 22d, 1775.

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CHAPTER I.

Necessity defined: and its consistency with voluntary Freedom, proved.

ALIQUIS in omnibus, nullus in singulis. The man, who concerns himself in every thing, bids fair not to make a figure in any thing.

Mr. John Wesley is, precisely, this aliquis in omnibus. For, is there a single subject in which he has not endeavoured to shine?—He is also, as precisely, a nullus in singulis. For, has he shone in any one subject which he ever attempted to handle?

Upon what principle can these two circumstances be accounted for? Only upon that very principle, at which he so dolefully shakes his head: viz. the principle of necessity. The poor gentleman is necessarily, an universal meddler: and, as necessarily, an universal miscarrier. Can he avoid being either the one or the other? No. "Why then do you animadvert upon him?"

1. Because I myself am as necessary an agent as he:—2. Because I love to "shoot folly as it flies:"—3. Because, as on one hand, it is necessary that there should be heresies among (*a*) men; it is no less necessary on the other, that those heresies should be dissected and exposed. Mr. Wesley imagines, that, upon my own principles, I can be no more than "a clock." And, if so, how can I help striking? He himself has several times smarted for coming too near the pendulum.

Mr. Wesley's incompetence to argument is never more glaringly conspicuous, than when he paddles in metaphysics. And yet I suppose, that the man who has modestly termed himself, and in print too, "The greatest minister in the world;" does, with

(*a*) 1 Cor. xi. 19.

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equal certainty, consider himself as the ablest metaphysician in the world. But his examinations are far too hasty and superficial, to enter into the real merits of subjects so extremely abstruse, and whose concatenations are (though invincibly strong, yet) so exquisitely nice and delicate. One result of his thus exercising himself in matters which are too high for him, is, that in many cases he decides peremptorily, without having discerned so much as the true state of the question; and then sets himself to speak evil of things which, it is very plain, he does not understand. Or, (to borrow the language of Mr. Locke), he "knows a little, presumes a great deal, and so jumps to conclusions."

I appeal at present, to his "Thoughts upon Necessity." Thoughts, which, though crude and dark as chaos, are announced, according to custom, with more than oracular positiveness: as though his own glandula pinealis was the single focus, wherein all the rays of divine and human wisdom are concentred.

His thoughts open thus.

1. "Is man a free agent, or is he not?"—Without all manner of doubt, he is, in a vast number and variety of cases. Nor did I ever, in conversation or in reading, meet with a person or an author, who denied it.

But let us, by defining as we go, ascertain what free agency is. All needless refinements apart, free agency, in plain English, is neither more nor less than voluntary agency. Whatever the soul does, with the full bent of preference and desire; in that, the soul acts freely. For, ubi consensus, ibi voluntas, et, ubi voluntas, ibi libertas.

I own myself very fond of definitions. I therefore premise, what the Necessity is, whose cause I have undertaken to plead.

It is exactly and diametrically opposite to that which Cicero delivers concerning fortuna, or chance, luck, hap, accidentality, and contingency; invented by

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the poets of second antiquity, and during many ages, revered as a Deity, by both Greeks and Romans. "Quid est aliud sors, quid fortuna, quid casus, quid eventus; nisi quum sic aliquid cecidit, sic evenit, ut vel non cadere atque evenire vel aliter cadere atque evenire, potuerit (*a*)?" i. e. Chance, fortune, accident, and uncertain event, are then said to take place, when a thing so comes to pass, as that it either might not have come to pass at all; or might have come to pass, otherwise than it does.

On the contrary, I would define necessity to be that, by which, whatever comes to pass cannot but come to pass (all circumstances taken into the account); and can come to pass in no other way or manner, than it does. Which coincides with Aristotle's definition of necessity (though, by the way, he was a free-willer himself): Το μη ενδεχομενον ΑΛΛΩΣ εχειν, αναΐκαιον φαμεν (*b*): We call that necessary, which cannot be otherwise than it is.

Hence the Greeks termed necessity, Αναΐκη: because ανασσει, it reigns, without exception, over all the works of God; and because ανασχει, it retains and comprises all things within the limits of its own dominion. The Romans called it necesse et necessitas; quasine cassitas, because it cannot fail, or be made void: et quasi ne quassitas, because it cannot be moved or shaken, by all the power of men (*c*).

(*a*) Cic. De Divinat. L. 2.

(*b*) Apud Frommenium, Lib. 2. cap. 9.

(*c*) The immediate parent, or causa proxima, of necessity, is fate; called, by the Greeks, ειμαρμενη: because it invincibly distributes to every man his lot. They termed it also περπωμενη, because it bounds, limits, marks out, adjusts, determines, and precisely ascertains, to each individual of the human race, his assigned portion both of active and passive life. Fate was likewise sometimes metonymically styled μοιρα, or the lot, i. e. the res ipsissimas, or very actions and felicities and sufferings, themselves, which fall to every man's share.

The Latins called fate, fatum: either from fiat, i. e. from God's saying, Let such and such a thing come to pass; or simply, à fando; from God's pronouncing the existence, the continuance, the circumstances, the times, and whatever else relates to men and things.

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I acquiesce in the old distinction of necessity (a distinction adopted by Luther (*a*), and by most of, not to say by all, the sound reformed divines), into a necessity of compulsion, and a necessity of infallible certainty.—The necessity of compulsion is predicated of inanimate bodies; as we say of the earth (for instance) that it circuits the sun, by compulsory necessity: and, in some cases, of reasonable beings themselves; viz. when they are forced to do or suffer any thing, contrary to their will and choice.—The necessity of infallible certainty, is of a very different kind; and only renders the event inevitably future, without any compulsory force on the will of the agent. Thus, it was infallibly certain, that Judas would betray Christ: he was, therèfore, a necessary, though a voluntary actor, in that tremendous business.

2. "Are a man's actions free, or necessary?"—They may be, at one and the same time, free and necessary too. When Mr. Wesley is very hungry, or very tired, he is necessarily, and yet freely, disposed to food, or rest. He can no more help being so disposed, than a falling stone can help tending to the earth. But here lies the grand difference. The stone is a simple being, consisting of matter only: and consequently, can have no will either to rise or fall.—Mr. Wesley is a compounded being, made up of matter and spirit. Consequently, his spirit, soul,

If we distinguish accurately, this seems to have been the order, in which the most judicious of the ancients considered the whole matter. First, God:—then his will:—then fate; or the solemn ratification of his will, by passing and establishing it into an unchangeable decree:—then creation:—then necessity; i. e. such an indissoluble concatenation of secondary causes and effects, as has a native tendency to secure the certainty of all events, sicut unda impellitur undâ;—then providence; i. e. the omnipresent, omnivigilant, all-directing superintendency of divine wisdom and power, carrying the whole preconcerted scheme into actual execution, by the subservient mediation of second causes, which were created for that end.

(*a*) Vide Luther, De Servo Arbitrio, sect. 43.—Edit. Noremb. 1526.

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or will, (for I can conceive no real difference between the will, and the soul itself) is concerned in sitting down to dinner, or in courting repose, when necessity impels to either. And I will venture to affirm, what he himself cannot deny, that, necessarily biassed as he is to those mediums of recruit; he has recourse to them as freely (i. e. as voluntarily, and with as much appetite, choice, desire, and relish), as if necessity was quite out of the case: nay, and with abundantly greater freedom and choice, than if he was not so necessitated and impelled.

It would be easy, to instance this obvious truth, in a thousand particulars; and in particulars of infinitely greater moment, than relate to common life. Let me just, en passant, illustrate the point, from the most grand important topic which the whole compass of reasoning affords.

It was necessary (i. e. absolutely and intrinsically inevitable), 1. That the Messiah should be invariably (*a*) holy in all his ways, and righteous in all his works:——2. That he should die for the sins of men.

Yet Christ, though, 1. necessarily good (so necessarily, that it was impossible for him to be otherwise); was freely and voluntarily good: else, he could not have declared, with truth, my meat and drink [i. e. my choice, my appetite, my desire] is, to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work (*b*).—2. Though he (*c*) could not avoid being put

(*a*) I never knew more than one Arminian, who was so tremendously consistent, as to maintain explicitly, and in words, that it was possible for Christ himself to have fallen from grace by sin, and to have perished everlastingly. I must, however, do this gentleman the justice to add, that he has, for some years past, been of a better judgment.—But the shocking principle itself is necessarily involved in, and invincibly follows upon, the Arminian scheme of contingency; whether the asserters of that scheme openly avow the consequence, or no.

(*b*) John iv. 34.

(*c*) To deny the necessity of Christ's sufferings, i. e. to consider them as unpredestinated, and as things which might, or might not,

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to death, as a sacrifice for sin; yet he died voluntarily, and therefore freely. Else, he would not have affirmed, that he was even straitened, until it was accomplished (*a*): i. e. he wished, and longed, for the consummation of his obedience unto death.

Need I add any thing more, to prove that freedom and necessity are not only compatible, but may even coalesce into absolute unisons, with each other?

But, "how do they thus coalesce?"—By the wise appointment of God, who is great in counsel, and mighty in working (*b*). A Christian will be satisfied with this answer. And philosophy itself cannot rise to a higher.

CHAPTER II.

The Necessity of Human Volitions proved, from the nature of the connection subsisting between soul and body.

Mr. Wesley asks, 3. "Is man self-determined, in acting; or is he determined by some other being?" —I scruple not to declare, as my stedfast judgment, that no man ever was, or ever will, or ever can be, strictly and philosophically speaking, self-determined to any one action, be that action what it may.

Let us examine this point. It is neither unimportant, nor unentertaining.

have happened; is to annihilate, at one stroke, the whole dignity and importance of the Christian religion. Scripture is, therefore, extremely careful to inculcate, again and again, in the strongest and most explicit terms which language can supply, that the whole of Christ's humiliation, even his death itself, was infallibly and inevitably decreed. See, among many other passages, those which occur in the 5th chapter of this essay.

(*a*) Luke xii. 50. (*b*) Jer. xxxii. 19.

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There is (*a*) no medium between matter and spirit. These two divide the whole universe between them. Even in man's present complex state, though body and soul constitute one compositum; yet are the two component principles not only distinct, but essentially different, from each other. Their connection, though astonishingly intimate, occasions no mixture nor confusion of this with that.

Notwithstanding which, the nature (or, if you please, the law) of their junction is such, that they reciprocally act upon each other. A man breaks a limb; or is wounded in a duel. The body, and the body alone, receives the injury: but the injury is no sooner received, than it operates upon the soul. For it is the soul only, which feels pleasure or pain, through the medium of the bodily organs. Matter can no more feel, or perceive, than it can read, or pray. To suppose otherwise, were to suppose that a violin can hear, and a telescope see.

If, therefore, the soul is the feeling principle, or sole seat of perception; it follows, as clear as day, that the soul is no less dependent on the body, for a very considerable portion of its [i. e. of the soul's own] physical happiness or misery; than the body is dependent on the soul, for its [i. e. for the body's] instrumental subserviency to the will. Consequently, the soul is (not self-determined, but) necessarily determined, to take as much care of the body as it [the soul] in its present views deems requisite: because the soul is conscious of its dependence on that machine, as the inlet and channel of pleasing or of disagreeable sensations. So that, in this very extensive instance, man's volitions are swayed, this way or that, to the right hand or to the left; by considerations, drawn from the circumstance of that necessary

(*a*) I am obliged here, to take these two particulars for granted: as the adhibition of the abundant proofs, by which they are supported and evinced, would lead me too far from the object immediately in view.

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dependance on the body, which the soul cannot possibly raise itself superior to, while the mutual connection subsists.

An idea is that image, form, or conception of any thing, which the soul is impressed with from without (*a*). How come we by these ideas? I believe them to be, all originally let in, through the bodily senses only. I cannot consider reflection as properly the source of any new ideas: but rather as a sort of mental chemistry, by which the understanding contemplatively analyses and sublimates, into abstract and refined knowledge, some of those ideas which result either from experience, or from information; and which were primarily admitted through the avenues of sense. Without the sense of hearing, we could have had no just idea of sound: nor of odours, without the sense of smelling: any more than the foot can taste, or the hand can hear.

The senses themselves, which are thus the only doors, by which ideas, i. e. the rudiments of all (*b*) knowledge, find their way to the soul; are, literally and in the fullest import of the word, corporeal. Hence, the soul cannot see, if the eyes are destroyed: nor feel, if the nervous functions are suspended: nor

(*a*) Are not the powers of fancy an exception to that doctrine which maintains, that all ideas originally accede, ab extra, to the mind?—Not in the least. Though I may form (for instance) an uncertain, or at best an incomplete idea of a person I never saw; yet that idea is either drawn from description, or, if purely imaginary, is a combination of conceptions, every one of which came at first into the mind through the senses, and which it associates on principles of real or supposed similitude.

(*b*) The reader will observe, that I am here speaking of no other than of natural and artificial knowledge. Spiritual knowledge, divinely impressed on the soul in its regeneration by the Holy Ghost, comes not, hitherto, within the compass of the present disquisition. Though to me, it seems extremely probable, that this most adorable agent often condescends to make the senses themselves (and especially the sense of feeling; to which single sense, by the way, all the other four may, sub diverso modo, be reduced) the inlets of his blessed influence. There is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding, Job xxxii. 8.

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hear, if the organs of that sense are totally impaired. What learn we from this? That the soul, or mind, is primarily and immediately indebted to the body, for all the ideas, (and consequently, for all the knowledge) with which it is furnished. By these ideas, when compared, combined, or separated, the soul, on every occasion, necessarily regulates its conduct: and is afterwards as dependent on the body for carrying its conceptions into outward act, as it was for its simple reception of them at first.

Thus, the soul is, in a very extensive degree, passive as matter itself.

Whether the fibres of the brain do no more than simply vibrate; or whether they be also the canals of a vital fluid agitated and set in circulation, by the percussions which it receives from the senses; the argument comes to just the same point. The senses are necessarily impressed by every object from without; and as necessarily commove the fibres of the brain: from which nervous commotion, ideas are necessarily communicated to, or excited in, the soul; and, by the judgment which the soul necessarily frames of those ideas, the will is necessarily inclined to approve or disapprove, to act or not to act. If so, where is the boasted power of self-determination?

Having taken a momentary survey of the soul's dependance on the body; and of the vast command which the body has over the soul (so great, that a disease may quickly degrade a philosopher into an idiot; and even an alteration of (*a*) weather diffuse a

(*a*) Lord Chesterfield's remark is not ill founded. "I am convinced, that a light supper, a good night's sleep, and a fine morning, have sometimes made an hero of the same man, who, by an indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have been a coward." Letter 117.—Again: "Those who see and observe kings, heroes, and statesmen, discover that they have head-aches, indigestions, humours, and passions, just like other people: every one of which, in their turns, determine their wills, in defiance of their reason." Letter 173.—Human excellence, truly, has much to be proud

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temporary stupor through all the powers of the mind); let us next enquire, on what the body itself

of! and man is a sovereign, self-determining animal! an animal, whom too rarified or too viscous a texture, too rapid or too languid a circulation, of blood; an imperfect secretion of spirits, from the blood, through the cortical strainers of the brain; or an irregular distribution of the spiritous fluid, from the secreting fibres, to the nervous canals which diffuse themselves through the body:—these, and a thousand other involuntary causes, can, at any time, in less than a moment, if God please, suspend every one of our sensations; stagnate us into stupidity; agitate us into a fever; or deprive us of life itself!

Yet, let it be observed, that thought and reason are, at all times, and amidst all circumstances whatever, essentially inseparable from the soul: whether it dwell in a well-organized and duly-tempered body, or in a body whose construction is ever so unfavourable, and whose mechanic balance is ever so broken and impaired. But in the latter case (especially in swoons, epilepsies, &c.) the soul cannot unfold and exercise its faculties, as when the material machine is in right order. Thus, we cannot say, with metaphysical propriety, that a person in a fainting fit, or that even the most absolute idiot on earth, is an irrational being: but only, that he has not the service of his reason. Nor can we say, of a madman, that he has lost his understanding: but only, that the proper use or direction of it, is perverted.

It is true, indeed, that, as idiotcy seems to be rather a quid deficiens, than a το positivum; and may therefore be immediately occasioned by the bad mechanism (i. e. by a vitiated arrangement and motion) of the corporeal particles, whether fluid or solid:—So, on the other hand, madness seems to have more in it of the το positivum; and, consequently, to be the effect of a higher and more absolute cause. What can that cause be? I am strongly and clearly of opinion, with Mr. Baxter (not Baxter the puritan, but Baxter the great modern philosopher), that all madness whatever proceeds from the powerful and continued agency of some separate spirit, or spirits, obtruding fantastic visions on the soul of the insane person. If the majority of dreams are but the madness of sleep, what is madness, properly so called, but a waking dream? For, as that most accomplished metaphysician very justly reasons, "The soul, in itself, is an uncompounded, simple substance, and hath no parts, and therefore properly no constitution: neither is it liable to any change, or alteration, in its own nature. The inert matter of the body could never affect it thus [i. e. could never so affect the soul, as to occasion madness]. That could only limit the faculties of the soul, farther and farther, or deaden its activity: but not animate it after such a terrible manner. Hence there is no other way for its being affected in this manner, but the cause I have already assigned.——There is indeed a great difference, and variety, in the phenomena of reason

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depends, for the sources of those innumerable ideas, which it is the vehicle of transmitting to the intel-

disturbed. But, universally, the disease could not be lodged in the soul itself: nor could the matter of the body affect it any other way, than by deadening (i. e. by impeding) its activity; which, I think, is never the case in these appearances. In short, the disorder of matter might make a man a stupid idiot; subject him to sleep, apoplexy, or any thing approaching to its own nature: but could never be the cause of rage, distraction, frenzy, unless it were employed as an instrument by some other cause: that is, it cannot of itself be the cause of these disorders of reason. If the inertia of matter infers any thing, it infers thus much." Baxter's Enquiry into the Nature of the human Soul, vol. ii. p. 141, 142.—I no more doubt, that mad persons, at this very day, are dæmoniacs, or influenced and agitated by incorporeal and invisible beings; than I can doubt, that some people were so possessed, at the time of our Lord's abode on earth. Such an assertion will probably sound romantically strange to a prejudiced, and to a superficial ear. But (let the fact itself really stand how it may), I think I can venture to pronounce, that the philosophy of the opinion, as stated and argued by Mr. Baxter, is irrefragable.—Examine first, and then judge.

Unembodied spirits, both friendly and hostile [εὐδαιμονες, and κακοδαιμονες], holy and unholy, have more to do with us, in a way both of good and evil, than the generality of us seem to imagine. But they themselves are all no more than parts of that great chain, which depends on the first cause, or uncreated link; and can only act as ministers of his will.

Luther relates several uncommon things, concerning his own converse with some of the spiritual world: which, however fanciful they may, primâ facie, appear; are by no means philosophically inadmissible. For so saying, I am sure to incur a smile of contempt, from pertlings and materialists: the former of whom sneer, when they cannot reason; and wisely consider a grin, and a syllogism, as two names for the same thing. When it can be solidly proved, that the gums are the seat of intellect; I will then allow, that a laughter shows his understanding and his wit every time he shows his teeth. Was ridicule the legitimate test of truth, there could be no such thing as truth in the world; and, consequently, there would be nothing for ridicule to be the test of: as every truth may be, and in its turn actually has been, ridiculed, by some insipid witling or other. So that, to borrow a lively remark from Mr. Hervey, "The whim, of making ridicule the test of truth, seems as suitable to the fitness of things, as to place harlequin in the seat of lord chief justice." Moreover, ridicule itself, viewed as ridiculously usurping the office of a philosophical touchstone, has been ridiculed, with much poignancy, and strength of sense, by the ingenious pen of the late Dr. Brown, in his Essay on Satire:

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lect: and, without which transmission, the intellect, implunged in a mass of clay, could have had no more idea of outward things, than an oyster has of a tinder-box. An unactive consciousness of mere torpid existence would have been the whole amount of its riches, during its inclosure in a prison without door, window, or crevice.

The human body is necessarily encompassed by a multitude of other bodies. Which other surrounding bodies (animal, vegetable, &c.) so far as we come within their perceivable sphere, necessarily impress our nerves with sensations correspondent to the objects themselves. These sensations are necessarily (and, for the most part, instantaneously) propagated to the soul: which can no more help receiving them, and being affected by them, than a tree can resist a stroke of lightning.

Now, (1.) if all the ideas in the soul derive their existence from sensation; and, (2.) if the soul depend absolutely on the body for all those sensations; and, (3.) if the body be both primarily and continually dependent, on other extrinsic beings, for the very sensations which it [the body] communicates to the soul;—the consequence seems to me undeniable: that neither the immanent nor the transient acts of man (i. e. neither his mental, nor his outward operations) are self-determined; but,

> "Come, let us join awhile this titt'ring crew,
> And own, the idiot guide for once is true:
> Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
> Who therefore smiled, because they saw a fool.
> Sublimer logic now adorns our isle:
> We therefore see a fool, because we smile.
> Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
> Lo, gay she sits in laughter's dimple cheek:
> Contemns each surly academic foe,
> And courts the spruce free-thinker and the beau.
> No more shall reason boast her pow'r divine:
> Her base eternal shook by folly's mine.
> Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
> And coxcombs vanquish Berkley by a grin!"

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on the contrary, determined by the views with which an infinity of surrounding objects necessarily, and almost incessantly, impress his intellect.

And on what do those surrounding objects themselves, which are mostly material (i. e. on what does matter, in all its forms, positions, and relations), depend? Certainly, not on itself. It could neither be its own creator, nor can it be its own conserver. In my idea, every particle of matter would immediately revert into non-existence, if not retained in being, from moment to moment, by the will of him who upholds all things by the word of his power (*a*), and through whom all things consist (*b*).

Much less does matter depend on the human mind. Man can neither create nor (*c*) exterminate, a single atom. There are cases, wherein he can alter the modes of matter: so as to form (for instance) certain vegetable fibres into linen, linen into paper, and paper into books. He can also throw that linen, or paper, or books, into a fire; and thereby dissolve the present connection of their particles, and annihilate their modal relations. But, notwithstanding he has all this in his power (though, by the way, he will never do either one or the other, except his will be necessarily determined by some effectual motive); still the seeming destruction amounts to no more than a variation. Not an individual particle of the burnt matter is extermined: nor even its es-

(*a*) Heb. i. 3. (*b*) Col. i. 17.

(*c*) To all her other antiphilosophical absurdities, Arminianism adds the supposed defectibility of saving grace: by giving as her opinion, that the holy principle in a renewed soul is not only a corruptible and perishable seed, but that it frequently and actually does suffer a total extinction and a final annihilation. Or, as Mr. Wesley and his fraternity vulgarly express it, "He who is to-day, a child of God, may be to-morrow, a child of the devil." As if the principle of grace were less privileged than a particle of matter! and as if man, who cannot annihilate a single atom, were able to annihilate the most illustrious effect of the holy Spirit's operation! Credat Judæus, &c.

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sential relation to the universe, superseded. There would be precisely the same quantity of solid substance which there now is, without the loss of a corpuscular unit, were all the men, and things, upon the face of the earth, and the very globe itself, reduced to ashes. Consequently, matter is absolutely and solely dependent on God himself.

Thus have we briefly traced the winding current to its source. The soul, or intellect, depends on its ideas, for the determinations of its volitions: else it would will, as a blind man walks, at a venture and in the dark.—Those ideas are the daughters of sensation; and can deduce their pedigree from no other quarter. The embodied soul could have had no idea of so much as a tree, or a blade of grass, if our distance from those bodies had been such, as to have precluded their respective forms from occurring to the eye.—The senses, therefore, are the channels of all our natural perceptions. Which senses are entirely corporeal: as is the brain also, that grand centre, to which all their impressions are forwarded, and from whence they immediately act upon the immaterial principle.—These corporeal senses receive their impressions from the presence, or impulse, of exterior beings (for all our sensations are but modes of motion).—And every one of those exterior beings is dependent, for existence, and for operation, on God Most High.

Such is the progression of one argument (and it is but one among many), for the great doctrine of philosophical necessity: a chain, concerning which (and, especially, concerning the determination to action, by motives arising from ideas) Mr. Wesley modestly affirms, that "It has not one good link belonging to it." Seriously, I pity the size of his understanding. And I pity it, because I verily believe it to be a fault which he cannot help: any more than a dwarf can help not being six feet high. Lame indeed are all his commentations:

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"But better he'd give us, if better he had."

I shall close this chapter, with submitting a few plain and reasonable queries to the reader.

1. How is that supposition, which ascribes a self-determining will to a created spirit, less absurd, than that supposition, which ascribes self-existence to matter?

2. In what respect, or respects, is the Arminian supposition of a fortuitous train of events, less atheistical, than the epicurean supposition of a fortuitous concourse of atoms?

3. If man be a self-determining agent, will it not necessarily follow, there are as many first causes (i. e. in other words, as many gods), as there are men in the world?

4. Is not independence essentially pre-requisite to self-determination?

5. But is it true in fact, and would it be sound philosophy to admit, that man is an independent being?

6. Moreover, is the supposition of human independence and self-determination, sound theology? At least, does it comport with the scriptural account of man? For a specimen of which account, only cast your eye on the passage or two that follow.—The way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps (*a*).—Without me [i. e. without Christ], ye can do nothing (*b*).—In him [i. e. in God] we live, and are moved (κινούμεθα), and have our existence (*c*).—It is he who worketh all in all (*d*).—It is God who worketh in you both to will and to do (*e*).—Of him, and to him, and through him, are all things (*f*).

(*a*) Jer. x. 23. (*b*) John xv. 5. (*c*) Acts xvii. 28.
(*d*) 1 Cor. xii. 6. (*e*) Phil. ii. 13. (*f*) Rom. xi. 36.

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7. May we not, on the whole, soberly affirm, that the scheme of necessity is philosophy in her right mind? And that the scheme of contingency is philosophy run mad?

CHAPTER III.

Several Objections, to the Scheme of Necessity, answered.

It seems most agreeable to the radical simplicity, which God has observed in his works, to suppose, that, in themselves, all human souls are equal. I can easily believe, that the soul of an oyster-woman has, naturally, the (unexpanded) powers of Grotius, or of sir Isaac Newton: and that what conduces to raise the philosopher, the poet, the politician, or the linguist, so much above the ignorant and stupid of mankind, is not only the circumstance of intellectual cultivation, but (still more than that) his having the happiness to occupy a better house, i. e. a body more commodiously organized, than they.

The soul of a monthly reviewer, if imprisoned within the same mud walls which are tenanted by the soul of Mr. John Wesley, would, similarly circumstanced, reason and act (I verily think) exactly like the bishop of Moorfields. And I know some very sensible people, who even go so far, as to suppose, that, was a human spirit shut up in the skull of a cat, puss would, notwithstanding, move prone on all four, pur when stroked, spit when pinched, and birds and mice be her darling objects of pursuit.

Now, though I can, by no means, for my own part, carry matters to so extreme a length as this;

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yet, I repeat my opinion, that much, very much, depends on corporeal organization. Whence the usual remark, that a man is (I would rather say appears to be) sensible and ingenious, according to his dimension and solid content of brain. That is, as I apprehend, the soul is more capable of exerting its powers, when lodged in a capacious and well-constructed vehicle. I dare believe, that the brain of Dr. Thomas Nowell is, to that of Mr. John Wesley, as two to one, at the very least. And yet, all this is the result of absolute necessity. For, what is brain, but matter peculiarly modified? And who is the modifier? Not man, but God.

I just now hinted the conjecture of some, that a human spirit, incarcerated in the brain of a cat, would, probably, both think and behave, as that animal now does. But how would the soul (*a*) of a cat acquit itself, if inclosed in the brain of a man? We cannot resolve this question, with certainty, any more than the other. We may, however, even on this occasion, address every one of our human brethren in those words of that great philosophic necessitarian, St. Paul; and ask, who maketh thee to differ from the lowest of the brute creation? Thy Maker's free will, not thine. And what pre-

(*a*) Let not the reader start, at that expression, 'The soul of a cat.' For though the word, so applied, may seem strange to those who have not weighed both sides of the question (it would have seemed very strange to me, about fifteen years ago); yet, on giving the cause an impartial hearing, the scale of evidence will, in my judgment, strongly decide for an immaterial principle in brutes.

I mean not here to discuss the argument. But let me hint, that one principal hinge, on which the enquiry turns, is: Do those inferior beings reason, or do they not? If they do (be it in ever so small a degree), they must consist of something more than body: i. e. they must be compounded of matter and spirit.—If they do not reason at all (and we may as well doubt whether they can feel at all); we may set them down for mere material machines.—He, however, who seriously thinks, that even birds, or insects, are watches; may, with equal ease, while his hand is in, advance a few steps higher, and suppose, that men are clocks, i. e. larger watches of the three.

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eminence hast thou, which thou didst not receive from him? Not the least, nor the shadow of any.—Now, if thou didst [not acquire, but] receive it, as a distinguishing gift of his free and sovereign pleasure, why carriest thou thyself proudly (καυχασαι), as though thou hadst not received it (*a*)?

"He, who through vast immensity can pierce;
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;
Can tell how system beyond system runs;
What other planets circle other suns;
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star:
May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are."

What the poet could not tell, the Bible does.—"Why are we made as we are?" Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight. Which is answer enough to satisfy me.

I take the truth of the matter to be this: All the intellectual distinctions, which obtain throughout the whole scale of animated existence, from the brightest angel down to man, and which give advantage to one man above another; which intellectual distinctions descend, likewise, in just gradations from man, to the minutest animalcule; are distributed to each individual, in number, in measure, and in weight (*b*), by the sovereign will and the unerring hand of God the only wise. The uses to which those intellectual powers shall subserve; the term of their duration; and, in short, every circumstance relative both to them and their possessors; I consider as falling under the regulation of God's determining and permissive decree before time, and of his ever-present and ever-acting providence in time.

According to this scheme of things (a scheme, which, when fairly weighed, will be found the most cheerful to men, and the most worthy of God, which

(*a*) 1 Cor. iv. 7. (*b*) Wisd. xi. 20.

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was ever proposed to the human mind), that melancholy, that absurd, that atheistical fiction, whose name is Chance, has nothing to do with God or with his works. On the contrary, the golden chain of necessity, providence, or fate (it is no matter which you term it), is let down, from the throne of the supreme, through all the ranks of animated and of unanimated creation: guiding and governing every individual spirit, and every individual atom, by such means, and in such a manner, as best comport with the dignity, the efficacy, the wisdom, and the love, of him who holds the chain, and who has implicated every link.

Thus, he doth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou (*a*)? Hence it is, that the very (*b*) hairs of our heads are all numbered in his book; and not one of them can fall from its pore, without the leave of Heaven. He is the guardian of sparrows; and will not let what we account the meanest insect expire, until the point of time, divinely destined is come. He not only tells the number of the stars (*c*), and calls them each by name; but notices and directs the very particles of (*d*) dust, which float in the atmosphere. The (*e*) sun shines not, but at his command; nor can a (*f*) wind blow, but by authority from him. May we not say of necessity, what the Psalmist says of the central luminary, round which our globe is wheeled; that there is nothing hid from the heat thereof?

And yet there are those, who think that necessity makes no part of the Christian system!

Mr. Wesley is, or pretends to be, of this number. Let us give a concise hearing to the difficulties, which, in his estimation, clog the scheme of evan-

(*a*) Dan. iv. 35. (*b*) Mat. x. 29, 30. (*c*) Psal. cxlvii. 4.
(*d*) Isa. xl. 12. (*e*) Job ix. 7. (*f*) Psal. cxxxv. 7.

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gelical and philosophical fate: though they are such as have been refuted again and again.

1. "There can be no moral good or evil; no virtue, and no vice."

So thought Aristotle (*a*); and his disciples, the Peripatetics. Hence, they defined moral virtue to be an elective habit, flowing originally from free-will, and rendered easy by repeated acts.

It is no wonder, that proud heathens should thus err; seeing they know not the scriptures, nor the power of God. But Mr. Wesley should remember, that he has read, and professes to believe, a book which tells him, that a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven (*b*); that we cannot even think a good thought (*c*), unless God breathe it into our hearts; and that it is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who must work in us that which is well pleasing in his sight (*d*).

Nor should his lordship of Moorfields forget, that he has solemnly subscribed (to omit all present mention of articles and homilies) a certain liturgy: in which liturgy, among a thousand other passages equally excellent, God himself is addressed, as the sole being, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels [or sincerely devout intentions], and all just works, do proceed. The supreme is, likewise, in the same "Calvinistical and Antinomian Prayer-book," declared to be the almighty and everlasting God, who maketh us both to will and to do those things that be good, and acceptable to his divine

(*a*) And yet Aristotle, though a vehement, was not (any more than his disciple of the Foundery) a consistent, free-will man. Hence, Aristotle, being once asked, "Who can keep a secret?" made this odd answer: He that can hold red hot coals in his mouth.—Surely, free-will must be very feeble, and necessity irresistibly potent, upon this principle! Not to ask: If free-will cannot, on a proper occasion, shut the mouth of the man that has it; how can it bring him virtue, and save his soul?

(*b*) John iii. 27. (*c*) 2 Cor. iii. 5. (*d*) Heb. xiii. 21.

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majesty. And, in absolute harmony with this necessitating principle, the said book beseeches the blessed Father and governor of men, that by his holy inspiration, we may think those things that are good; and that we may, by his merciful guidance, faithfully perform the same. If this is being, what Mr. Wesley terms, "a fine piece of clock-work;" I heartily wish and pray, that I may every hour of my life, be so wound up.

But still, says the objector, "moral good or evil," cannot (*a*) consist with necessity. I, on the contrary, say, that it both can, and does. Mr. Wesley does not consider the tremendous consequences, which unavoidably flow from his position. For, if necessary virtue be neither moral, nor praise worthy; it will follow, that God himself (who, without all doubt, is necessarily and unchangeably good) is an immoral being, and not praise worthy for his goodness! On the same horrible Arminian principle, it would also follow, that Christ's most perfect obedience (which was necessary: for he could not but obey perfectly) had no morality in it, was totally void of merit, and entitled him to neither praise, nor reward: The axiom, therefore, which dares to affirm, that "necessity and moral agency are irreconcileable things;" lays at once the axe to the root both of natural and revealed religion, and ought to be hissed back again by all mankind to the hell from whence it came.

(*a*) "The hacknied objection to the doctrine of necessity, from its being [pretendedly] inconsistent with the idea of virtue and vice, as implying praise and blame, may be fully retorted upon its opponents. For, as to their boasted self-determining power (were the thing possible in itself, and did not imply an absurdity), by which they pretend to have a power of acting independently of every thing that comes under the description of motive; I scruple not to say, that it is as foreign to every idea of virtue or vice, praise or blame, as the grossest kind of mechanism that the most blundering writer in defence of liberty ever ascribed to the advocates for moral necessity."
Dr. Priestley's Exam. of Beattie, &c. p. 178.

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The crucifiers of the Son of God perpetrated the most immoral act, that ever was, or ever will be, committed. And yet I am expressly assured, by the written testimony of the Holy Ghost, entered on a record which will continue to the end of time, that Herod, and Pontius Pilate, and the people of the Jews, were gathered together against Jesus, for to do whatsoever God's hand and God's counsel had fore-determined to be done (*a*). So that, upon Christian principles at least, necessity and moral evil (by the same rule also, necessity and moral good) may walk (*b*) hand in hand together. If Mr. Wesley prefers Aristotle and the other gentlemen of the Lycæum, to the inspired writers; and chooses the peripatetic scheme of free-will, rather than the Bible scheme of necessity; he must, for me, go on to hug an idol that cannot save.

The whole cavil amounts to precisely this. If God is the alone author and worker of all good; virtue ceases to be virtue: and, if God is the free permitter of evil, vice ceases to be vice. Can any thing be at once more impious and more irrational, than the letter and the spirit of these two propositions?

In one word: those modes of actions, called virtue and vice, do not cease to be moral, i. e. to affect our manners, as creatures of God, and as members of society; be those modes occasioned by what they may. Acts of devotion, candour, justice, and beneficence, together with their opposites, are, to all intents and purposes, as morally good or evil, if they flow from one source, as from another: though no works can be evangelically good and pleasing to God, which do not spring from his own grace in the heart. But this latter circumstance is entirely of spiritual

(*a*) Acts ii. 23. and iv. 28.

(*b*) I have largely canvassed this point, in a former tract, entitled, "More Work for Mr. John Wesley."

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consideration. It has nothing to do, off or on, with the mere (*a*) morality of actions. Good is morally, i. e. religiously excellent, or socially beneficial; and evil is morally, i. e. religiously bad or socially injurious; whether men be self-determining agents, or not. Light is light, and darkness is darkness; flow they from the right hand, or from the left.

2. We are told, that, on the hypothesis of necessity, man is "neither rewardable, nor punishable; neither praise, nor blame-worthy."

No objection can be more unphilosophical than this, because it quite loses sight of the very point in debate; viz. of necessity itself: by which, certain causes inevitably produce certain effects, and certain antecedents are inevitably concatenated with certain consequences. It is sufficient, therefore, to answer: that the will of God has established a natural connection between virtue and (*b*) happiness, vice and misery. This divine established connection is so indissoluble, that, even in the present state of things, happiness never fails to enter at the same door with virtue; nor does misery ever fail to tread upon the heels of vice.

Some sensualists, however, profess otherwise: and affirm, that their own deviations from the moral path are neither attended, nor followed, by any pungent brier, or grieving thorn. Their draughts are all balmy and nectarious, without a drop of wormwood or of gall, to allay the sweetness, or to embitter the remembrance.

Those gentlemen must, however, excuse me from taking their word for this. I do not believe one syllable of it to be true. Both scripture, and the nature of the case, and the observations I have

(*a*) Morality is, I think, usually and very justly defined to be, that relation, or proportion, which actions bear, to a given rule.—Consequently, neither necessity, nor non-necessity, has any thing to do with the morality of action.

(*b*) I here speak of intellectual happiness or misery.

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made, unite to render me quite positive, that the way of transgressors is hard (*a*): that even in the midst of laughter, they have a tinge of sorrow in their hearts; as well as that the end of their mirth is heaviness (*b*). They may, for a time, like the Lacedæmonian boy, conceal the wolf that is eating out their very entrails; and set the gloss of an outward Sardonian smile on the inward pangs they endure: but the great law of necessity, from which neither the virtuous nor the licentious are exempt, assures me, that this pretended ease is mere dissimulation and grimace.

One of the most sensible men I ever knew, but whose life, as well as creed, had been rather eccentric, returned me the following answer, not many months before his death, when I asked him, "whether his former irregularities were not both accompanied at the time, and succeeded afterwards, by some sense of mental pain?" Yes, said he: but I have scarce ever owned it, until now. We [meaning we infidels, and men of fashionable morals] do not tell you all that passes in our hearts.

The fact then, plainly is, that rectitude of manners saves people from much uneasiness of mind; and, that the perpetration of moral evil involves in it a Trojan horse, whose hidden force puts their comforts to the sword. I have seen instances of this in very high, as well as in more humble life: notwithstanding all the labour and art which have been obtended, to vail it from the eye of man. They who plough iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same (*c*): the crop is always more or less similar to the seed. The wicked man travelleth with pain, all his days; and a dreadful sound is in his ears (*d*); let him say what he will to the contrary. So that we

(*a*) Prov. xiii. 15.
(*b*) Prov. xiv. 13.
(*c*) Job iv. 8.
(*d*) Job xv. 20, 21.

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may almost assert, with (*a*) Seneca, "prima et maxima peccantium pœna est, peccasse:" i. e. the very commission of sin is its own primary and capital punishment.

God himself has joined the chain together: no wonder, therefore, that its links cannot be put asunder. Hence, I conclude, that, let what seeming consequences soever flow from the position of necessity, God would not have tied moral and natural evil together, into one knot, if moral evil were not justly punishable. And, while facts, indisputable facts, say, aye; facts I will still believe, though ten thousand imaginary inferences were to say, no.

I must likewise add, that, if we shut out the doctrine of necessity, which asserts the inseparable connection of moral evil with intellectual (and often with external) infelicity; men will want one of the most rational (*b*) motives, which can possibly induce

(*a*) Epist. lib. 16. ep. 2.—When St. Paul speaks (Eph. iv. 19.) of some who were απηλγηκοτες, which we render, past feeling (though it may be better rendered, quite sunk in indolence and idleness; totally enervated and dissipated; enemies to all honest, manly, and laborious employ): there is no necessity for supposing even the English phrase to import, that those wretched people were void of inward horror and tormenting anguish; but that they were quite void of outward decency, and had no feelings of delicacy: for there is a sort of refinement (though bad is the best), which even vice itself is capable of.

When the same apostle speaks, elsewhere (1 Tim. iv. 2.) of the κεκαυτηριασμενων, or persons whose consciences have been seared as with a hot iron; the word (not to canvass here the several critical senses which it will admit of) may be fairly considered, as importing neither more nor less than this, that they carry a fearful brand, or mark of condemnation, in their own minds; though they may endeavour to toss off matters, outwardly, with an air of seeming unconcern.

(*b*) Should any be so pitiably undiscerning, as to ask, "What can necessity have to do with rational motives?"—I answer: that there are numberless cases, wherein certain motives appear so very rational to the mind, as to be absolutely cogent, and incline the will effectually. For, the finally predominant motive constantly and infallibly determines the will: and the will, thus necessarily determined, as constantly and infallibly (all extrinsic impediments re-

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them to a hatred of vice. And so great is the depravation of human nature, that, were it not for the thing necessity, virtue neither would nor could have any sort of existence in the world.

As for that mixture (or, rather interspersion) of good and evil, which obtains throughout our sublunary planet; this, likewise, I acknowledge to be the consequence of actual and reigning necessity. But this, in a philosophic eye, reflects no more blame on necessity itself, than the two contrary powers of attraction and repulsion can reflect dishonour on the wisdom of him, who, for good reasons, endued matter with those opposite properties.

Cousin german to the second, is Mr. Wesley's

3d Objection: namely, that, if universal necessity determine all the thoughts and actions of man, "there can be no judgment to come;" i. e. God cannot in the last day, judge and sentence mankind according to their works. I have (*a*), elsewhere amply refuted this empty cavil. But, as it is now hashed and served up again in a different dish, I will give it another examination, before we dismiss it from the table.

The objector forgets one main circumstance, of no small importance to the argument: viz. that the judgment-day itself, and the whole process of the grand transaction, together with every thing that relates to it, directly or indirectly; are, upon the Christian scheme, no less necessary and inevitable, than any intermediate event can be. An oak is not more the daughter of an

moved) determines the actions of the willer. Non est intelligentis causæ, sine fine sibi proposito, agere.

If motives did not so operate on the mind; and if the mind, so operated upon, did not give the law to the will; and if the will, so biassed and conciliated, did not (positis omnibus ponendis) necessarily influence the conduct; actions and volitions would be uncaused effects: than which ideas it is impossible for any thing to be more absurd and self-contradictory.

(*a*) More Work for Mr. John Wesley, p. 82—85.

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acorn; than absolute necessity will be the mother of that universal audit, wherewith she is already pregnant.

But, observe. The scriptural is not a blind necessity, or a necessity resulting (as some of the grosser Stoics believed) either from the planetary positions, or from the "stubbornness of matter." I no where contend for these kinds of necessity: which, even admitting them to have their respective degrees of physical influence in subordination to providence; still can never, by any Christian (nor, I should think, by any man of refined understanding), be considered as exercising the least dominion over God himself, by inferring any sort of causality on his interior purposes, or extrinsic operations.

On the contrary, necessity, in general; with all its extensive series of adamantine links, in particular; is in reality, what the poets feigned of Minerva, the issue of divine wisdom: deriving its whole existence, from the free-will of God; and its whole effectuosity, from his never-ceasing providence.

Thus I affirm the day of judgment to be necessary: to wit, because God has absolutely (*a*) appointed it. For his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure (*b*). It is also necessary, that there should be conscious beings, on whom to pass sentence; and that there should be both good and evil actions, on which the sentence of the judge should turn. We must, I think, admit this; or, at one stroke, deny the certain futurition of a judgment-day. And, for my own part, I would much rather believe and maintain so important an article of revealed religion, though upon the principle of necessity; than I would virtually deny it, as an Arminian, by imagining, either the great day itself, or the decisions of the day, to be things of unfixed

(*a*) Acts xvii. 31. (*b*) Isaiah xlvi. 10.

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chance, lying at sixes and sevens, and which consequently, may or may not take effect at all.

It is the doctrine of uncertain self-determination, which, by representing events to lie at hap-hazard, stamps absurdity on the sure expectation of a judgment to come. It is the doctrine of absolute necessity alone, which, by refusing to hang any one circumstance on a peradventure, affixes the seal of infallible futurity to the day itself, to the business of the day, and to all the antecedents, concomitants, and consequences, of the whole.

That side-face of Arminian free-will, which we have hitherto surveyed, carries no more than a squinting aspect on the day of ultimate retribution; by only leaving the day, and its retributions, at the uncertain mercy of a may-be. Look at the other profile (i. e. view the blind side) of the Arminian goddess; and you will immediately perceive, that, according to her scheme of metaphysics, it is utterly impossible there should be any day of judgment at all. For,

He alone can be called "a self-determining agent," who is quite independent on any other agent or agency whatever. If I may depend, for my being, for my ideas, and for my operations, on another; my being, and ideas, and operations, are and must be influenced and affected by that dependence. Consequently, I am neither self-existent (*a*), nor self-

(*a*) See p. 173. of a performance already quoted, namely, Dr. Priestley's masterly "Examination of Dr. Reid's Enquiry into the Human Mind, Dr. Beattie's Essay on Truth, and Dr. Oswald's Appeal to Common Sense."—I cannot help observing, what, by this time, almost every person knows, and every impartial judge must acknowledge; viz. the energy and success, with which Dr. Priestley has battered the free-will lanthorns (the Enquiry, the Appeal, and the Essay), in which the three northern lights had respectively stuck themselves and hung themselves out to public view. It lay peculiarly in Dr. Priestley's department, to examine the theory of those new lights and colours. And he has done it to purpose. Though, I am apt to think, that the luminous triumvirate, like Æsop's one eyed stag received the mortal shot from a quarter whence they least expected it.

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determined.—But, if I am an independent animal, I am also, necessarily (*a*) self-existent: and I not only may be, but absolutely must be (view what side of the argument we will, necessity stares us in the face!) I absolutely must be a self-determinant. Thus, self-existence and independence necessarily enter into the basis of self-determination, i. e. of Arminian or Methodistical free-will.

Let us for a moment imagine ourselves to be what Mr. Wesley supposes us.

Lord of myself, is essentially connected with, accountable to none. Farewel, then, to the very possibility of a judgment-day. Shall an independent being, who can have no superior, hold up his hand, as a felon, at the bar?—Shall a potent self-exister deign to be punished, for the evanid crimes of an hour?—Shall a sovereign self-determiner submit to receive sentence from the lips of another? Impossible. Paul was a knave, for asserting it. And Felix was a fool, for trembling at the empty sound.

What a truly Christian tenet, therefore, is that of free-will! How patly it squares with the Bible! And with how good a grace does orthodox Mr. John introduce his

4th Objection, that "the scriptures cannot be of divine original," if the doctrine of necessity be true.

I, è contra, scruple not to declare, that no man can consistently acknowledge the "divine authority of the scriptures," without believing their contents: i. e. without being an absolute necessitarian. I will even add, that all the intentional defenders of Christianity in the world, who encounter Deism, or

(*a*) An independent creature is a contradiction in terms. To ask, "Whether the Deity might not endue created beings with philosophical independence?" is to ask, whether one God might not make millions of others. I answer, No. And yet I do not, by so saying, "limit the Holy One of Israel." His power is still infinite. For, as some have well expressed it, an essential contradiction is no object of power.

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Atheism itself, on any but necessitarian principles; such defenders ever will, and inevitably must, have the worst end of the staff: for the Bible will stand on no ground but its own; nor can the cavillings of its doctrinal gainsayers (flimsy as their cavillings are) be hewn effectually in pieces, by any weapons but those which the Bible itself supplies. Among others, it supplies us with the invincible two-edged sword of predestination and necessity (which two edges, by the way, terminate, sword-like, in one common (*a*) point): a weapon, peculiarly formed and tempered to penetrate the best mail of our modern unbelieving Philistines; most of whom have sense enough to laugh (and laugh they may in perfect safety) at

"The pointless arrow and the broken bow;"

equipped with which, Arminianism comes limping into the field of battle.

(*a*) People do not see all things at once. The rising of truth upon the mind, is commonly gradual; like the rising of the sun, on the world. Hence, some philosophers, who are rooted necessitarians, either do not yet perceive, or forbear to acknowledge, the coincidence of scripture predestination with physical and metaphysical necessity.

But, all in good time. The more these doctrines are examined, and compared together, the more clearly and strongly will they be found to suppose and support each other. The Arminians are aware of this: and pelt both predestination and necessity, with equal rage, and with the self-same cavils.

Nor without reason. For what is predestination, but necessitas imperata; or, the free and everlasting determination of God, that such and such a train of causes and effects should infallibly take place in time?—And what is philosophical necessity, but predestinatio elicita; or, God's determination drawn out into act, by successive accomplishment, according to the plan pre-conceived in the divine mind?—Necessity (i. e. fate, or providence, to whose ceaseless agency all the laws and modes and the very being of matter and spirit incessantly subserve) this necessity is, as a valuable person phrases it, "a strait line," however crooked it may sometimes appear to us; "a strait line, drawn from the point of God's decree." And as predestination is the point itself, from which the strait line is drawn; so it is also the point, into which the line, progressively, but infallibly, reverts.

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The caput vivum, of a dexterous infidel, is absolutely invulnerable by the caput mortuum of free-will nonsense, though the asinine jaw-bone were wielded by the arm of a Samson.

CHAPTER IV.

Specimen of Scripture Attestations to the Doctrine of Necessity.

REFERENCES have already been made, in the course of the present essay, to several scripture passages, wherein necessity is invincibly and decisively asserted. I will add a few others: and then leave the reader to judge, whether necessitarians, or chance-mongers, give most credit to the "divine original of the scriptures."

I withheld thee from sinning against me. Gen. xx. 6.

It was not you that sent me hither, but God. Gen. l. 5. 7, 8.

I will harden his heart, that he shall not let the people go. Exod. iv. 21.

It was of the Lord, to harden their hearts, that they should come against Israel to battle; that he might destroy them utterly. Josh. xi. 20.

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Judg. v. 20.

The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up. 1 Sam. ii. 7.

They hearkened not to the voice of their Father; because the Lord would slay them. 1 Sam. ii. 25.

Thus saith the Lord: Behold, I will raise up evil against thee, out of thy own house; and I will take thy wives, before thine eyes, and give them to thy neighbour, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight

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of this sun.—What was the consequence?—So they spread Absalom a tent upon the top of the house; and Absalom went in unto his father's concubines, in the sight of all Israel. 2 Sam. xii. 11. with 2 Sam. xvi. 22.

The Lord hath said unto him [to Shimei], curse David. 2 Sam. xvi. 10.

And he [i. e. the evil spirit] said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his [Ahab's] prophets. And he [God] said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth, and do so.—Now, therefore, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these, &c. 1 Kings xxii. 22, 23.

Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all. 1 Chr. xxix. 12.

Then rose up the chief of the fathers of Judah and Benjamin, &c. whose spirit God had raised to go up, to build the house of the Lord. Ezra i. 5.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Job i. 21.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward (Job v. 7.) And, I am apt to think, sparks ascend by necessity!

He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprize. (Job v. 12.) Be men ever so shrewd, their utmost dexterity will not avail, unless the great superintending Creator stamp it with efficiency.

Behold he taketh away. Who can hinder him? Who will say unto him [i. e. who has a right to say unto God], what dost thou? Job ix. 12.—— For he is not a man, as I am, that I should answer him, and that we should come together in judgment, ver. 32.

Vain man would be wise [and the puny prisoner of a clod would be an independent, self-determining free-willer!] though man be born as a wild ass's colt. Job xi. 12. What a thunderbolt to human

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pride! To the το αυτεξουσιον. To αυτοδεσποτεια. To the τα εφ' ημιν. To αυτοκρατορια. To liberum arbitrium. To ipseitas. To the Arminian herb called, self-heal. To independency, self-authority, self-determination, self-salvation, innate ideas, and other pompous nothings, with which man's ignorance and conceit seek to plat a wreath for the enrichment of his brows. Vain man, born as a wild ass's (*a*) colt!

(*a*) And we should remain, to our dying day, nearly on a level with the animal to which we are compared, were it not for the care of those about us, and did we not necessarily become parts of a society antecedently formed to our hands. In what a state would the present generation be, had they not dropt (if I may use the expression) into a house ready built! i. e. if we had been cut off from all means of profiting by the wisdom, the experience, the discoveries, the inventions, and the regulations, of those who lived before us.—It is a circumstance of unspeakable convenience, to be the children of Time's old age.

Our mental powers, like a chicken in the shell, or a plant in its semen, are no more than virtual and dormant, until elicited by cultivation, and ripened by experience, attention, and reflection. Civil society, dress, articulate language, with all other useful and ornamental polishings which result from domestic and political connection, are, in themselves, things purely artificial and adventitious. If so, will it not follow, that (ever since the fall) man is naturally a wild animal? Some very able reasoners have gone so far, as peremptorily to pronounce him such. The late Dr. Young, in his "Centaur not fabulous," appears to have thought, that the greater part of the human species profit so little by their accessory opportunities of improvement, as to go off the stage, semi savages, at last; notwithstanding the inexhaustible and omnipotent deluge of free-will, which that ingenious writer imagined every man to bring into the world with him. Strange, that so immense a reservoir, inherent in the soul, should yet leave the soul so dry!

With regard to the natural wildness of man, supposed and asserted by some philosophers; thus much, I think, must be fairly admitted; that the hypothesis derives much subsidiary force, from various pertinent and well authenticated facts. For, if any credit be due to human testimony, there have been instances of exposed infants, who were nursed by forest animals; and, when grown up, went prone on all-four, with a swiftness greatly superior to that of the nimblest running-footman: but totally unable (and no wonder) to form the least articulate sound. It is added, that, like any other wild creature, they would fly from the human sight (i. e. from the sight of their own species refined), with a roar of fear and hatred, into the thickest recesses of the woods.

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"How keenly," says a fine writer, "is this comparison pointed!—Like the ass: an animal, remarkable for its stupidity, even to a proverb. Like the ass's colt: which must be still more egregiously stupid than the dam. Like the wild ass's colt: which is not only blockish, but stubborn and intractable; neither possesses valuable qualities by nature, nor will easily receive them by discipline. The image, in the original, is yet more strongly touched. The comparative particle like, is not in the Hebrew. Born a wild ass's colt. Or, as we should say in English, a mere wild, &c." (Hervey's Theron and Aspasio, Dial. 13.)

He [i. e. God] is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doth. He performeth the thing that is appointed for me. And many such things are with him, Job xxiii. 13, 14. Query: Who is self-determiner? Man or God? Surely, God. Nor is he only the self-determiner, but the all-determiner likewise; throughout the whole universe both of spirits and of matter.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven: to make a weight for the

Civilization, though a very poor succedaneum for that divine image, originally impressed on our immortal part, and lost by Adam's transgression, is, however, of very great secular importance. Nay, its importance is, with regard to millions of us, more than secular: for it is often a providential means of qualifying us to receive and understand that blessed gospel, which, when made the vehicle of divine power to the heart, issues in our recovery of God's image, and in the salvation of the soul.

After all, let the instruments of our refinement, and of our knowledge (whether in things temporal, or in things sacred), be who or what they may; and let us profit ever so deeply by our intercourse with the living, by converse with the recorded wisdom of the dead, by the perceptions we receive from external objects, and by reflecting on the ideas of which those perceptions are the source; still, no advantages are any thing more to us, than divine providence makes them to be. Let him, therefore, that glories, glory in the Lord.—For, it is God, who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven, 1 Cor. i. 31. Job xxxv. 11.

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winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure. He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder. Job xxviii. 25, 26.

When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and, when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only. Job xxxiv. 29. Absolute necessity still.

By the breath of God, frost is given; and the breadth of the waters is straitened. Also, by watering, he wearieth the thick cloud: he scattereth his bright cloud. He causeth it to come; whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy. Job xxxviii. 10—13. We see from this, as well as from a preceding and from two or three subsequent quotations, that the air cannot be compressed into a current of wind; nor rain find its way to the earth; nor exhalations kindle into thunder and lightning; nor a river overflow its banks; nor suspended vapours condense into snow or hail; nor water freeze, or when frozen, thaw; without the express appointment of God's will, and the hand of his particular providence. Second causes are but effects of his decree: and can operate no farther, than he, from whom they derive their whole activity, condescends to make use of them as mediums of his own agency.

The kingdom is the Lord's; and he is the governor among the nations. Psal. xxii. 28.

O Lord, thou preservest man and beast. Psal. xxxvi. 6.

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. Psal. cxxvii. 1.

Whatsoever the Lord pleaseth, that did he; in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and in all deep places. He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth: he maketh lightnings, for the

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rain; he bringeth the wind out of his treasuries. Psal. cxxxv. 6, 7.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, he prepareth rain for the earth, he maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. He giveth to the beast his food; and to the young ravens which cry. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest wheat. He giveth snow, like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost, like ashes. He casteth forth his ice, like morsels; who can stand before his cold? he sendeth out his word, and melteth them; he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow. Psal. cxlvii. 8, 9. 14—18. What so variable and uncertain, humanly speaking, as the weather? And yet we see all its modes and changes are adjusted and determined, from moment to moment, by divine impression: i. e. by a necessity, resulting from the will and providence of the supreme First Cause. Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour; stormy wind, fulfilling his word! Psal. cxlviii. 8.

Neither is material nature alone thus (*a*) "bound fast in fate." All other things, the "human will" itself not excepted, are no less tightly bound, i. e. effectually influenced and determined. For,

The preparations of the heart in man; and the answer of the tongue, are from the Lord. Prov. xvi. 1. That is, men can neither think, nor speak; they can neither resolve, nor act, independently of providence.

The Lord hath made all things, for himself; for the manifestation of his own glory, and for the accomplishment of his own designs: even the wicked, for the day of evil. Prov. xvi. 4. If so, he has endued none of his creatures with a self-determining power, which might issue in counteracting and defeating the purposes of his infinite wisdom.

(*a*) See Pope's Universal Prayer.

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A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps. Prov. xvi. 9. Yea, there are many devises in a man's heart: nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand. Prov. xix. 21.

The lot is cast into the lap: but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord. Prov. xvi. 33.

Even the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: and he turneth it whithersoever he will. Prov. xxi. 1. Odd sort of self-determination, this!

Enemies and evil-minded men, are under the absolute control of God; nor can their enmity, or their wickedness, do a jot more hurt, than he gives leave. O Assyrian, the rod of my anger. Isa. x. 5. Thou art my battle-axe and weapons of war: for with thee will I break in pieces the nations, and with thee will I destroy kingdoms. Jer. li. 20. Very extraordinary declarations these, if men are self-determining agents! a self-determining rod, for instance: a self-determining battle-axe; a self-determining hammer! Arminianism does that, which God, by the prophet, satirises in the following lively terms: Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall a saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the rod should shake itself against them that lifted it up! or, as if a staff should lift up itself as though it were no wood! Isa. x. 15.—What! is that noble free-willer, man, comparable to an axe, to a saw, to a rod, and to a stick; not one of which can operate, or so much as move, but in proportion as it is acted upon? This is worse than being likened to Mr. Wesley's clock-work! But who can help it?

The prophet goes on, elsewhere. The Lord of hosts hath sworn [i. e. hath solemnly and immutably decreed], saying, Surely, as I have thought, so shall it come to pass: and as I have purposed, so shall it stand. This is the purpose, which is purposed upon the whole earth; and this is the hand

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that is stretched out upon all nations. For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? And his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back? Isa. xv. 24. 26, 27. Grand and conclusive questions! Questions, however, which lordly Arminianism can solve in a moment. Who shall disannul God's purpose? Why, human free-will to be sure. Who shall turn back God's hand? Human self-determination can do it, with as much ease as our breath can repel the down of a feather!

I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all these things. Isa. xlv. 7.

Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass; when the Lord commandeth it not? Lam. iii. 37. The highest angel cannot.

Wisdom and might are God's. He changeth the times and the seasons. He removeth kings, and setteth up kings. He giveth wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding. Dan. ii. 20, 21.

Locusts, and other ravaging insects, cannot afflict a land, without a commission under the great seal of providence. The locust, the canker-worm, the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm; my great army, which I sent among you. Joel ii. 25.

Shall there be evil in a city [viz. any calamitous accident, as it is commonly called], and the Lord hath not done it? Amos iii. 6.—Impossible.

I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city.—I have smitten you with blasting, and mildew.—I have sent among you the pestilence.—Your young men have I slain with the sword. Amos iv. 7—10.

They [Paul and Timothy] were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia.——They essayed to go into Bithynia: but the spirit suffered them not. Acts xvi. 6, 7. Had self-determination any thing to do here?

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A certain woman, named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, so that she attended to the things that were spoken by Paul. Ibid. v. 14.

As many as were ordained unto eternal life, believed. Acts xiii. 48.

I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do, κ γινωσκω, I am far from approving: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.——To will is present with me: but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.——When I would do good, evil is present with me. I delight in the law of God, after the inner man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then, with the mind, I myself serve the law of God: but, with my flesh, the law of sin. Rom. vii. 14—25. According to the account which St. Paul here gives of himself, he no more dreamed of his being a self-determiner, than of his having attained to sinless perfection. No wonder that some flaming Arminians have a peculiar spite against this apostle!

In whom [i. e. in Christ] we also have obtained an inheritance: being predestinated, according to the purpose of him who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will, Eph. i. 11.

Speaking of affliction and persecution, the apostle comforted himself and his fellow-sufferers, by resolving all into necessity: that no man should be moved by these afflictions; for ye yourselves know, that we are appointed thereto. 1 Thess. iii. 3.

What idea St. James entertained, concerning free-will and self-determination, fully appears from the following admonition: Ye know not [much less can ye be the disposers of] what shall be on the

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morrow. For what is your life? it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Ye ought to say, if the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that, James iv. 14, 15.——Why did St. James reason in this manner? Because he was endued with grace and sense to be a necessitarian.

So was St. Peter. Hence he tells the regenerated elect, to whom he wrote, Ye also, as lively stones, are built up, a spiritual house. 1 Pet. ii. 5. This is giving free-will a stab under the fifth rib. For, can stones hew themselves, and build themselves into a regular house? no more, in this apostle's judgment, can men form themselves into temples of the Holy Ghost. It is the effect of necessitating grace.

The prophecy came not, in old time, by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. 2 Pet. i. 21.—Necessity again.

There shall come in the last days, scoffers, walking after their own lusts. 2 Pet. iii. 3.—But the apostle could not have been sure of this, without taking necessity into the account: or, as himself expresses it, unless they who stumble at the word, were appointed to disobedience. 1 Pet. ii. 8.

There are certain men crept in unawares, who were before, of old, ordained to this condemnation. Jude 4. If so, were not the sin and condemnation of those men necessary and inevitable?

CHAPTER V.

Proofs that Christ himself was an absolute Necessitarian.

Lest any, who may not hitherto have considered the subject with the same attention that I have done, should be startled at the title of this chapter;

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I shall adduce the larger evidence, in order to make good what the title imports. The reader will not, however, expect a synopsis of the whole evidence, by which this great truth is authenticated: for, were I to attempt that, I must transcribe well nigh all the 89 chapters of the four evangelists.

It should seem that our blessed Lord began his public ministrations with his sermon on the Mount, recorded Matt. v. vi. and vii. In that discourse, are the following passages.

One jot, or one tittle, shall in no wise pass from the law, until all be fulfilled.

Thou canst not make one hair white or black.

Your Father, who is in heaven, maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Surely man can neither promote nor hinder, the rising of the sun and the falling of the rain!

Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.—How can a free-willer say the Lord's Prayer?

Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature? The word ἡλικια signifies both stature and age. As we have no single term, in English, which comprises both those ideas together; the passage should be rendered periphrastically: which of you, by being anxious, can either make addition to his stature, or prolong the duration of his life?

Be not tormentingly distressed, concerning futurity: for futurity shall take care of its own things. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof: i. e. commit yourselves, in a believing and placid use of reasonable means, to the will and providence of him, who has already lain out the whole plan of events in his own immutable purpose. The appointed measure of supposed evil is infallibly connected with its

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day, which no corrodings of imaginary anticipation can either stave off, or diminish.

"Reasonable means! are not all means hereby, shut out of the case?" No. Not in any respect whatever. For we know not what means God will bless, until we have tried as many as we can. But, when all tried, the result still rests with him.

I shall only quote one other passage, from the sermon on the Mount.—The rain [of affliction] descended, and the floods [of temptation] came, and the winds [of persecution] blew, and beat upon that house [the house of an elect, redeemed, converted soul]: but it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. That is, in plain English, it could not fall. It stood, necessarily: or, as the sense is yet more forcibly expressed in St. Luke, when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it. Luke vi. 48.

In other parts of the gospels, we find Christ reasoning and acting on the highest principles of necessity.

I will; be thou clean: said he, to the poor leper. What was the consequence? And immediately his leprosy was cleansed. Matt. viii. 3. The effect necessarily followed. The leper could not but be healed.

And indeed, what were all the miracles wrought by Jesus, but effects of his irresistible and necessitating power? Let the Christian reader examine and weigh each of those miracles, with this remark in his eye; and he will soon become a convert to the doctrine of necessity. Was it possible for those miracles not to have taken effect? i. e. was it possible for Christ's miracles not to have been miracles? Was it chance which armed his word with ability to heal and to destroy? If so, farewel to all Christianity at once. I can perceive no shadow of medium between necessity and rank infidelity.

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Neither can I make any thing of the prophecies of Christ, unless those prophecies be considered as infallible: i. e. as inferring a certain, or necessary, accomplishment, in every part. For, if a single predicted circumstance can possibly happen, otherwise than it is foretold; the entire argument, for the truth of divine revelation, drawn from the topic of prophecy, moulders into dust.

Nor is the Arminian self-determining hypothesis more compatible with (what is the essential basis of prophecy) the foreknowledge of God. If, for example, it so lay at the free-will of Christ's betrayer and murderers, that they might, or might not, have betrayed and crucified him; and if it so lay at the free-will of the Romans, as that they might, or might not, have destroyed Jerusalem; it will follow, that those events were philosophically contingent; i. e. there was no certainty of their taking place, till after they actually had taken place. The self-determining will of Judas might possibly have determined itself another way. So might the self-determining will of every person concerned in the crucifixion of Christ. And so might the self-determining wills of those Romans, who besieged and razed Jerusalem. Consequently (on that principle), divine foreknowledge could not, with certainty, know any thing of the matter. For that which is not certainly future, is not certainly foreknowable. It may be emptily considered, as possible: or (at the very utmost) be uncertainly guessed at, as not improbable. But knowledge must be left out of the question: for knowledge will stand on none but (*a*)

(*a*) There are four links which all the art of man can never separate; and which proceed in the following order: Decree—Foreknowledge—Prophecy—Necessity. Let us take a short scripture view of those sacred links, and of their connection with each other.

I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me: declaring the end, from the beginning; and, from ancient times, the things that are not yet done: saying, my counsel shall stand, and

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certain ground. God does not foreknow, but afterknow (i. e. he is never sure of a thing's coming to

I will do all my pleasure.——Yea, I have spoken: I will also bring it to pass. I have purposed: I will also do it, Isaiah xlvi. 9, 10, 11. I admit, that this sublime passage had immediate reference to the certainty of Babylon's capture by Cyrus. But not to that only. "The things which are not yet done," as well as that in particular, are all known to Jehovah; and many of them explicitly predicted likewise. And on what is God's absolute and all-comprising knowledge grounded? On the "counsel," or decree; and on the "pleasure," or sovereign and almighty determination; of his will.—By the same rule, that God had predestinated, and did foreknow, the exploits of Cyrus; he must have predestinated, and foreknown, the exploits of every other man. Since, if any one being, or any one fact, incident, or circumstance, be unknown to God; every being, fact, incident, and circumstance, may be equally unknown by him. But, putting matters upon the best footing on which Arminianism can put them; the divine knowledge can neither be eternal, nor infinite, nor infallible, if aught is exempted from it, or if aught can happen otherwise than as it is foreknown.

How great a stress God lays on this his attribute of complete and unmistaking prescience; and how he claims the honour of it, as one of those essential and incommunicable perfections, by which he stands distinguished from false gods; may be seen among other places, in Isaiah xli. 21, 22, 23. and xlii. 8, 9. and xliii. 9. 12. and xlv. 21.—Well, therefore, might St. James declare, in the synod of apostles and elders held at Jerusalem, known unto God are all his works, απ' αιωνος, from eternity, Acts xv. 18.

The late excellent Mr. William Cooper, of Boston, in New England, (I say, the late; because I suppose that good man to be, ere this time, gathered into the assembly of saints made perfect) observes, in the second of his Four Discourses on Predestination unto Life, that it was the scripture doctrine of God's omniscience, which proselyted our famous Dr. South to Calvinism. "I have it," says Mr. Cooper, "from very good authority" [appealing in the margin, to Dr. Calamy's Continuation, vol. i. p. 146.] "that, some time after the Restoration, Dr. South being in company, at Oxford, with several persons of note, and among the rest with Mr. Thomas Gilbert, who was afterwards one of the ejected ministers; they fell into a conversation, about the Arminian points.——On Mr. Gilbert's asserting, that the predestination of the Calvinists did necessarily follow upon the prescience of the Arminians; the doctor presently engaged, that, if he [Gilbert] could make that out, he [i. e. Dr. South] would never be an Arminian, so long as he lived. Mr. Gilbert immediately undertook it: and made good his assertion, to the satisfaction of those present. And the doctor himself was so convinced, as to continue, to the last, a very zealous asserter of the

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pass, until it does or has come to pass) if it be in the power of his creatures to determine themselves to a contrary point of the compass.

"Oh, but God foreknows to what particular point of the compass they certainly will determine themselves." Pray, leave out the word, certainly; and likewise the word, will: for they stab poor self-determination to the heart. If you retain these words and their ideas, you give up the very essence of your cause. For, what certainly will be, is no longer uncertain. And what is not uncertain is necessary, or will surely come to pass, and cannot but do so: else, the certainty evaporates into nothing.

When Christ sent his disciples for an ass's colt, which, he foreknew and foretold, they would find exactly at such a place; he added, that the owner of the animal, on their saying, the Lord wants it, would immediately permit them to lead it away. They went to the village, and made up to the very spot; where every thing fell out precisely, as their heavenly Master had predicted Let me ask: Was the man's consent to part with his colt necessary; or was it uncertain? All circumstances considered, had he power to refuse, and might he actually have refused to let go his property? If (which was certainly the case) he could not possibly withhold his assent, Christ's foreknowledge was real; and the man himself, what the ingenious Mr. Wesley would term, "a fine piece of clock-work;" but what I should term, a necessary free agent. If, on the other hand, he might have denied complying with the disciples' request, and could have dismissed them without success; it will necessarily follow, that our Lord shot his arrow at a venture, sent his messengers on a blind errand, and that his own foreknowledge was not foreknowledge, but random, conjecture and sur-

reformed [i. e. of the Calvinistic] doctrine, against its various opposers."

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mise. "Oh, but our Lord foreknew that the man certainly would do as requested." Then the man could not help doing it. His volition was inevitable. It could not have been infallibly known, that he certainly would comply; if that compliance was antecedently uncertain, and if it could so have happened that he might not have complied.

Thus does scripture prophecy (not one only, but every individual prophecy in God's book) demonstrate, 1. The absolute foreknowledge of the three divine persons: and, 2. The unalterable necessity, or indefeatable futurition, of things foreknown.

Either God is ignorant of future events, and his understanding, like that of men, receives gradual improvement from time and experience and observation (a supposition blacker, if possible, than atheism itself!) or, the whole train of incidents, even to the rise and fall of a mote in the air, ever was, now is, ever will be, and ever must be, exactly that, and no other, which he (*a*) certainly knew it would be. Fore-

(*a*) Properly speaking, it cannot be affirmed of God, that he either did know, or that he will know; but, simply, that he knows. For, in Deum non cadunt prius et posterius: there is no past, nor future, to him. All is present, and unsuccessive. The distribution of things, into those that have been, those that are, and those that shall be; is, indeed, suited to the flux condition, and to the limited faculties, of beings like ourselves, whose estimates of duration are taken from the periodical journies of an opaque grain, round a lucid speck termed the sun: but can have no place in him, of whom it is declared, that a thousand years are, with the Lord, as one day; and one day, as a thousand years. And even this declaration, magnificent as it is, falls infinitely short of the mark.

When, therefore, I speak of foreknowledge, as an attribute essential to Deity; I speak, as St. Paul says, after the manner of men. The simple term, knowledge, would be more intrinsically proper; but then it would not so readily aid the conceptions of ordinary persons. Though, for my own part, I would always rather call the divine knowledge, omniscience, than give it any other name.

Let me just hint, that, if all things, without exception, and without succession, are eternally present, as an indivisible point, to the uncreated view; necessity comes in, with a full tide. For that

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knowledge, undarkened by the least shadow of ignorance, and superior to all possibility of mistake, is a link, which draws invincible necessity after it, whether the scripture doctrine of predestination be taken into the account or no.

Take a few more evidences of our Lord's necessitarianism.

When they deliver you up [to be tried as religious criminals at the Jewish and Heathen tribunals], take no thought how or what you shall speak. For it shall be given you, in that same hour, what you shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father, who speaketh in you. Matt. x. 19, 20.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground, without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Matt. x. 29, 30.

O Father, thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Matt. xi. 25.

It is given unto you, to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given. Matt. xiii. 11.

Without a parable spake he not unto them: that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by the prophet. Matth. xiii. 34, 35.

which is always a philosophical now, can be no other, nor otherwise, than it is.—Not to add: that the Deity, whose view of all things is thus unchangeably fixed, and perpetual, and intransitory; must have within himself a constant and irremediable source of standing uneasiness, if any thing can happen in contrariety to his will, and so as to cross or defeat the wisdom and goodness of his designs. He must certainly interest himself, and very deeply too, in the accomplishment of a will which is all-holy, and all-right, and all-wise. Consequently, could such a will (and his will is precisely such) be frustrated, though but in one single instance; that frustration would necessarily be a calamity on God himself, and inflict essential and never-ending pain on the divine mind. Another (I think, irrefragable) proof, that nothing is left to contingency.

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Flesh and blood have not revealed unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven. Matth. xvi. 17.

Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Ver. 18.

The Son of man must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things, and be killed, and rise again the third day. Ver. 21.

It must needs be [Αναγκη εστι, there is a necessity] that offences come. Matt. xviii. 7.—Or, as St. Luke has it, it is impossible [ανενδεκτον, it is not expectable] but that offences will come: Luke xvii. 1. Our Lord not only asserted the thing, which we mean by necessity; but even made use of the word itself. And so we find him doing, in three or four other parts of the gospels. Nor is the sense, in which he used the term, left ambiguous; as appears from comparing the two above passages together. Necessity is that, by which, things cannot, without the utmost folly and absurdity, be expected to come to pass any otherwise than just as they do. But Arminianism pays very slender regard to Christ's authority.

Go thou to the sea, and cast a hook, and take the fish that first cometh up: and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money. Matt. xvii. 27.

All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. He that can receive it, let him receive it. Matt. xix. 11, 12.

To sit on my right hand and on my left, is not mine to give, except unto them for whom it is prepared of my Father. Matt. xx. 23.

Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward, for ever. And, presently, the fig-tree withered away. Matt. xxi. 19.

Whosoever shall fall on this stone, shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder. Matt. xxi. 44.

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Many are called, but few are chosen. Matt. xxii. 14.

Fill you up the measure of your fathers. How (*a*) can you escape the damnation of hell? Matt. xxiii. 32, 33.

I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify, and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues; and persecute them from city to city; that upon you may come all the righteous bloodshed upon the earth. Matt. xxiii. 34, 35.——Say not, "Where is the justice of this?" Justice belongs to another argument. We are not now treating of justice, but of necessity. Keep to the point.

Two men shall be in the field: one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill: one shall be taken, and the other left. Matt. xxiv. 40, 41.

(*a*) Monsieur Le Clerc (who would have thought it?) has a passage, so full to the sense of this observable text, that one would almost imagine he designed it for the very purpose. "Posito, hominem peccato deditum esse; nec per totam vitam id habere, quod necessariò postulatur ad habitum peccati exuendum; inde colligimus, necessitate consequentiæ, hominem in peccato mansurum, nec ullâ ratione vitaturum pœnas peccatori debitas impœnitenti." Ontolog. cap. 13.

I really wonder at the above writer's expressing himself thus. But I do not wonder to hear the excellent Luther remark as follows. "Nonne clarè sequitur, dum Deus opere suo in nobis non adest, omnia esse mala quæ facimus, et nos necessariò operari quæ nihil ad salutem valent? Si enim non nos, sed solus Deus operatur salutem in nobis; nihil, ante opus ejus, operamur salutare, velimus nolimus." (De Servo Arbitr. sect. 43.) i. e. It is clearly evident, that, until God is present in us by his own gracious influence, whatever we do is evil: and we necessarily do those things only, which have no tendency to salvation. For if it is God alone who worketh salvation in us, and not we in ourselves; we can do nothing salutary, will we or nill we, until he himself actually doth so work in us. Well said honest Martin. To God's blessing upon the bold and faithful assertion of such noble truths as this, we owe our reformation from popery. And nothing will finally preserve us from being carried captive into the popish Egypt again, but the revival and prevalency of the same noble truths which at first led us forth from that house of bondage.

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This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. Matt. xxvi. 34. Might Peter not have denied him? and might Christ have proved mistaken?

If it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Matt. xxvi. 39.—But it was not possible.

Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, &c. but how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? Ver. 53, 54.

All this was done, that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Ver. 56.

And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken, &c. Matt. xxvii. 35. Nothing but mere necessity, from beginning to end!

My appeals to the other three evangelists shall be extremely concise.

He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would, and they (*a*) came unto him. Mark iii. 13.

(*a*) It is precisely the same, in the spiritual conversion of the soul to God. None can come, until effectually called: and they, who are called effectually, cannot but come. For, as the profound and judicious Mr. Charnock unanswerably argues, "If there be a counsel [i. e. a display of godlike wisdom and design] in framing the lowest creature, and in the minutest passages of providence; there must needs be a higher wisdom in the government of creatures to a supernatural end, and in framing the soul to be a monument of his glory." Charnock on the Attributes, p. 373.—I have met with many treatises on the divine perfections; but with none, which any way equals that of Mr. Charnock. Perspicuity, and depth; metaphysical sublimity, and evangelical simplicity; immense learning, and plain, but irrefragable reasoning; conspire to render that performance one of the most inestimable productions, that ever did honour to the sanctified judgment and genius of a human being. If I thought myself at all adequate to the task, I would endeavour to circulate the outlines of so rich a treasure into more hands, by reducing the substance of it within the compass of an octavo volume. Was such a design properly executed, a more important service could hardly be rendered to the cause of religion, virtue, and knowledge. Many people are frightened at a folio of more than 800 pages, who might have both leisure and inclination to avail themselves of a well digested compendium.

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If any man have ears to hear, let him hear. Mark vii. 16.

With men, it is impossible: but not with God. Ib. x. 27.

Except the Lord had shortened those days, no flesh should be saved. But, for the elects' sake, whom he hath chosen, he hath shortened the days. ———False prophets should seduce, if it were possible, even the elect. Mark xiii. 20. 22.

One of you, that eateth with me, shall betray me. Ib. xiv. 18.

All ye shall be offended, because of me this night. Ver. 27.

The hour is come: the Son of man is betrayed, &c. Ver. 41.

But the scriptures must be fulfilled. Ver. 49.

Many widows were in Israel, but to none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, to a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel, in the time of Eliseus the prophet: but none of them was cleansed, save Naaman the Syrian. Luke iv. 26, 27.

I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also: for therefore am I sent. Ver. 43.

Not one of them [i. e. not a single (*a*) sparrow] is forgotten before God. Ib. xii. 6.

All things that are written by the prophets, concerning the Son of man, shall be accomplished. For he shall be delivered to the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, &c. Luke xviii. 31.

There shall not an hair of your head perish. Ib. xxi. 18.—i. e. before the appointed time.

Truly, the Son of man goeth [to crucifixion and death] as it was determined: but woe unto that man, by whom he is betrayed. Ib. xxii. 22.—

(*a*) "Oh blindness to the future, wisely giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n!
Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall." POPE.

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What a different view did Christ entertain of predestination and necessity, from that which the Arminians profess to have! The Son of God connects two ideas, which those gentlemen are for setting at an infinite distance: namely, the determining decree of his Father, by which moral evil is effectually permitted; and the penal woe, justly due to the persons, who, in consequence of that effectual permission, are, necessarily, evil agents. I shall just touch again upon this particular, when we come to John xix. 11.

This, that is written, must yet be accomplished in me, and he was reckoned among the transgressors: for the things concerning me have an end [i. e. they shall every one come to pass]. Luke xxii. 37.

This is your hour, and the power of darkness. Ver. 53.

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things? Ib. xxiv. 26.—i. e. was there not a necessity for those very sufferings, and were they not inevitable? Certainty itself is not more certain. The entire chain of his humiliation proceeded just as it should, without one circumstance deficient, or one redundant. It all fell out precisely as it ought: and ought to have fallen out precisely as it did. Why? Because God had decreed it, and because man's salvation (which was no less decreed) required it. It was predestinated, that Christ should be delivered up to death, even to the death of the cross, and there make his soul an offering for sin. But he could not have been betrayed, without a betrayer: nor crucified, without crucifiers. The means, therefore, no less than the end, were necessarily included (as they always are) within the circle of divine pre-appointment.

But I go on.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh: and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. John iii. 6.—What is this but saying? Man, in his natural state,

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is necessarily corrupt: man, in a regenerate state, is necessarily biassed to God.

If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him. Ib. iv. 11.—But she did not know him, and therefore could not so pray to him. Our Lord, however, knew her to be one of his elect, and that the time of her conversion was very near. And, that she might be converted precisely at the very time appointed, he must needs go through the territory of Samaria. John iv. 4.

The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead [elect souls, but hitherto unregenerated, and of course dead to God] shall hear the [converting] voice of the Son of God; and, hearing, they shall live. Ib. v. 25.—All true conversion is wrought by invincible power. The dead necessarily continue so, until they are necessarily raised to life. A dead soul, no more than a dead body, can neither quicken itself, nor hinder God from doing it. Whoever goes to Christ and heaven, goes thither by gracious necessity: a necessity so powerful, that it even makes him willing to go.

All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me. Chap. vi. 37.—They come necessarily: i. e. they cannot but believe with the faith which is of the operation of God.

This is the Father's will who sent me, that, of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing; but should raise it up again at the last day. Ver. 39.—God's will is necessity itself.

No man can come to me, except the Father, who hath sent me, draw him.——It is written in the prophets, and they [i. e. my people] shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned [i. e. who has been drawn] of the Father cometh unto me, John vi. 44, 45.—Necessity, on both sides! until drawn, none can come: and, when drawn, none can stay away.

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Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it be given to him of my Father. Ver. 65.

They sought to take him; but no man laid hands on him, because his hour was not yet come. Chap. vii. 30.—Until then, their hands were tied and bound with the invisible, but adamantine, chain of necessity. And yet, I suppose, because they did not see nor feel the chain, they looked upon themselves as self-determining free agents!

Whosoever committeth sin, is the servant [δουλος, the slave] of sin. Chap. viii. 34.—But according to the Arminian view of things, it is such a slavery as was never heard of before: the slave is at perfect liberty all the while! I cannot believe this. On the contrary, I believe what follows:

If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. Ver. 36.—Observe, until Christ make us free from the guilt and dominion of sin, we are, necessarily, in thraldom to both. If he deliver us, we are, necessarily, emancipated from each.

Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word. John viii. 43.—— A plain, pertinent, decisive reason.

He that is of God, heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God. Ver. 47.—Either not chosen; or, at least, not yet drawn and taught, of him.

I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day. Chap. ix. 4. Christ was under a necessity of doing so. He could not do any other.

Jesus said, for judgment I am come into this world: that they who see not, might see; and that they who see, may be made blind. Ver. 39.—Can any thing be more strongly expressed than this?

A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers. Chap. x. 5.—i. e. The converted elect disapprove of

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false teachers, as necessarily as sheep run away from a strange man they are afraid of.

Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice. Ver. 16.—I must: and they shall. What is this but double necessity?

Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. Ver. 26.—Consequently, faith hangs, not upon man's self-determination, but on God's own self-determined election.

I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish. John x. 28.—i. e. Their salvation is necessary, and cannot be hindered.

Lazarus, come forth! Chap. xi. 43.—Was it in Lazarus' power, not to awake and rise up?

Though he had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on him; that the saying of Esaias the prophet might be fulfilled, which he spake: Lord, who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? Therefore they could not believe, because Esaias said again, he hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them. Chap. xi. 37—40. If an Arminian can extract free-will and self-determination from these flowers, he possesses a very different alembic, from any which I am master of.

One of you shall betray me:—he it is, to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it. And, when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. And, after the sop, satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou dost, do quickly. Chap. xiii. 21. 26, 27.—Awful process!

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter,—whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him. John xiv. 16, 17.

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Because I live, ye shall live also. Ver. 19.—Christ lives and reigns in glory, necessarily: and so must his people.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you; that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain. Chap. xv. 16.

They have both seen and hated both me and my Father: but this cometh to pass, that the word might be fulfilled which is written in their law; they hated me without a cause. Ver. 24, 25.

Father, the hour is come. Chap. xvii. 1.—The predestined season of my crucifixion and death.

None of them [none of my apostles] is lost, but the son of perdition, that the scripture might be fulfilled. Ver. 12.

The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Chap. xviii. 11.—A cup, all whose ingredients were mixed in the Father's decree, and administered by providence. Though wicked men were the instruments of accomplishing God's counsel. Qui vult finem, vult etiam media ad finem.

Pilate said unto them, Take ye him, and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death. That the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which he spake, signifying, by what death he should die. John xviii. 31, 32.—God had decreed, and Christ himself had foretold, that he should die by crucifixion. But had the Jews accepted of Pilate's overture, Christ could not have been crucified, for that was no Jewish punishment: he must have been stoned. To fulfil both decree and prophecy, they were divinely overruled, to let the Romans be his executioners: in consequence of which, he was affixed to the cross.——Necessitation throughout!

Pontius Pilate was a free-will man. He did not believe necessity. He was a sturdy (not self-deter-

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miner, for no man can be really and truly that; but a) self-determinationist: i. e. he thought himself a self-determining agent. Hence his speech to Christ: Speakest thou not unto me? Knowest thou not, that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee? To which the Lamb of God replied, Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore, he that delivered me unto thee, hath the greater sin. John xix. 10.—Here, I presume, Mr. Wesley will step in with his favourite universal demonstration, "Not so."—"If the power both of the betrayer and of the crucifier was given them, and from above too, i. e. from God himself; Judas and Pilate could have no sin at all in acting as they did, so far from having the greater sin by that means." The methodist must excuse me, if I believe the testimony of Christ, in preference to any cavil that can originate in Moorfields.

Again. I assert, that the Roman soldiers had it not in their power to break the Messiah's legs. For that scripture was necessarily to be fulfilled, which had said, A bone of him shall not be broken. Chap. xix. 33, 36.

On the other hand, I assert, that the soldier, who penetrated the Messiah's side, did it necessarily. Because, another scripture had said, They shall look on him whom they pierced; ver. 37. So sure is that axiom, nihil est in effectu, quod non fuit in causâ.

It was my intention, to have produced, at much greater length than I have done in the close of the foregoing chapter, the suffrages of the apostles also, on behalf of this doctrine; who offer their evidence, from every part of the inspired epistles. But, at present, I waive this advantage: and, for brevity's sake, refer the reader, indiscriminately, to any portion whatever of those writings, which he may first open, or on which he may first cast his eye. Dip where you will, your own reason (abstracted from

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all consideration of grace) must instantly perceive, that the illuminated penmen were as radicated necessitarians, as their divine Master.

And now, what can a fair and capable examinant think of the Arminian self-determination doctrine? A doctrine which would impiously graft such a monster as contingency, on the religion of Jesus Christ —a religion, which, from its Alpha to its Omega, presents us with one grand, unbroken, and indissoluble system of necessity!

Is it any wonder, that men, who consider the incarnation, miracles, prophecies, perseverance, sufferings, death, and salvation, of the Messiah himself, as things of chance; should likewise maintain all other events to be equally fortuitous?

Hence, the alertness and rapidity, with which many of our modern Arminians (more consistent, but at the same time more atheistical, than the generality of their predecessors), not content with trampling on God's decrees, are now verging toward a flat denial even of God's absolute and unlimited knowledge. Justly sensible, that their whole fairy scheme of chance, uncertainty, and contingency, is quite untenable, on the position of infallible prescience; they make no scruple to rob (if they were able) the Deity himself of a perfection essential to his very being, rather than not stick the feather of free-will in the cap of man!

CHAPTER VI.

An Argument for Necessity, deduced from the Balance of Human Life and Death.

Was it not for that universal necessitation, which results from the effective and permissive will of God; all things would be, in a moment, unhinged,

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disjointed, and reversed. Endless confusion, wild irregularity, and the most horrible disorder (to which the materia prima, or chaos, was harmony itself), would prevail throughout the natural and the moral world.

The property of attraction, by which the earth, and every other mass of matter, cohere respectively into one body, and become capable of the most rapid motion, without dissipation of their constituent particles; is one happy effect of physical necessity. Analogous to which, but of incomparably greater importance, is that ineluctabilis ordo rerum, or unalterable contexture of antecedents and consequents, wisely pre-established in the uncreated mind: through the concealed energy of whose unerring appointment, every finite intelligent being both is and does, precisely, neither more nor less, than the said unerring wisdom of the Creator, designed, or resolved to permit. And this is what I should choose to call moral necessity.

Supposing that calculation to be just, which estimates the adult inhabitants of our own globe at about one hundred and fifty millions; or let their real amount be what it may; who can possibly conceive the boundless distractions and desolations, which must every where ensue, were so great a number of fallen beings (like ramping horses turned loose into a field) endued with a liberty of self-determination, and left at large to the exercise of it? For we must take the exercise, and the outward operations consequent upon it, into the account: else mere self-determination would answer no other end, than that of tantalizing and tormenting its respective possessors.——It is well for us, that, notwithstanding our wild and licentious arrogations of sovereignty, the same Almighty Parent, who, without asking our consent, whirls our planet and our persons round the sun, does, with equal certainty, and with as little ceremony, roll us, and the inhabitants of all the

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worlds he has created, on the central axis of his own decree.

We have been gravely told, that this representation of things is heathenism. You should rather call it Bibleism. For, that fate or necessity, which the ancient vulgar thought proper to worship as a goddess, was, in their idea, the daughter of a blind, fickle princess, called Fortune or Chance: who was herself the fabled daughter of a no less fickle old gentleman, named Oceanus. To which blind lady, and her unsteady father, the scheme of Christian necessity is not in the least related, either by consanguinity or alliance.

I must, however, acquit the wiser of the heathens, from the absurdity of looking upon chance, or fortune, as a reality. Sensible men knew better, and laughed at the unphilosophical chimera. Nor is the antiquity of the word itself extremely high. It is acknowledged, on all hands, that Τυχη (from whence the Romans took their fortuna) was a term, invented long after the times of Hesiod and of Homer (in whose writings it no where occurs); and was spawned by the atheistical imagination of subsequent poets: from whom (I think) Ancus Martius adopted it, and by building a temple to its honour, introduced it as a deity among the Romans.

It ill becomes the Arminians to talk of heathenism. Let them draw a solid line, if they can, between fortune and contingency. Let them show us, how the result of self-determination differs from chance. Let them reconcile their imaginary *αυτεξουσιον*, with the necessary dependency of created beings, and with the never-ceasing agency of an (*a*) universally particular

(*a*) Mr. Pope asks:

> When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
> Shall gravitation cease, 'cause you go by?

I answer, Yes. Either gravitation shall cease, while I go by, or I shall in some way or other be secured from suffering by its

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providence. When they have wrought these, and a few other similar impossibilities, I will then absolve their scheme from heathenism. I will even acquit it of atheism.

Birth and death are the æra and the period, whose interval constitutes the thread of man's visible existence on earth. Let us examine, whether those important extremes be, or be not, unalterably fixed by the necessitating providence of God. If it appear that they are; we may the more easily believe, that all the intercurrent events are under the control and direction of the same infallible hand.

I have heard it affirmed, that Descartes, the French philosopher, was so consistent a free-willer, as to have believed, that death itself is absolutely subject to human self-determination: that he consequently imagined, he had it in his power to protract his own age to any extent he pleased, or to cut it precisely as short as he himself chose: and would, very liberally, call any of his departed friends, who died with reluctance, fools; for consenting to a change they did not wish to experience. The ancient Romans, notwithstanding the adulterations with which the doctrine of free-will (and its natural attendant, scepticism) debased and corrupted their theology, were yet in general so decent, as to acknowledge, that death lay at the disposal of a Deity, less capricious than fortune, and more powerful than any created will. Hence, their occasional reciprocation of mors and fatum. To intimate, that men cannot die until God pronounces their doom: and that when he fatus est, or issues the word of summons, the earthly vehicle can detain its guest no longer.——

effect; unless the will of God, to which all second causes are absolutely subordinate, commission the "loose mountain" to do me an injury. I am of the great Mr. Charnock's mind, that "There is understanding in every motion: and an eye in the very wheel that goes over us and crushes us." (Charnock on the Attributes, p. 419.)

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Poor Descartes, with all his dreams of free-will, found himself obliged to die, at the age of fifty-four!

I take the ratio formalis, or precise nature, of death, to be neither more nor less than the effect of separation. The separation of spirit from matter is the immediate cause, and seems to exhaust the idea, of animal death. Now, only the same power, which at first joined, can afterwards sever, the two principles. Let the permitted means of dissolving the union be what they may, the dissolution itself is an act of God.

Whoever considers the relative alterations, the domestic revolutions, the circulation of property, and a multitude of other negative and positive consequences, which, either directly or remotely, follow on the decease of the meanest human individual, must soon perceive, that, was not the sceptre of death swayed by the determinations of infinite wisdom, such partial inconveniences must ensue, as would, in their complicated amount, materially affect, if not entirely reverse, the whole system of sublunary events. Some people (for instance) would live too long. Others would die too soon. Some would leave their assigned work unfinished: from whence the Deity would be disappointed of his views, and surprised with a chasm in his administration of government. Others would survive to do more than their allotted business. From whence, the divine plan would be disconcerted; the well compacted web become loose, broken, and entangled; and the administration of providence degenerate into a jumble of confusion, perplexity, and absolute anarchy. In one word: God could not say to any one of his creatures, what he really does say to all and each of them; hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther.

Our entrance into life is determined and adjusted by the same disposing hand, which fixes and regulates our departure. Necessity brings us into the world: and necessity carries us out of it. What man

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upon earth could help his being born at the very time and place he was? or could hinder himself from being the son of such and such parents? or alter a thousand concurring circumstances, by which his subsequent state, and his very cast of mind, were effectually and necessarily stamped? How absurd, then, must it be, to imagine that the line, though spun at first by the hand of necessity, is afterwards conducted, and at last cut off, by the no-fingers of contingency! For it is impossible to conceive any thing so absolutely contingent and uncertain, as the operations, and the exit, of a self-determining actor. Especially, if we suppose him (and the Arminian scheme does so suppose him) to live in a world, where all about him is as precarious as himself; and where the great sheet of events, instead of being let down by the four corners from heaven, is only a fortuitous complication of flimsy threads, much of which is still liable to unravelment, and the whole of which might never have been woven at all.

Might Charles I. have been the son of Cromwell's parents? And might Cromwell have been born legal heir to the English crown? Was it possible for sir Robert Walpole to have been prime minister to queen Elizabeth; and sir Francis Walsingham to have been secretary of state to king George II.? Yet, all these impossibilities, and millions of others, might have happened, upon the Arminian scheme of chance. A scheme, which, if admitted, turns every thing upside down, knocks every thing out of joint:

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

Why was friar Bacon, and not sir Isaac Newton, born in the thirteenth century? Why were not the living ornaments of the present generation, born a hundred, or five hundred, years back? or reserved to ages as remotely future? Arminianism may tell me, that "All this is casual: and that it was a chance, not only when and where the present race

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of men might be born, and what departments they should fill; how they should act, and how and when they shall die; but whether they should so much as exist at first." I, on the contrary, discern such incontestable traces of wisdom, propriety, and design, in the distribution of particular men through successive periods of time, and in the whole connection of event with event; that, for my own part, I necessarily conclude, so regular a chain could not possibly be hammered in the Cyclopæan den of contingency: but that every depending link is fitted and fixed into each other, by the Supreme Intelligence himself; the disposals of whose providence, like the covenant of his grace, are ordered in all things, and sure (*a*).

As lightly as some people think of the Bible, that book is the fountain of true metaphysics. A book, no less weighty with the treasures of philosophic wisdom, than bright, with the healing beams of evangelical consolation. To this blessed oracle, I now refer the question; whether human birth and death be not the effects of divine necessitation?

I shall not be very prolix. Two or three plain and pertinent testimonies will answer the same purpose, as two or three hundred. Let us begin with the article of birth.

Rachel said unto Jacob, give me children, or else I die. And Jacob's anger was kindled against Rachel: and he said, am I in God's stead? Gen. xxx. 1, 2.

Joseph said unto his father, they are my sons, whom God hath given me in this place. Gen. xlviii. 9.

Thy hands have made me, and fashioned me together, round about. Job x. 8.

(*a*) 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.—Those of us, who go to church, profess ourselves to be "tied and bound with the chain of our sins." Why then should we deem ourselves too grand to be tied and bound, with the good, though not always perceivable, chain of providential necessity?

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Thou art he that took me out of the womb. Psal. xxii. 9.

Who holdeth [better rendered, who putteth] our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. Psal. lxvi. 9.—i. e. God gave us life at first, and keeps us alive, until it is his pleasure to untie the knot that binds us to the body.

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. Psalm cxxvii. 3.—Or, as the liturgy translation reads, Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.

And the case speaks for itself. The birth of every single infant is productive of no less than everlasting consequences. Every infant (even supposing him to die such) is an immortal being. But, supposing he lives to bear an active part in life, society is very materially concerned in his behaviour. Each adult individual makes important movements, in the grand circular scale of events. The alteration of a single birth, or of a single death, from the first period of time until now, would have occasioned such a difference, that neither the visible, nor the invisible world, would have been as it is: i. e. something would have been wrong, either in defect, or in redundancy. None of us can tell, what may hang on the nativity of the meanest infant that is born of woman. But the Creator knows; for he is acquainted with his own decrees, and orders matters accordingly.

Thou hast covered me [i. e. clothed my soul with a material body] in my mother's womb: in thy book [of decree and providence] all my members were written. Psalm cxxxix. 13. 16.

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; [i. e. God has fixed an exact point of time, for the accomplishment of all his decrees: among which fixed and exact points of time, are] a time to be born, and a time to die. Eccles. iii. 1, 2.

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Who (*a*) formeth the spirit of man within him. Zech. xii. 1.

God, who separated me from my mother's womb. Gal. i. 15.

Does it not appear, even from these few passages, that the doctrine of fortuitous nativity is as false and ridiculous, as that of equivocal generation?

And the doctrine of fortuitous death is like unto it. Witness the following evidence.

The time drew near that Israel must die. Gen. xlvii. 29. Observe, 1. A time for Jacob's death was prefixed of God; and it is therefore called, the time; meaning that precise time, and no other. 2. The time drew near; and the holy man was like a racer in view of the goal, or like a mariner in sight of the haven where he would be. 3. He must die: which expression does not denote any unwillingness in Jacob; but the certainty of his departure, when the destined moment should arrive.

Can any incident be more seemingly fortuitous, than what we commonly call homicide, or one man's undesignedly killing of another? And yet this, when it comes to pass, is according to the secret will of God: who is positively affirmed to deliver the slain party into the hand of the slayer. Exod. xxi. 31.

(*a*) This text, and many other of similar import, seem to intimate, that the body is first made; and that the soul, commanded into existence for the purpose, is united to the body thus previously provided for its reception. The direct source, however, of the soul, is an enquiry attended with great metaphysical difficulties; whether we suppose it to be of God's immediate creation, or to originate from parental transmission. Much may be said for each hypothesis: and several weighty objections lie against both. It becomes us, to confess, that scripture has not clearly decided the point; and, of course, that we know very little of the matter. In talibus questionibus, as Witsius says on another mysterious occasion, magis mihi placet hæsitantis ingenii modestia, quàm inconsiderata determinandi pervicacia (Dissert. de Michaele). This only we are sure of, that God himself, and not chance, is (either mediately, or immediately, according to the good pleasure of his own will) the formator, and the governor, of every spirit, and of every body, in the universe.

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He [i. e. God] is thy life, and the length of thy days. Deut. xxx. 20. The author of that, and the measurer of these.

The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. 1 Sam. ii. 6. Which exactly comports with what God says of himself: I, even I, am he; and there is no God with me. I kill, and I make alive: I wound, and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand. Deut. xxxii. 39.

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of an hireling? Job vii. 1. The stipulated hours of an hireling's labour, are ascertained beforehand: they consist of so many, and no more.

Thou hast granted me life and favour; and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit. Job x. 12.

In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. Job xii. 10.

Man's days are determined; the number of his months is with thee: thou hast appointed his bounds, which he cannot pass. All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come. Job xiv. 5. 14.

Thou prevailest for ever against him [i. e. man cannot possibly extend his own life a single moment beyond thy decree]: thou changest his countenance [by death], and sendest him away. Job xiv. 20.—Sendest his body to the grave, and his soul to another world.

Lord, make me to know my end, and the measure of my days; what it is. Psalm xxxix. 4. But, unless God had fixed David's end, and had determined the measure of his days; the Psalmist would here have asked a question, to which God himself could only have answered, "O son of Jesse, I know no more of the matter, than you do. You have started a problem, which I am unable to resolve: for there is no measuring in the case."

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Thou turnest man to destruction. Psalm xc. 3.

There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit [i. e. to retain the soul in the body, beyond the term divinely prefixed]; neither hath he power in the day of death. Eccles. viii. 8.

Behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years. Isaiah xxxviii. 5. Hezekiah thought, that his lease was just expiring, and that his soul must, almost immediately, turn out of its earthly cottage. No, says God; you have fifteen years to be added to those of your days which are elapsed: and the said future years are of my adding, no less than were the years that are past. "Oh, but God said to Hezekiah, I have heard thy prayer, and have seen thy tears." True. And what does this prove? Not that God's decree is a (*a*) weathercock, shifting, and changing, and veering about, just as the breath of man's free-will happens to blow: but, that the scriptural axiom is right, which says, Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the afflicted: thou preparest their heart [to pray for such things as thou hast decreed to give], and thine ear hearkeneth thereto. I must farther observe: that, if there be any meaning in words, Hezekiah could not die, until the remaining fifteen years had run out; and could not but die when they were.

Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit, πηχυς ἡλικιαν αυτου, to his term of life? Matth. vi. 27. Let us hear the reflections of that learned, pious, and truly respectable Arminian, Dr. Ham-

(*a*) "Prayer moves God, and overcomes him, not by causing any change in the divine will: for God is immutable; and what good he does in time for his people, he purposed before any time was.—But prayer is said to overcome him, because he then gives, what, from eternity, he purposed to give, upon their praying to him. For, when God decreed what he would do for his saints, he also purposed that they shall pray for the same, Ezek. xxxvi. 37.—Prayer's midwifery shall be used, to deliver the mercies which God purposeth and promiseth. God's purpose to give, doth not discharge us from our duty to ask." Gurnall's Christian Armour, vol. iv. p. 17.

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mond, on this text. After observing, that ἡλικια sometimes denotes "the quantity, or stature, of the body;" he adds: "So also doth it ordinarily signify, age (and so doth קומתא, which the Syriac here uses); and may possibly do so here: 1. Because the dehortation, which this [question of Christ's] is brought to enforce, was particularly that concerning solicitude for the life: and to that, this will be very proper, of our not being able to add, by all our solicitude, the least proportion to our age, and to enlarge the period of life πηχυν ἑνα, one cubit, i. e. one smallest measure or proportion, beyond what God hath set us. 2. It will be observable, that one cubit being here set down as a very small measure, would yet be a very great proportion, being applied to the stature of the body. Nay, such as are come to their full growth (as the far greatest part of Christ's auditors were) could not thus hope to add one thousandth part of a cubit to their stature. On the other side, a cubit will seem but a small part, to the many years of a long life. And he that is of the fullest growth, may yet hope to enlarge the period of his life; and to that, generally, men's solicitude is applied; by diet, physic, &c. to acquire long life, not to increase their stature. 3. The word πηχυς, cubit, is ordinarily a measure of longitude of any space; and, particularly, of a race; to which man's life is compared." Job ix. 25. 2 Tim. iv. 7.

This truth may be farther argued from another passage, cited also in a preceding chapter, viz. Matt. x. 29, 30. For, if not a sparrow can die, without God's express commission; much less can a man. And, if the very hairs of our heads are numbered, much more our days.

God giveth unto all, life, and breath, and all things: and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times, before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.——For in him we

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live, and are moved, and have our being. Acts xvii. 25, 26, 28.—Observe: 1. God is the giver of animal life, as well as every thing else.—2. He has multiplied us all, from one stock: viz. Adam.—3. The times, i. e. the proper seasons, of our birth and death, and of all that we shall do or suffer between the starting-post and the goal, are determined, or marked out with certainty and exactness, by him himself.—4. This determination, or adjustment of our times, is not a modern act of God, arising è re natâ, or from any present emergency of circumstances and situation of affairs: but a determination, inconceivably ancient. The times were fore-appointed, even from everlasting: for no new determination can take place in God, without a change, i. e. without the destruction of his essence. Quævis mutatio mors est.—5. The very places, which people inhabit, are here positively averred to be determined and fore-appointed of God. And it is very right it should be so. Else, some places might be overstocked with inhabitants, and others totally deserted: which would necessarily draw after it the most pernicious consequences; as stagnation of agriculture, famine, pestilence, and general ruin to the human species. Whereas, by virtue of God's having fore-appointed and determined the bounds of our habitations, we are properly sifted over the face of the earth, so as to answer all the social and higher purposes of providential wisdom.—6. If Deity has condescended to determine, in what particular places our bodies shall dwell; why should it appear strange, that he should also determine how long our souls shall dwell in their bodies? Adverbs of time are no less important, than adverbs of place. Nor, indeed, could omnipotence itself determine the ibi, without likewise determining the quando, and the diu.—Especially, when we consider, 7. That in him we, every moment, live, and are moved, and do exist.

Moreover, if Christ's own testimony will have any weight with self-determinationists, the following text,

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exclusively of all others, will set the point above dispute: where our Lord roundly affirms, that he himself keeps the keys of hell and of death. Rev. i. 18. Which declaration holds true, in every sense the words are capable of. He openeth, and no man can shut: and shutteth, and no man can open. Rev. iii. 7.

Nor is Divine Providence the distributor of death to man alone. The very beasts themselves, which are, by many, supposed to perish utterly, are immortal, until God cut their thread. Thou hidest thy face; they are troubled: Thou takest away their breath: they die; and return to their dust. Psalm civ. 29.—It should be remembered, that this is more directly spoken, concerning those small and great beasts, and creeping things innumerable, which inhabit the sea. So that fishes themselves, from a whale to a periwinkle, have the Creator himself for the disposer of their lives, and the determiner of their deaths!

From the evidence alleged, concise and superficial as my allegations have been, we may fairly (and, I think, unanswerably) conclude: that contingency has nothing to do with births, or burials; and, consequently, that chance never yet added, nor ever will add (*a*), "a single unit to the bill of mortality."

If, therefore, the initial point, from whence we start; and the ultimate goal, which terminates our race; be thus divinely and unchangeably fixed: is it reasonable to suppose, that chance, or any free-will but the free-will of Deity alone, may fabricate the intermediate links of a chain, whose two extremes are held immoveably fast in the hands of God himself?—Impossible.

(*a*) For this phrase, a single unit to the bill of mortality, see Lord Chesterfield's Letters. Lett. 336.

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CHAPTER VII.

The supposed Gloominess of Necessity considered.—The Origin of Necessity.—Concise View of Manichæism.—The Nature of Evil enquired into.—Curious Conversation-Pieces of three Modern Philosophisers.—Several Assemblies of Divines vindicated.—Arminians themselves ultimately forced to make Necessity their refuge.—Conclusion of the present Essay.

1. GREAT declamatory pains have been taken to set the system of necessity in a very "gloomy" point of view; and to misrepresent it, as made up of nothing but clouds, and shades, and thick darkness. The same has been said of religion at large, and of virtue itself. But are virtue and religion therefore deformed and black, because their beauty and lustre do not strike a libertine eye? No more is the scheme of necessity tinged with real gloom, on account of a proud or prejudiced free-willer's being pleased to assert it.

"I have sometimes beheld," says an elegant writer, "a ship of war, several leagues off at sea. It seemed to me to be a dim, cloudy something, hovering on the skirts of the horizon: contemptibly mean, and not worthy of a moment's regard.—But, as the floating citadel approached, the masts arose. The sails swelled out. Its stately form, and curious properties, struck the sight. It was no longer a shapeless mass, or a blot in the prospect: but the masterpiece of human contrivance, and the noblest spectacle in the world of art." Hervey's Theron and Aspasio, Dialogue 5.

Arminianism, if you please, is a region of darkness: but necessity, a land of (*a*) light. For I should

(*a*) The pretended gloominess of necessity is urged, with most appearance (and it is but appearance) of plausibility, against that branch of scripture metaphysics, which relates to the decree of reprobation.

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be glad to be informed, wherein consists the cheerfulness of believing, that the greater part, if not the whole of sublunary events, even those of endless concern not excepted, are delivered over to the management of an imaginary goddess, called chance; the mere creature of poetic fiction, and the most unmeaning sound that was ever admitted into language?

Let me for a moment, weigh the pretended horror of this principle; a principle, which occurs so positively and repeatedly, again and again, in almost every page of the Bible; that the existence of God does not admit of more strong and explicit proof, from the inspired volume, than does the awful reality of non-election. What I here mean to observe on this subject, I shall give in the words of part of a letter, which I lately sent to a very eminent anti-Calvinian philosopher, Dr. Priestley. "Why are Calvin's doctrines represented as gloomy? Is it gloomy, to believe, that the far greater part of the human race are made for endless happiness? There can, I think, be no reasonable doubt entertained, concerning the salvation of very young persons. If (as some who have versed themselves in this kind of speculation affirm,) about one half of mankind die in infancy;—And if, as indubitable observation proves, a very considerable number of the remaining half die in early childhood;—And if, as there is the strongest reason to think, many millions of those, who live to maturer years, in every successive generation, have their names in the Book of Life: then, what a very small portion, comparatively, of the human species, falls under the decree of preterition and non-redemption!

"This view of things I am persuaded, will, to an eye so philosophic as yours, at least open a very cheerful vista through the 'gloom;' if not entirely turn the imaginary darkness into sunshine. For, with respect to the few reprobate, we may, and we ought to resign the disposal of them, implicitly, to the will of that only king who can do no wrong: instead of summoning the Almighty to take his trial at the tribunal of our speculations, and of setting up ourselves as judges of Deity."

I might have added, that the purpose of God according to election is not restrained to men, either of any particular country, or age of time, or religious denomination. Undoubtedly, there are elect Jews, elect Mahometans, and elect Pagans. In a word, countless millions of persons, whom Christ hath redeemed unto God, by his blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. Rev. v. 9.

Only take a fair and dispassionate survey of the matter as it is; and the Arminian outcries will be found a vox, et præterea nihil. For, who can count the dust of Jacob, or the number of the fourth part of God's elect Israel?

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"Oh, but we deny chance, and maintain free-will." Be so good as to show me how you can maintain self-determining free-will, without setting up the blind daughter of Oceanus upon her pedestal. If the will of man be free, with a liberty ad utrumlibet; and if his actions be the offspring of his will; such of his actions which are not yet wrought, must be both radically and eventually uncertain: as depending for their futurition, on an uncertain cause, viz. on the uncertain volitions of an agent, who may, or may not, incline himself to the performance of those actions. It is therefore a chance whether they shall ever be performed or no. For chance, and uncertainty, are only two words for the same idea. So that every assertor of self-determination is, in fact, whether he mean it or no, a worshipper of the heathen lady, named Fortune; and an ideal deposer of providence from its throne.

Could providence be really dethroned, with as much ease as its influence is denied, dreadful indeed would be the state of things. For my part, I think, that all the cheerfulness lies on the side of necessity. And for this plain reason: because, that Infinite Wisdom which made, or permitted us to be what we are, and to be circumstanced as we are, knows better what to do with us, than we could possibly know how to dispose of our own selves.

It is my happiness to be convinced, that my times are in God's hand. Psal. xxxi. 15. and that his kingdom ruleth over all. Psal. ciii. 19. If any others can extract comfort from considering themselves as vessels sailing over a dangerous ocean, without pilot, without chart, without insurance, and without convoy to a coast unknown; much good may their comfort do them. I desire none of it.

Gloomy as the doctrine of Christian necessity is ignorantly affirmed to be; it is the only principle, upon which any person can truly and consistently, adopt that animating apophthegm, so perpetually in

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the mouth of St. Chrysostom, Blessed be God, for every thing that comes te pass!——Whereas, the genuine language of an afflicted free-willer is, Alas! alas! what an unlucky accident was this! The very exclamation, which might be expected to issue from the lips of a melancholy, desponding atheist.

If unreserved resignation to the wise and fatherly disposals of God; if contentedness and complacency within our several spheres and stations; if thankfulness for the blessings we enjoy; if the exercise of candour, lenity, and compassion, toward our mistaken, our offending, and our afflicted fellow-creatures; if humility, and a deep sense of our absolute dependence on the arm of omnipotent love, for preservation or deliverance from evil, and for the continuance, or increase of good; if the pleasing conviction that nothing can hurt us, except God's own hand first sign the licence; if a just confidence, that he will never sign any such licence, but to answer the best and wisest ends; if an unshaken persuasion, that whatever he does is, and must be absolutely and directly right; and that whatever he permits to be done, is, and must be, relatively, conducively, and finally, right:—If these lovely virtues, and felicitating views (virtues and views which no necessitarian can consistently be without), have any thing gloomy in them; it will follow, that the sun is made up of darkness, and that beauty itself is a complication of deformity and horror.

When Mr. Pope penned the following verses (in which the philosophic inferences from the doctrine of necessity are summed up with equal truth and elegance), I cannot bring myself to suppose, that the poet was in a cheerless, melancholy frame of mind. So far from being able to observe the remotest vestige of gloom; I see nothing in them, but the lustre of unmingled light, and the triumph of exulting joy.

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" Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear.
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see.
All (*a*) discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: whatever is, is right."

If, together with the philosophic, we view necessity through the evangelic, medium; nothing will be wanting to render the survey complete. Christian necessitarians, having sung with Mr. Pope; can also sing, as follows, in those cheerful lines of the late excellent Mr. Hart:

" This God is the God we adore;
Our faithful, unchangeable friend:
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure, nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home!
We'll praise him for all that is past;
And trust him for all that's to come."

And so much for the pretended gloominess of necessity. Or, in other words, for the Æthiopic complexion of that dismal, melancholy doctrine, which most dolefully asserts, that all things, without excepting the worst, work together for the glory of God, and for good to them that love him. Rom. viii. 28. " Dri-plorable news indeed," as an old lady once expressed it.

2. To show his skill in history and genealogy, Mr. Wesley traces the origin of necessity. And thus he makes out the pedigree.

(*a*) All discord, i. e. all the seemingly irregular and contrarient dispensations of divine providence.

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"That man is not self-determined; that the principle of action is lodged not in himself, but in some other being; has been an exceeding ancient opinion: yea, near as old as the foundation of the world. It seems, none that admit of revelation can have any doubt of this. For it was unquestionably the sentiment of Adam, soon after he had eaten of the forbidden fruit. He imputes what he had done, not to himself, but another: the woman whom thou gavest me. It was also the sentiment of Eve: the serpent, he beguiled me, and I did eat. It is true, I did eat, but the cause of my eating, the spring of my action, was in another."

Waiving all notice of the grammatical and the logical inaccuracies, which adorn this paragraph; I shall, with its author's leave, carry the antiquity of necessity somewhat higher up.

God himself is a necessary being. He existed, and could not but exist, without beginning. He exists, and cannot but exist, without end. Necessity, therefore, is coeval with, and inseparable from Deity; i. e. it is truly and properly eternal: as all his other attributes are. I would term necessity, in this view of it, necessitas prima.

With regard to Adam, he was sufficiently instructed in the doctrine of necessity, during the state of innocence. He could not but know, that he existed necessarily, and that every circumstance of his situation was necessarily determined by a superior hand.

For example. When he was well awoke from that deep sleep, into which he had been necessarily cast, without his own consent first had and obtained; was not that single incident (especially when he adverted to the important effect of it) more than enough to impress a reflecting mind with the idea of necessity? The very missing of his rib, which he had involuntarily lost on the occasion, must have made him a necessitarian, supposing him to have

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been, what I make no doubt he was, a man of common understanding.

Eve, likewise, could not but know, that she was necessarily made, necessarily placed in Eden, and necessarily consigned to Adam.

I conclude, therefore, that the first man and his wife were necessitarians, antecedently to their fall. And if they afterwards endeavoured to account for their fall, upon the principle of necessity; I must declare, that, for my own part, I see neither the impiety of the attempt, nor the lameness of the reasoning.

"Oh, but this makes God the author of their falling." By no means in the world. It is the Arminian hypothesis, which represents Deity as either unseasonably absent from the place, or as looking unconcernedly on, while his feeble creature Eve was chopping unequal logic with a mightier and more artful being than herself. It is the free-will scheme, which lays original sin at the divine door: by supposing, that God stood neuter throughout the whole affair; though he knew (if Arminianism will allow him to have foreknown) that no less, than the ruin of all mankind, would be the consequence of that neutrality.

When we say, that the fall of man came necessarily to pass; it is only saying, that satan is neither too strong, nor too wise for God: and that satan would not have proved too strong, or too wise, for Eve herself, had it been the will of God posuisse obicem, i. e. to have hindered satan from succeeding. Now, if it was not the divine will to bar the enemy from succeeding; and if it was really foreknown, that, without such bar, the enemy would succeed; and if God could, without injustice, actually forbear, at the very critical time, to put an effectual bar in the way, though he certainly had power to do it: the inference is invincible, that Adam and Eve fell necessarily.

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Nor is God's decree to permit the fall, liable to any one cavil, which will not hold with equal or with stronger force, against the actual permission itself. "But why did God decree to permit the fall, and permit the fall according to his decree?" For reasons, the whole of which he has not thought proper to communicate. He giveth not account to any, of his matters. Job xxxiii. 13. And this is too good an answer to so daring a question.

Let me give our free-willers a very momentous hint, viz. That the entrance of original sin was one of those essential links, on which the Messiah's incarnation and crucifixion were suspended. So that, if Adam's fall was not necessary (i. e. if it was a precarious, or contingent event); it would follow, that the whole Christian religion, from first to last, is a piece of mere chance-medley: and, consequently, cannot be of divine institution. Arminians would do well to consider whither their principles lead them.

3. The true necessity is, toto cælo, remote and different from Manichæism: as indisputably appears, on comparing the two systems together. Not to observe, that St. Austin (who, in his earlier part of life, had been (*a*) entangled in the Manichæan net)

(*a*) "The Manichæan scheme," says Mr. Wesley, "was formerly espoused by men of renown: St. Austin in particular." But I will do St. Austin that justice which this gentleman withholds, by adding, that God converted him from Manichæism, while yet a young man; and several years, before he was so much as baptized into the Christian church.—The Methodist goes on: "Manichæism is now so utterly out of date, that it would be lost labour to confute it." Herein he is, to express it as tenderly as I can, utterly mistaken in his reckoning, I shall clearly prove, a page or two hence, that he himself is, in one respect, as much; and, in another respect, abundantly more, a Manichæ, than either Scythian, Budda, or Manes.

Mr. Wesley, by a very singular mixture of Manichæism, Pelagianism, Popery, Socinianism, Ranterism, and Atheism, has, I believe, now got to his ultimatum. Probably, he would go still farther if he could But, I really think he has no farther to go.——

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was ultimately confirmed in his resolution to renounce those heresies, by reading the epistles of that illustrious necessitarian St. Paul.

Manes, from whom Manichæism is (though very inaccurately) denominated, was by birth a Persian, and flourished toward the close of the third century. His original name was (*a*) Cubric; which he afterwards dropped, for that of Manes.

One Scythian, an Arabian merchant, who had made himself master of the oriental philosophy and theology, committed the substance of his collections to writing: and bequeathed his books, which were four in number, to a proselyte of his, named Budda-Terebinthus. This Budda, settling afterwards in Persia, resided in the house of a widow, who had bought Manes for a slave. On Budda's decease, the books of Scythian fell into Manes' hands; from whence he drew the generality of those tenets which pass under his name, and moulded them into a system. In this odd manner, did Manes come to distinguish himself as an Hæresiarch.

Happy settlement, after forty years infinity of shiftings and flittings hither and thither!

> "Thus weathercocks, which, for a while,
> Have turn'd about with ev'ry blast;
> Grown old, and destitute of oil,
> Rust to a point, and fix at last!"

(*a*) "Mutato nomine, deinde Manis, vel Manetis, nomen adoptavit; Persicum aliis, quod *δμιλητην* dicat, disceptatorem, agonistam: aliis Chaldaïcum מאני, Græcè *μανης*, ex מאן, quod, Babyloniorum linguâ, significat, vas, organum; quòd se *σκευος εκλεκτον* dicerat, quo Deus, ad doctrinæ divinæ propagationem, uti vellet. Hinc videtur factum, ut falsæ doctrinæ auctorem talmudistæ vocarint מינאי; quod Elias Levita à מאני Hæretico derivat. Et reverà priùs nomen Cubricus denotasse videtur כבכ דיק, vas vanum, contemnendum, fragile. Dein discipuli, ob invidiam Græcæ vocis, quâ *Μανης* designabat *τον μαινομενα τας φρενας*, insanientem, vel furentem; literâ duplicatâ, et compositâ voce, quasi esset *μαννα χεων*, manna fundens, secere Manichæum."

Spanhemii Hist. Christian. Sæc. 3.—Operum Tom. I. Col. 751, 752.

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The amount of his system was this:

"There are two co-equal, co-eternal, and independent Gods, or infinite principles, viz. God, properly so called; alias light: and matter; alias darkness.

"The first, is the author of all good: the second, of all evil.

"The light God inspired the penmen of the New Testament; the dark God inspired the writers of the Old Testament. Consequently, the Old Testament is worth nothing.

"These Gods are real substance; the one, a good substance; the other, a bad.

"In the work of creation, the good being wrought part, and the bad being wrought part.

"The good being is the maker of human souls.

"The good being united himself to the elements of air and fire; the bad being took possession of earth and water.

"The evil God made the world, and the human body, and sin, and magistracy.

"There is a Trinity; but it consists of Scythian, Budda, and Manes. Scythian's seat is in the sun; Budda's in the moon; and Manes' in the air.

"The sun in the firmament is Christ.

"Christ did not assume a real, but only a seeming body.

"The elect are those, in whom the evil principle is quite done away.

"Matrimony does but unite us more closely to the evil God.

"Water-baptism is worth little.

"The souls of my auditors" [i. e. of those who constantly attended his assemblies, and imbibed his doctrines] "are thereby changed into elect souls; and so return, quite purified, to the good being.

"The souls of other people transmigrate, at death, into beasts, and trees, and all kinds of vegetables.

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"Inward concupiscence is a person. It is never healed, but it may be totally separated from men. In the day of judgment, each concupiscence shall be shut up in a globe, and there live in perpetual imprisonment.

"The good God, and the bad God, wage implacable and never ceasing war against each other; and perpetually clog and disconcert one another's schemes and operations.

"Hence, men are impelled, by forcible constraint, to good, or to evil; according as they come under the power of the good Deity, or the bad one."

Such is a sketch of what I have been able to collect with certainty, of the absurd and execrable tenets of Manes: which form a medley of Pythagorism, Gnosticism, and almost every other ism, both Pagan and Heretical, which that and preceding ages could supply. It is probable, that Budda improved upon Scythian, and that Manes improved upon both. Though, in reality, neither of the three, nor all the three together, were authors of the monstrous opinions which constituted the jumble. The opinions were taken from a variety of other sources; and the pilfering triumvirate, contrary to the practice of thieves in general, seemed resolved to steal the worst of every thing they could lay their hands on.

I believe, it is absolutely impossible to trace, quite up to its source, the antiquity of that hypothesis, which absurdly affirms the existence of two eternal, contrary, independent principles. The other oriental nations seem to have adopted it from Egypt. But whence the Egyptians had it, and when they first entertained it, we know not: at least, I could never find it out.

What led so many wise people, and for so great a series of ages, into such a wretched mistake, were, chiefly, I suppose, these two considerations: (1.)

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That evil, both moral and physical, are positive things, and so must have a positive cause. (2.) That a being perfectly good, could not, from the very nature of his essence, be the cause of such bad things.

But (1.) Evil, whether physical or moral, does not, upon a narrow inspection, appear to have so much of positivity in it, as it is probable those ancients supposed.

A man breaks his leg: i. e. the continuity, or cohesion of parts, natural to that limb, ceases to be integral. This is followed by the evil of pain. And what is pain? the absence, or privation of sensible ease antecedently enjoyed. A man's house is burnt down. The consequence is, a loss, or privation of property. He does not possess as much as he possessed before. Thus (not to multiply needless instances), sickness is a privation of health: and is, from thence, very properly termed, disease. Poverty is a deficiency of wealth and conveniences. Death itself, a cessation of animal life.

God forbid, that I should even wish to extenuate the malignity of sin. The omnipresent Reader of hearts and hearer of thoughts knows, that, next after his own awful displeasure, I dread and deprecate sin, in all its forms, as the greatest of possible calamities. Let us, however, with cautious and timid hand, put moral evil itself into the philosophic scale.

When I was a boy, and began to read Watts' Logic, I well remember the surprise it gave me, to find, that so good a man should venture to treat of sin, in the 6th section (part 1. ch. 2.), under the title Of Not-Being. And I confess, I partly wonder at it still. But let the doctor speak for himself. "The sinfulness of any human action is said to be a privation: for sin is that want of conformity to the law of God, which ought to be found in every action of man.——I think," adds the doctor, and in troth I

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think so too, "we must not reduce such positive beings as piety, and virtue, and truth, to the rank of nonentities, which have nothing real in them. Though sin, or rather the sinfulness of an action, may be properly called a Not-Being: for it is a want of piety and virtue. This is a most usual, and perhaps the most just way of representing these matters."

Very happily, we have a fine definition of sin, given us by a logician who could not err. Πας ο ποιων την αμαρτιαν, και την ανομιαν ποιει και 'η AMAPTIA εστιν 'η ANOMIA. 1 John iii. 4. 'Every man, who committeth sin, doth also commit illegality: for sin is illegality.—Whence I conclude, in the first place: that sin, strictly considered, has more of negation in it, than of positivity; else, it could not have been properly defineable by a merely negative term. For, illegality imports no more, than a non-commensuration to the law, as a rule, or measure of length and breadth.—But, secondly, I infer, that, unless sin had something of positivity in it, the illegality of it could not be said to be commissable: "Every man, who committeth illegality." And yet, after all, I do not clearly discern, how that can be, without the assistance of Dr. Watts' distinction (a distinction which is, I believe, admitted by most, if not all, metaphysical writers) between actions themselves, and the sinfulness of them.

Critics explain עון, one of the Hebrew words for sin, by the Greek word αδικια; which imports unsettledness, and, in particular, a not standing to articles before agreed upon. חטא, the most usual word for sin, properly signifies, a not walking in the right road, and a not hitting the proposed mark. עי is obliquity, or crookedness: i. e. want of straitness.

The Greek αμαρτια, most certainly, conveys a negative idea: and signifies, like the second Hebrew word abovementioned, a falling short of the mark.

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The Latin peccatum (which some are for deriving from πνω) is also explained by delictum, i. e. a failure in duty. Iniquitas, culpa, noxa, injustitia, impietas, scelus, vitium, and a multitude of others; are, in strictness, terms of negation.

But (2.) in what light soever we consider those modes of being and action, called natural and moral evil; whether we view them as positive qualities, or as negative, or as mixed; still the question returns, whether the great First Cause, who is infinitely and merely good, can be, either efficiently, or deficiently, the author of them?

In my opinion, the single word permission solves the whole difficulty, as far as it can be solved in the present beclouded state of human reason. Certainly, God is not bound to preclude evil from among his works. It is equally certain, that he can permit it, not only to obtain, but even to reign. And it is as certain, that he actually does so permit it. Why? Not for want of knowledge, to perceive it. Nor for want of power, to hinder it. Nor for want of wisdom, to counteract it. Nor for want of goodness, to order all for the best. But because it was and is his unsearchable (*a*) will (and the will of God

(*a*) And a step, or an inch, beyond this, we cannot go. That God willed to permit evil, cannot be doubted, but at the expence, either of his wisdom, or of his power. The reasons why he willed it, are perhaps among those arcana, which angels themselves have not yet been allowed to see into.

I think, I may venture to assert, that the scriptures throw hardly any degree of light upon the divine motive, or motives, to this permission. And it appears incontestably plain, from the writings, and from such authentic memorials, as remain, of the most sagacious philosophers of preceding ages, and of every civilized clime, the Chinese themselves included; that all their various hypothesis (some of which were extremely subtile and ingenious) by which they strained both judgment and imagination, to account for the primary existence and introduction of moral and physical ataxy; terminated, universally, in the point from whence they set out, viz. We cannot tell.

Whoever desires to see, at one view, as much as needs to be known, concerning the speculations of the greatest sages among the ancients,

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is rectitude itself), to allow the entrance and the continuance of that seeming foil to the loveliness of his works.

on this inextricable subject; will enjoy a most refined amusement (but attended, I think, with no feasible solution of the difficulty immediately in point), by perusing the second part of that concise, elegant, judicious, and faithful sketch of antique philosophy, entitled, A Discourse upon the Theology and Mythology of the Ancients. Written by the Chevalier Ramsay: an author, who, though in my opinion, extremely fanciful and erroneous on some metaphysical questions; yet deserves to be loved and admired as one of the most ingenious, polite, candid, and entertaining reasoners, that ever added the enchantments of beauty to the dignity of virtue and to the riches of learning.

But still our utmost investigations leave us precisely where they began. We know scarce any of the views, which induced uncreated goodness to ordain (for, where infinity of knowledge and power and of wisdom unite in the permitter, I see no very great difference between permitting and ordaining) the introgression, or, more properly, the intromission, of evil. For my own part, I can, with unrepining cheerfulness, give God credit (and that to all eternity, should it be his pleasure to require me) for doing every thing well.

> "I know but this, that he is good,
> And that myself am blind."

Can any body bring the matter to a more satisfactory issue? Si non, hoc utere mecum.

It might have been happy for that fine, but too excursive Theorist, D. Conyers Middleton, if he had not, with more rashness than good speed, endeavoured to overleap that boundary, which God himself has fixed, to the present extent of human knowledge. Were we even to grant the doctor his favourite hypothesis, viz. that the whole Mosaic account of the fall is merely allegorical; the origin of evil would still remain as dark, and as deep at the bottom of the well, as ever. For to what does this boasted allegory amount? Dr. Middleton shall give it us, in his own words (Works, Quarto. Vol. II. p. 149). "By Adam, we are to understand reason, or the mind of man. By Eve, the flesh, or outward senses. By the serpent, lust, or pleasure. In which allegory, we see clearly explained the true causes of man's fall and degeneracy: that, as soon as his mind, through the weakness and treachery of his senses, became captivated and seduced by the allurements of lust and pleasure, he was driven by God out of Paradise, i. e. lost and forfeited the happiness and prosperity, which he had enjoyed in his innocence."

With all the respect due to so very superior a pen, I would offer an observation or two on this passage.——1. If Adam, and Eve, and

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Arminianism (which represents moral and natural evil as entering and as reigning in defiance and contrariety to the will and wish and endeavours of the Divine Being) coincides so patly with the Manichæan dream of two almighty conflicting principles, who reign in spite of each other, and catch as catch can; that I really wonder at the reversed mo-

the serpent, and the trees of knowledge and of life, and the very paradise where they grew, were all allegorical (i. e. fabulous and unreal); might not an atheist suppose, with equal reason, that the adorable Creator, whom this same history terms God, is as allegorical a being as the rest?——2. If the fall itself, as related in scripture, be no more than a piece of moral fiction: what security have we, that the scriptural account of redemption, is not equally fictitious? Indeed, where is the necessity, or so much as the propriety, and reasonableness, of imagining, that an allegorical ruin requires more than an allegorical restoration?——3. Among a multitude of other objections, which clog the wheel of this unsatisfactory scheme, the following is one; that the difficulty of accounting for the rise of evil, still subsists in all its primitive and impenetrable obscurity. For, (1.) How came the "allurements of lust and pleasure," to exist at all? especially, in a state of absolute innocency?—(2.) How came man's "outward senses" to be so very easy of access, as to fly open, like the doors of an enchanted castle, at almost the first appearance of this said gigantic lady, called "Allurement?"—(3.) How came the human mind to yield itself so tame a "captive" to those seducing senses? Not to ask, (4.) Why the senses themselves were originally indued with that "weakness, and treachery," and power of "seduction," which the doctor so freely places to their account?—I think myself warranted to conclude, that this masterly allegorizer has not "clearly explained," nor so much as thrown the least glimmering of explanation upon, "the true causes of man's fall and degeneracy." What then do we gain by reading Moses through the doctor's allegoric spectacles? So far from gaining, we lose the little we had. The man who pulls down my house, and builds me a better in its place, deserves my thanks. But the man who takes down my dwelling, under pretence that it is not sufficiently ample and elegant for a person of my dignity to inhabit; and, after all this parade, leaves me to sleep in the open air, unsheltered by any roof at all, does me a material injury. When infidels can raise a more commodious fabric (i. e. propose a more unexceptionable system of principles), than that the Bible presents us with; we will cheerfully remove from our old house. But, until then, let those gentlemen sleep sub dio by themselves.

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desty of those free-willers, who are for shifting off the charge of Manichæism, from themselves, to other folks.

Nay, were I disposed to make the most of my argument, I might add, and very fairly too, That the old Manichæism, was a gentle impiety, and a slender absurdity; when contrasted with the modern Arminian improvements on that system. For, which is worse? To assert the existence of two independent beings, and no more; or, to assert the existence of about one hundred and fifty millions of independent beings, all living at one time, and most of them waging successful war on the designs of him that made them?

Moreover, if so very minute a crumb of the creation, as this terraqueous planet, which we at present occupy, can furnish out such a formidable army of independent principles (i. e. of self-determiners: in which number, infants and children themselves must be virtually included, which will swell the catalogue with about seventy millions more); the aggregate number of independent and possibly-conflicting agents, contained in the universe at large, may exceed the powers of all the angels in heaven to compute. But, even confining ourselves to our own world; it will follow, that Arminian Manichæism exceeds the paltry oriental duality, at the immense rate of 150,000,000 to 2! And this, at the very lowest and most favourable computation, i. e. without taking infants into the account; and without reckoning the adult self-determiners of past generations, nor of those generations which are yet to come.

Poor Manes! with how excellent a grace do Arminians call thee a heretic! And, above all, such Arminians (whereof Mr. John Wesley is one) as agree with thee, in believing the attainability of sinless perfection here below: or, to use the good old Manichæan phrase, who assert that the evil principle

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may be totally separated from man in the present life!

"Oh, but Manes held necessity also." But what sort of necessity? Such a necessity as a child would be under, if the Dragon of Wantley was pulling him by one arm, and Moore of Moore-hall by the other. Christianity and philosophy have nothing to do with this necessity, except to laugh at it.

4. Mr. Wesley seems much displeased with a brace of gentlemen, whose names he has not communicated to the public; but who appear, from his account of them, to be in no very fair way toward sinless perfection.

One of these, we are told, delivered his mind to this effect! "I frequently feel tempers, and speak many words, and do many actions, which I do not approve of. But I cannot avoid it. They result, whether I will or no, from the vibrations of my brain, together with the motion of my blood; and the flow of my animal spirits. But these are not in my own power. I cannot help them. They are independent on my choice." Thus far, I totally agree with the gentleman unknown. Every one of his premises is true. But the conclusion limps most miserably. Which conclusion (if Mr. Wesley have represented it fairly) is this: "Therefore I cannot apprehend myself to be a sinner." And pray, what does the gentleman apprehend himself to be? A saint, I presume. Should this tract ever fall into his hands, let me intreat him to cry mightily to God, for that supernatural influence of grace, which alone is able to convince him of his sinnership; to bring him to Christ; and to save him from the evil effects, which must otherwise continue to result from "the vibrations of his brain, the motion of his blood, and the flow of his animal spirits."

The other anonymous gentleman, according to Mr. Wesley's history of him, believes the omnipotence, but doubts the wisdom, and flatly denies the

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goodness of God. From the peculiar complexion of this creed, I should have imagined that its compiler had picked up the two last articles of it at the Foundery: but Mr. Wesley precludes this surmise, by giving us to understand, that the gentleman is not a free-willer. For thus the creed goes on: "All the evil in the world is owing to God. I can ascribe it to no other cause. I cannot blame that cur for barking or biting: it is his nature: and he did not make himself. I feel wrong tempers in myself. But that is not my fault: for I cannot help it. It is my nature. And I could not prevent my having this nature: neither can I change it."

No man in the world is more prone to put things in people's mouths, which they never said, or thought of, than Mr. J. W. I therefore lay very little stress on the testimony, which supports the authenticity of this creed. It may be genuine. But it is more probable, that it was forged, and dressed up for the occasion.

However, I will bestow a few concise annotations on this confession of faith, be it real, or be it fictitious.

"All the evil in the world is owing to God." Nothing can be more false. For, as the great and good (*a*) Mr. Edwards observes, "It would be strange

(*a*) Viz. the late Rev. Mr. Jonathan Edwards, of North America. Whose Enquiry into the Freedom of the Will is a book which God has made the instrument of more deep and extensive usefulness (especially among Deists, and persons of science), than almost any other modern publication I know of. If such of my readers as have not yet met with it, wish to see the Arminian sophistry totally unravelled and defeated; let them add that excellent performance to their literary treasures. A more nervous chain of reasoning it would be extremely difficult to find, in the English language. Consequently, it is not one of those treatises that can be run through in a hurry. It must be read deliberately, and weighed with attention: else, you will lose half the strength of the connection.———A spruce Maccaroni was boasting one day, that he had the most happy genius in the world. Every thing, said he, is easy to me. People call Euclid's Elements a hard book: but I read it yesterday, from begin-

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arguing indeed, because men never commit sin, bu only when God leaves them to themselves, and net cessarily sin, when he does so; that therefore their sin is not from themselves, but from God: and so, that God must be a sinful being. As strange as it would be to argue, because it is always dark when the sun is gone, and never dark when the sun is present; that therefore all darkness is from the sun, and that his disk and beams must needs be black." (Enquiry, p. 364, 365.)

Mr. Wesley's necessitarian adds: "I cannot blame that cur for barking and biting." But did the gentlemen never, so much as once in his life-time, beat a cur for barking and biting; I dare say, he has: and would again, if a cur was to fly at him with open mouth. It should seem, therefore, that a cur, though he bark and bite necessarily, is liable still to blame: else, how could he be justly entitled to blows?

"It is his nature." Most certainly. And yet you will beat him for it!

"He did not make himself." Who thinks he did?

"I feel wrong tempers in myself." I dare say, you do.

ning to end, in a piece of the afternoon, between dinner and tea-time. "Read all Euclid," answered a gentleman present, "in one afternoon? How was that possible?" Upon my honour, I did: and never read more smoother reading in my life. "Did you master all the demonstrations, and solve all the problems, as you went?" Demonstrations! and problems! I suppose you mean the a's, and b's, and c's; and 1's, and 2's, and 3's; and the pictures of scratches and scrawls. No, no. I skipt all they. I only read Euclid himself; and all Euclid I did read; and in one piece of the afternoon too.—Mr. Edwards must not be read so genteely.

There are, it seems, two eminent defences of necessity, which I have never yet seen: viz. Dr. Hartley's Observations on Man; and an anonymous Essay on Liberty and Necessity, published, some years since, at Edinburgh. I hope I have a feast of pleasure and instruction, in reserve. And it shall not be my fault if I do not soon enjoy it.

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"But that is not my fault." Certainly the fault is in yourself; and consequently, the fault is yours. How you came by it, is another matter: and belongs to the question of original sin.

"I cannot help it." Right: you cannot. But there is one that can. Apply to him.

"It is my nature." Very true.—"And I could not prevent my having this nature." I never imagined you could.—"Neither can I change it." I am very clear, you cannot. The Ethiopian might as soon change his skin, or the leopard his spots, Jer. xiii. 23. And yet, what will become of you, if you die unchanged? May the Almighty put that cry into your heart, Turn thou me, and I shall be turned! for thou art the Lord my God. Jer. xxxi. 18. Then will you know what this meaneth: we all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord; are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord. 2 Cor. iii. 18.

5. Mr. Wesley's wrath is not confined to the two gentlemen abovementioned. It strides back into the last century, and prosecutes "the assembly of divines who met at Westminster." For what offence, are they thus dug out of their graves? For saying, that "Whatever happens in time, was unchangeably determined from all eternity."——I beg leave to acquaint the court, that there is a flaw in the charge. Mr. Wesley cannot quote even a single proposition, without mangling and altering!

In the confession, drawn up by those divines, they express the matter thus: God, from all eternity, did, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatever comes to pass. Yet so, as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, &c. (*a*).—In their larger catechism, they phrase

(*a*) Humble Advice of the Assembly, &c. p. 10, 11. edit. Lond. 1658. 4to.

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it, with no alteration of sense, as follows: God's decrees are the wise, free, and holy acts of the counsel of his will; whereby, from all eternity, he hath, for his own glory, unchangeably foreordained whatsoever comes to pass in time: especially, concerning angels and men.—In the shorter catechism, they say: The decrees of God are, his eternal purpose according to the counsel of his will; whereby, for his own glory, he hath foreordained whatever comes to pass. God executeth his decrees, in the works of creation and providence.—I shall only observe, concerning all and each of these paragraphs, that if they be not true, the whole Bible is one grand string of falsehood, from the first verse to the last.

While Mr. Wesley's hand was in, I wonder he did not arraign another assembly of divines; some of whom were mitred. I mean, the famous assembly of bishops and others, who met together, not many bow-shots from Westminster, on the Surrey side of the Thames, in the year 1595, at a certain place of rendezvous, called Lambeth Palace: where, says Dr. Fuller, "archbishop Whitgift, out of his Christian care to propagate the truth, and suppress the opposite errors, caused a solemn meeting of many grave and learned divines." Among whom, besides the good archbishop himself, were Bancroft, bishop of London; Vaughan, bishop of Bangor; Tindal, dean of Ely; Whitaker, Divinity Professor of Cambridge; &c. Which said assembly of divines drew up the celebrated Lambeth articles: whereof I shall here cite but one, for a specimen; having treated at large, of this assembly, and its determinations, (*a*) elsewhere, "Prædestinatorum præfinitus et certus est numerus: qui nec augeri, nec minui,

(*a*) In a Tract, entitled, The Church of England vindicated from the Charge of Arminianism; and in my Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England.

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potest." i. e. The number of the predestinated is fore-determined and certain: so that it can neither be increased, nor diminished.

There have also been still larger assemblies of divines: composed of all the bishops, deans, and delegates of the clergy in England. Witness the assembly, who drew up the XXXIX articles, to which Mr. Wesley has, indeed, over and over again, set his hand: but with the same simplicity and godly sincerity (2 Cor. i. 12.) which seem to have actuated Dr. Reid, Dr. Oswald, and Dr. Beattie, when they subscribed the confession and catechism of the Westminster assembly.

> There's such a thing, as holy tricking,
> Tests are but pie-crust, made for breaking.
> Our own conveniency, and gains,
> Are sweetmeats, which that crust contains.
> To come at these, what man so foolish,
> But would a thousand crusts demolish?

Moreover, what shall we say, concerning that most reverend, right reverend assembly; who put that woeful collect into the liturgy, beginning with, O God, whose never-failing providence ordereth all things, both in heaven and earth? Can any thing breathe more strongly, the whole of what we mean by necessity?—A providence—a never-failing providence—That ordereth not only some, but all things—Yea, all things both in heaven and earth! In that one passage (and the church has very many others, quite like unto it), "See necessity drawn at full length, and painted in the most lively colours."

6. It is curious to behold Arminians themselves forced, by stress of argument, to take refuge in the harbour of that necessity, which at other times, they so vehemently seek to destroy. "It is necessary," say they, "that man's will should be free: for, without freedom, the will were no will at all."

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I pity the distressful dilemma, to which they are driven. Should they say, it is not necessary for man's will to be free; they give up their whole cause at once. If they say (and say it they do), that it is necessary, yea absolutely necessary, for the will to be free; and that, in its very nature, it cannot but be free;—then, say I, upon that principle, these good people are free, with a liberty of necessity, and sheer necessity itself is the root and sap of all their boasted free-agency. In other words, free-agency, themselves being judges, is only a ramification of necessity!

7. Though I have mentioned the following anecdote, in a preceding publication; yet, by way of recompensing Mr. Wesley, for the amusement he has afforded me, in publishing the conversation of the two necessitarian gentlemen, whereof I have just given the reader an account; I also, in my turn, shall refer him to a very remarkable conversation, which passed between a free-will gentleman and myself, June 21, 1774, in the neighbourhood of London, and in the presence of my friend, the Rev. Mr. Ryland.

"God does all he possibly can," said the Arminian philosopher, "to hinder moral and natural evil. But he cannot prevail. Men will not permit God to have his wish."—Then the Deity, answered I, must certainly be a very unhappy being.—— "Not unhappy in the least."—What! meet with a constant series of crosses; thwarted in his daily endeavours; disappointed of his wishes; disconcerted in his plan of operations; defeated of his intentions; embarrassed in his views; and actually overpowered, every moment of every day, by numberless of the creatures he has made; and yet be happy under all this incessant series of perplexing and mortifying circumstances?—"Yes: for he knows, that, in consequence of the free-will, with which he has en-

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dued his rational creatures, he himself must be disappointed of his wishes, and defeated of his ends; and that there is no help for it, unless he had made us mere machines. He therefore submits to necessity: and does not make himself uneasy about it (*a*)."

Can any thing be more shockingly execrable, than such a degrading and blasphemous idea of the ever blessed God? And consequently, is not the doctrine of human self-determinability the most daring, the most inconsistent, the most false, the most contemptible, and the most atheistical tenet, that was ever spawned by pride and ignorance in conjunction? A doctrine, which, in running away from the true necessity, coins an impossible necessity of its own inventing; and, while it represents men as gods, sinks God far below the level of the meanest man!

Is not the adorable Creator of the world, the Governor of it too? Or has he only built a stage, for fortune to dance upon? Does Almighty Providence do no more than hold the distaff, while contingency (i. e. while nothing) spins the threads, and wreathes them into a line, for the First Cause (very falsely so called, if this be the case)! to wind upon his reel, and turn to the best account he can? Arminians may affirm it. But God forbid, that I should ever believe it.

For my own part, I solemnly profess, before God, angels, and men, that I am not conscious of my being endued with that self-determining power, which Arminianism ascribes to me as an individual of the human species. Nay, I am clearly certain, that I have it not. I am also equally certain, that I do not

(*a*) See a note subjoined to p. 5. of a sermon lately published by me, entitled, Free-will and Merit brought to the Test; or, Men not their own Saviours: where some of the horrible consequences, and of the gigantic inconsistencies, inseparable from this gentleman's theory, are briefly pointed out.

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wish to have it: and that, was it possible for my Creator to make me an offer of transferring the determination of any one event, from his own will to mine; it would be both my duty and my wisdom, to entreat, that the sceptre might still remain with himself, and that I might have nothing to do in the direction of a single incident, or of so much as a single circumstance.

Mr. Wesley laments, that necessity is "The scheme, which is now adopted by not a few of the most sensible men in the nation." I agree with him, as to the fact. But I cannot deplore it as a calamity. The progress which that doctrine has of late years made, and is still making, in this kingdom, I consider as a most happy and promising symptom, that the Divine Goodness has yet abundant mercies in reserve, for a church, the majority of whose reputed members have long apostatized from her essential principles; and for a country, whose (*a*)

(*a*) Take a specimen of the vitiated state, in which the free-will gangrene has reduced the moral taste of this Christian and reformed country, in the following admired lines, which are part of a very applauded entertainment, lately introduced on the English stage:

"With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours;
Since life is no more than a passage at best;
Let us strew the way over with flow'rs."

Was a religious and sensible foreigner, whether a Protestant, or Popish; Jew, Mahometan, or Heathen; to be informed, that such equally detestable and despicable sentiments as those, are heard with rapture at the British theatres, and chorused with delight in numberless private companies in every part of the kingdom: would he not be inclined to set us down, in general, for a nation of Epicurean atheists, fit only to wallow in the Circean sty; quite lost to all religion, philosophy, virtue, and decency; and no otherwise entitled to the name of man, than by perpendicularity of shape connected with the art of speaking?

"If prone in thought, our stature is our shame:
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies."

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morals have degenerated, in proportion to the corruptions of its faith.

May the (*a*) set time be nigh at hand, for our national recovery to the gospel and to virtue! Then shall God, even our own God, give us his blessing.

(*a*) Psalm cii. 13.

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A

DISSERTATION

CONCERNING

THE SENSIBLE QUALITIES OF MATTER:

MORE ESPECIALLY, CONCERNING

COLOURS.

Judge not (κατ' ΟΨΙΝ) according to sight. JOHN vii. 24.

WHEN I wrote the foregoing chapters, it was my intention to have taken no notice of Mr. Wesley's weak and puerile objections to the well established doctrine of sensible qualities: partly, because what he observes (or, rather, what he has picked up from Dr. Reid and others) on this subject, is so contemptibly frivolous, as hardly to justify any serious animadversion; and, partly, because I did not consider the subject itself as directly connected with the article of necessity.

But, on my reflecting, that the aptitude of perceivable bodies to impress our senses with certain motions, called sensations; and that the sensations so produced, together with the correspondent ideas which those sensations impart to, or excite in the mind: are all the result of necessary relation, and form an indissolubly combined chain of cause and effect: I determined to subjoin some enquiries, concerning a branch of knowledge, which, in this view of it, is not altogether foreign to the main argument of the preceding disquisitions.

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By the senses, I mean those conduits or avenues to the brain, through which the soul receives its ideas of objects extraneous to its self. No person need be reminded, that these senses are five, viz. those of feeling, hearing, seeing, smelling, and tasting. It may, perhaps, be solidly affirmed, that, in absolute strictness, we have but one sense, precisely so called, viz. that of feeling, or perception at large; of which the remaining four are but so many exquisite modifications, or affections. I acquiesce, however, in the popular division of the senses into five.

The sensible qualities of extraneous objects are, properly, no more than "powers," as Mr. Locke justly terms them, viz. powers of producing such particular motions in our animal organs, as have a native tendency to occasion correspondent perceptions in the soul, through the mediation of the nerves and brain: that is to say, extraneous objects have this effect, when duly presented to the senses, and when the senses are in such a state as duly to receive the impressions naturally arising from the presence, or application, of those objects.

These powers, inherent in extraneous bodies, of producing such sensations in us; indisputably result from the figure, size, arrangement, and motion, of the particles which constitute the bodies themselves. Which appears, among other considerations, from hence: that the same body, under different modes of corpuscular size, arrangement, motion, and figure, occasions different sensations in our organs, and conveys different ideas to the mind.

Now, these modal differences of arrangement, &c. are undoubtedly resident in their respective subjects: and may easily be conceived of, as existable, independently on us; i. e. they might be just what they are, whether the bodies themselves, in which they obtain, were objected to our senses, or not. But the effects of those combined modes (as colour, sound, flavour, scent, pleasure, and pain) are things

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purely relative; and absolutely require the concurrence of sense, in order to their having any kind or degree of positive existence. They are but potentially in their peculiar subjects, until those subjects become objects, by being actually exposed to, and by actually operating upon, the organs of a precipient being.

Thus, there might have been trimulations in the atmosphere, through the impulse of one mass of matter upon another (primarily set in motion by the divine will), if no animal, or sentient being had been created. But, in that case, it is utterly inconceivable, how those tremulations, though ever so violent, could have occasioned what we call, sound. Again.—The disposition of certain surfaces to reflect, refract, and absorb, the incident rays of light; might have been just what it now is, independently on the optic nerves of animals: but then no surface, however disposed, i. e. be its texture, reflections, refractions, or absorptions, what they will; could have occasioned that ideal result, which we term colour, without being opposed to the visual organ of an intelligent substance. And so on, through every species of sensible quality.

Hence, there is nothing hyperbolic, or extravagant; but all is no less strictly and soberly philosophical, than sublimely and elegantly poetical; in the following lines of Dr. Young:

"The senses, which inherit earth and heavens,
Enjoy the various riches nature yields:
Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy.
Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
The radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire:
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wond'rous world they see.
But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.

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Objects are but th' occasion: our's th' exploit.
Our's are the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draw,
And beautify creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image, man admires."

This is provable, not only by reason, but by numberless experiments. Do but artfully vary the medium through which you see it, and you may make the surface of any body whatever assume, in appearance, any colour you please: and that in the most rapid succession, and in every mode of possible diversity. A certain sign, that colour is only a sensible quality, and not a real property, of matter.

But let us hear Mr. Wesley: who wildly thinks himself no less qualified to demolish the fundamental axioms of natural philosophy, than to overturn the first principles of natural and revealed religion.

"Colour," says he, "is a real, material thing. There is no illusion in the case, unless you confound the (*a*) perception with the (*a*) thing perceived. And all other secondary qualities are just as real as figure, or any other primary one." With regard to colour (for I have neither room nor leisure to run through all the other secondary qualities), its non-existence is certain, not only from the preceding considerations; but, likewise, in general, from the natural darkness of matter. Every atom (even those not excepted, which constitute that exquisite fluid, called light; though it is the most attenuated and subtile body with which we are acquainted) is, in-

(*a*) The plain, natural meaning of this, is, that "the thing perceived," viz. colour, considered as resident in bodies, is "real:" but that our "perception" of that "real" colour is a mere "illusion!"—Without any "illusion" at all, may we not pronounce Mr. Wesley to be the lamest, the blindest, and the most self-contradictory waster of ink and paper, that ever pretended to the name of reasoner? It is almost a disgrace, to refute him.

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trinsically, dark: and, consequently, colourless. Light itself, by whose intervention other bodies become visible, seems to depend greatly, if not entirely, for that power, on the exility, the extreme rarefaction, and on the incomparably rapid motion, expansion, and protrudibility, of its component particles: by which properties, it is peculiarly fitted, to act upon the instruments of animal sight; as these are likewise reciprocally fitted to admit that sensation, which providence designed they should receive, in consequence of being so acted upon.

"All colours," says Mr. Wesley, "do as really exist without us, as trees, or corn, or heaven, or earth." He is welcome to enjoy a delusion, which (like most of his other opinions) has not one sound argument for its support. But hear him again: "When I say, that cloth is of a red colour; I mean, its surface is so disposed, as to reflect the red; i. e. the largest rays of light. When I say, the sky is blue, I mean, it is so disposed, as to reflect the blue, i. e. the smallest rays of light. And where is the delusion here? Does not that disposition, do not those rays, as really exist, as either the cloth, or the sky? And are they not as really reflected, as the ball in a tennis-court?"

What, in the name of wonder, could induce Mr. W. to make these concessions? Concessions, which cut the throat of his own hypothesis from ear to ear! For I appeal to any competent reader, whether the following conclusions do not necessarily flow from those premises?

1. That colour is the mere creature of sensation: which sensation is occasioned (not by any real tinge inherent, either in the object, or in the rays of light; but occasioned) by the "disposition," i. e. by the texture, or configuration and connection, of the superficial particles; and by the "largeness," or "smallness," i. e. by the size, of the "reflected rays." This is all very right, so far as it goes.

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2. That "redness" and "blueness" (for instance) are mere ideas, resulting from the peculiarly "disposed surfaces" of the reflecting bodies, and from the magnitude, or minuteness, of the "rays" which those surfaces either strike back, or refract in various directions. And what is this, but the very doctrine, against which Mr. Wesley professedly draws his wooden sword? For,

3. As to the real existence of bodies, and their surfaces, and rays of light; it is not questioned by any, I know of, except by the few followers of bishop Berkley; and they are very few indeed. Not three dozen, I suppose, in the three kingdoms.

4. It follows, that Mr. Wesley's inconsistent assertion cannot, even on his own principles, be true: viz. that "colour is a real, material thing." No: it is an ideal thing; generated in our minds by the "disposition" of "surfaces," and by the reverberation, &c. of "rays."

The Methodist goes on. "It is true, that, when they" [i. e. when irradiated surfaces] "strike upon my eye, a particular sensation follows in my soul. But that sensation is not colour: I know no one that calls it so." Nor I neither. The sensation only gives at first, and repeatedly excites afterwards, the idea of colour. For, properly speaking, there is no such thing as absolute colour, either in the bodies themselves, or in the rays which they reflect, or in the eye, or in the soul. Yet is the idea founded on a complication of realities. For both the bodies, and the rays, and the eye, and the soul, have a positive existence.

But Mr. Wesley has a dreadful peal of thunder in reserve; which he thus rattles over the head of natural philosophy. "Take it altogether" [i. e. believe the sensible qualities to be no more than sensible], "what a supposition is this! Is it not enough to make one's blood run cold? The great God, the creator of heaven and earth, the father of the spirits

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of all flesh, the God of truth, has encompassed with falsehood every soul that he has made! Has given up all mankind to a strong delusion, to believe a lie! Yea, all his creation is a lie! You make God himself, rather than the devil, the father of lies!"— Mighty pious, mighty rhetorical, and mighty philosophical. I shall leave the horrid criminality of this indecent passage, to the cognizance of the adorable being it blasphemes: and only observe, that Mr. Wesley's heat and profaneness (of which he has elsewhere, given innumerable samples) are such, that he dares to scold his Maker, with as little ceremony, and with as much scurrility, as an enraged fish-woman would bedin the ears of a 'prentice wench.

But let me ask: Is God (I tremble even to put the question!) therefore "the father of lies," because he has not furnished us with acuteness of sight, sufficient to take in the real magnitudes of the sun and other celestial bodies? Or, can he be said to "encompass us with falsehood," because we do not perceive the annual and diurnal motions of the earth? Our senses tell us (and the far greater part of mankind, upon the credit of their senses, live and die in the belief) that the sun is not so large as a coach-wheel; that the moon is less than the dial of St. Paul's clock; that the diameter of the largest visible star is inferior to that of a tea-cup; and that the earth is absolutely quiescent, instead of constantly travelling (as in reality it does) at the rapid rate of about 60,000 miles an hour, exclusively of its diurnal rotation round its own axis. The illusions of colour, taste, and smell, are nothing, when compared with the immense difference between appearances and facts, in these and other points of so much greater consequence. And, hence, it becomes the office of reason and science, to rectify, so far as they can, the frequent mistakes of sense.

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—I shall add, to these remarks, a sketch of what Mr. Locke has observed, concerning the qualities, called sensible. And I the rather do this with some extent, because that profound and masterly genius has cultivated this part of science, with a perspicuity and solidity, equalled, I believe, by few other writers on the subject.

"It being manifest, that there are multitudes of bodies, each whereof are so small, that we cannot, by any of our senses, discover either their bulk, figure, or motion, as is evident in the particles of the air and water; and others, extremely smaller than those, perhaps as much smaller than the particles of air and water, as the particles of air and water are smaller than pease or hail-stones: let us suppose at present, that the different motions and figures, bulk and number, of such particles, affecting the organs of our senses, produce in us those different sensations, which we have from the colours and smells of bodies. Let us suppose, for example, that a violet, by the impulse of such insensible [i. e. invisible] particles of matter, of peculiar figures and bulks, and in different degrees and modifications of their motions, causes the ideas, of the blue colour and sweet scent of that flower, to be produced in our minds. It being no more impossible to conceive, that God should annex such ideas to such motions, with which they have no similitude; than that he should annex the idea of pain to the motion of a piece of steel dividing our flesh, with which that idea hath no resemblance.

"What I have said, concerning colours and smells, may be understood also of tastes, and sounds, and other sensible qualities: which, whatever reality we by mistake attribute to them, are in truth nothing in the objects themselves, but powers to produce various sensations in us; and depend on the primary qualities, viz. bulk, figure, texture, and motion of parts.

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"Flame is denominated hot, and bright; snow, white, and cold; manna, white, and sweet: from the ideas they produce in us. Whoever considers, that the same fire, which, at one distance, produces in us the sensation of warmth, does, at a nearer approach, produce in us the far different sensation of pain; ought to bethink himself, what reason he has to say, that his idea of warmth, which was produced in him by the fire, is actually in the fire; and his idea of pain, which the same fire produced in him, is not in the fire. Why are whiteness and cold in snow, and pain not; when it produces both one and the other of those ideas in us, and can do neither, but by the bulk, figure, number, and motion, of its solid parts?

"The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion, of the parts of fire or snow, are really in those bodies, whether any one's senses perceive them, or no: and may therefore be called real qualities. But light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in snow or fire, than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eye see light or colours, nor the ears hear sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell; and all colours, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease, and are reduced to their causes, viz. bulk, figure, and motions of parts.

"Let us consider the red and white colours in porphyry [marble]. Hinder light but from striking on it, and its colours vanish; it no longer produces any such ideas in us. Upon the return of light, it produces these appearances again. Can any one think, that any real alterations are made in the porphyry, by the presence or absence of light; and that those ideas of whiteness and redness are really in porphyry in the light, when it is plain it has no colour in the dark? It has, indeed, such a configuration of particles, both night and day, as are apt,

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by the rays of light rebounding from some parts of that hard stone, to produce in us the idea of redness, and from others the idea of whiteness; but whiteness and redness are not in it, at any time; but only such a texture, as has power to produce such a sensation in us.

"Pound an almond, and the clear white colour will be turned into a dirty one; and the sweet taste into an oily one. What real alteration can the beating of a pestle make in any body, but an alteration in the texture of it?

"He that will examine his complex idea of gold, will find several of the ideas, that make it up, to be only powers: as the power of being melted, but of not spending itself in the fire; and of being dissolved in aqua regia. Which are ideas, as necessary to make up our complex idea of gold, as its colour and weight: which, if duly considered, are nothing but different powers. For, to speak truly, yellowness is not actually in gold, but is a power in gold to produce that idea in us, by our eyes, when placed in a due light. And the heat, which we cannot leave out of our idea of the sun, is no more really in the sun, than is the white colour which it introduces into wax. These are both equally powers in the sun, operating by the motion and figure of its insensible parts, so on a man, as to make him have the idea of heat; and so on wax, as to make it capable to produce in a man the idea of white.

"Had we senses, acute enough to discern the minute particles of bodies, and the real constitution on which their sensible qualities depend, I doubt not, but they would produce quite different ideas in us, and that which now [seems] the yellow colour of gold, would then disappear, and, instead of it, we should see an admirable texture of parts of a certain size and figure.

"This microscopes plainly discover to us. For what, to our naked eyes, produces [the semblance

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of] a certain colour, is, by thus augmenting the acuteness of our senses, discovered to be quite a different thing: and the thus altering, as it were, the proportion of the bulk of the minute parts of a coloured object to our sight, produces different ideas from what it did before.

"Thus sand, or pounded glass, which is opake, and white to the naked eye; is pellucid in a microscope. And a hair, seen this way, loses its former colour, and is in a great measure pellucid, with a mixture of bright, sparkling colours, such as appear from the refraction of diamonds, and other pellucid bodies. Blood, to the naked eye, appears all red: but, by a good microscope, wherein its lesser parts appear, shows only some few globules of red, swimming in a pellucid liquor. And how those red globules would appear, if glasses could be found, that could magnify them yet 1000 or 10,000 times more, is uncertain (*a*)."

No dishonour will accrue to this good man, now so largely quoted, by observing, that, in what he so ably delivered concerning the secondary or sensible qualities of matter, he stood on the shoulders of his illustrious forerunner in science, Mr. Boyle.—Permit me, at once, to enrich the present appendix, with a few paragraphs from this last mentioned philosopher; and to confirm its general drift, by the sanction of so exalted an authority.

"I do not deny, that bodies may be said, in a very favourable sense, to have those qualities [potentially], which we call sensible, though there were no animals in the world. For a body, in that case, may have such a disposition of its constituent corpuscles, that, if it were duly applied to the sensory of an animal, it would produce such a sensible [effect], which a body of another texture would not. Thus, though, if there were no animals,

(*a*) Locke's Essay, book 2. chap. 8. and chap. 23.

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there would be no such thing as pain; yet a [thorn] may, upon account of its figure, be fitted to cause pain, in case it were moved against a man's finger: whereas a blunt body, moved against it with no greater force, is not fitted to cause any such perception. So snow, though, if there were no lucid body, nor organ of sight in the world, would exhibit no colour at all (for I could not find it had any, in places exactly darkened); yet hath it a greater disposition, than a coal, or soot, to reflect store of light outwards, when the sun shines upon them all three. We say, that a lute is in tune, whether it be actually played upon or no, if the strings be all so duly stretched, as that it would appear to be in tune, if it were played on.

"Thrust a pin into a man's finger both before and after his death. Though the pin be as sharp at one time as at another; and makes, in both cases alike, a solution of continuity; yet, in the former case, the action of the pin will produce pain: and not in the latter, because, in this, the pricked body wants the soul, and, consequently, the perceptive faculty.—So, if there were no sensitive beings, those bodies which are now the objects of our senses, would be no more than dispositively endued with colours, tastes, and the like: but actually with only the more catholic affections of bodies, as figure, motion, texture, &c.

"To illustrate this yet a little farther. Suppose a man should beat a drum at some distance from the mouth of a cave, conveniently situated to return the noise he makes. People will presently conclude, that the cave has an echo: and will be apt to fancy, upon that account, some (*a*) real property in the place,

(*a*) Real properties it undoubtedly has: and it is impossible that any portion of matter should be without them. But Mr. Boyle means, that the particular effect, which we term sound, is not of the number of those real properties, but merely sensitive and ideal;

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to which the echo is said to belong. Yet, to speak physically of things, this peculiar quality, or property, which we fancy to be in the cave; is, in it, nothing else but the hollowness of its figure, whereby it is so disposed, as when the air beats against it, to reflect the motion towards the place whence that motion began. And what passes on the occasion, is indeed but this: the drumstick, falling on the drum, makes a percussion of the air, and puts that fluid body in an undulating motion; and the aërial waves, thrusting on one another, until they arrive at the hollow superficies of the cave, have by reason of its resistance and figure, their motion determined the contrary way: namely, backward, towards that part where the drum was when it was struck. So that, in that which here happens, there intervenes nothing but the figure of one body, and the motion of another: though if a man's ear chance to be in the way of these motions of the air forward and backward, it gives him a perception of them, which he calls sound.

"And whereas one body doth often seem to produce in another, divers such qualities as we call sensible; which qualities therefore seem not to need any reference to our senses; I consider, that, when one inanimate body works upon another, there is nothing really produced by the agent, in the patient, save some local motion of its parts, or some change of texture consequent upon that motion: but, by means of its effects upon our organs of sense, we are induced to attribute this or that quality to it. So, if a piece of transparent ice be, by the falling of some heavy and hard body upon it, broken into a gross powder that looks whitish; the falling body doth nothing to the ice, but breaks it into very small

and becomes so, when matter, under certain modes and circumstances of figure and motion, is objected to and operates upon the suitably disposed organ of a perceiving animal.

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fragments, lying confusedly upon one another: though, by reason of the fabric of the world and of our eyes, there does, in the day-time, upon this comminution, ensue such a kind of copious reflection of the incident light to our eyes, as we call whiteness. And when the sun, by thawing this broken ice, destroys its whiteness, and makes it become diaphonous, which it was not before; the sun does no more than alter the texture of the component parts, by putting them into motion, and, thereby, into a new order: in which, by reason of the disposition of the intercepting pores, they reflect but few of the incident beams of light, and transmit most of them.

" When you polish a rough piece of silver, that which is really done is but the depression of the little protuberant parts, into one level with the rest of the superficis: though, upon this mechanical change of the texture of the superficial parts, we men say, that it hath lost the quality of roughness, and acquired that of smoothness; because, whereas the exstances did, before, by their figure, resist a little the motion of our finger, our finger now meets with no such offensive resistance.

" Fire will make wax flow, and enable it to burn a man's hand. And yet this does not argue in it any inherent quality of heat, distinct from the power it hath of putting the small parts of the wax into such a motion, as that their agitation surmounts their cohesion. But though we suppose the fire to do no more than variously and briskly to agitate the insensible parts of the wax, that may suffice to make us think the wax endued with a quality of heat; because, if such agitation be greater than that of our organs of touch, it produces in us the sensation we call heat: which is so much a relative to the sensory which apprehends it, that the same lukewarm water (i. e. water whose corpuscles are moderately agitated by the fire) will seem hot to one of a

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man's hands, if that hand be very cold; and cold to the other, in case it be very hot; though both of them be the same man's hands.——Bodies, in a world constituted as ours now is, being brought to act upon the most curiously contrived sensories of animals, may, upon both these accounts, exhibit many different sensible phænomena: which, however we look upon them as distinct qualities, are but the consequent effects of the often-mentioned catholic affections of matter, and deducible from the size, shape, motion, (or rest), posture, order, and the resulting texture, of the insensible parts of bodies. And therefore, though, for shortness of speech, I shall not scruple to make use of the word qualities, since it is already so generally received; yet, I would be understood to mean it, in a sense suitable to the doctrine above delivered (*a*)."

But there is one consideration, which, in my view of it, decides the question absolutely and irrefragably. To wit, the essential sameness of matter in all bodies whatever.

The opinion, that what are commonly termed the four elements, (viz. earth, water, air, and fire,) are so many simple and essentially different principles, or absolute and first rudiments; seems to me an exceedingly erroneous supposition. For I take those elements as they are usually styled, to be, themselves, but so many various modifications of that same simple matter, whereof all body, or extended substance, without exception, consists (*b*).

(*a*) Boyle's Origin of Forms and Qualities, p. 31—38. Edit. Oxf. 1667.

(*b*) Without entering either deeply, or extensively, into the considerations which determine me to this belief; I would barely offer the following hints.

1. To imagine, that Infinite Wisdom would multiply essences, without reasonable cause, were to foster an hypothesis directly contrary to that beautiful simplicity, which so evidently, and so universally, characterises the variegated works of God. Nature (i. e. omnipotence behind the curtain) is radically frugal, though

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Now, if it be allowed, that all matter is essentially the same, under every possible diversity of appear-

its phænomena exhibit almost an infinity of modal diversification. Two essences only (viz. spirit and matter) are fully sufficient, to account for every appearance, and to answer every known purpose of creation, and of providence. What occasion then, for five? or, as some suppose, for no fewer than seven; viz. earth, water, air, fire, light, æther, and spirit? Might we not, just as rationally, dream of seventy, or even seventy millions of essences?

Sir Isaac Newton's rule for philosophising, and the argument on which he grounds it, strike me with all the force of self-evidence: Causas rerum naturalium non plures admitti debere, quàm quæ et veræ sint, et earum phænomenis explicandis sufficiant. Dicunt utique philosophi: Natura nihil agit frustra; et frustra fit, per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora. Natura enim simplex est, et rerum Causis superfluis non luxuriat. If this be just, the admission of more essences than two, would be totally inconsistent with a first and fundamental principle of all natural knowledge.

2. The four classes of matter, commonly called elements, are in reality, not simple, but exceedingly compound bodies; and partake very much of each other. Which circumstance forms no inconsiderable branch of that ἀλαξια, or confusion, literally so termed; introduced by original sin. Thus,

Earth associates to itself all the solvable substances that are committed to its bosom. Which substances, after the time respectively requisite for their solution, and for their coalescence with the earth, are not distinguishable from original earth itself.

Water is known to comprehend every species of earthy particles; as well as to include no small portion of air: and to be capable, by motion, of assuming that quality which we term heat; even in such a degree, as to be no less intolerable by animals, than flame itself.

Air is constantly intermingled with an immense number of dissimilar particles. With household dust (for instance), which is in fact, the wearings of almost every thing. Not to mention the countless effluvia, with which the atmosphere is charged, incessantly flying off from animal bodies, both sound and putrescent; and from the whole world of vegetable substances, both fragrant and fœtid. These particles, through the continual attrition occasioned by their motion and interference with each other, and by the ambient pressure of the air upon them all, undergo, it is probable, a gradual atomic separation: and, when sufficiently comminuted, become at last, a genuine part of that ærial fluid, in which they only floated before.——Could we breathe nothing but pure, unmixed air, human health and life would probably extend to an extreme length.

Fire, or more properly a fiery substance, will burn (i. e. communicate a portion of its own motion to), and assimilate, all other

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ance; it will follow, that what we call sensible qualities are, rather, modal discriminations, than real differences.

Let us apply this doctrine to colours.

contracting bodies, whose corpuscular cohesion is not sufficiently close and firm to resist the subtile agency of that insinuating power. But, when its force is exhausted (i. e. when the intestine agitation of its parts has forced off all that was volatile; and ceases, in consequence of having no more to do), what remains? A quantity of particles, equally capable (for ought that appears to the contrary) of being condensed into earth, or expanded into water, or rarefied into air.—Which reminds me,

3. Of the continual transmutation of one modified substance into another, by the chemical process of nature; sometimes assisted, but oftener quite unassisted by art; which literal metamorphosis seems to be a grand and fundamental law of this lower world; and, if admitted, furnishes me with an additional argument for the sameness of matter under all its vast variety of modes and forms.

We may, for example, ask, with the poet:

> "Where is the dust, that has not been alive?
> The spade, and plough, disturb our ancestors.
> From human mould we reap our daily bread.
> "The moist of human frame the sun exhales:
> Winds scatter, through the mighty void, the dry:
> Earth re-possesses part of what she gave."

And thus the mysterious wheel of nature goes round; the vast mechanic circulation is kept up; and, by a wonderful, but real, *μπεριχωρησις*, well nigh every thing (I speak of matter only) becomes every thing, in its turn.

So thoroughly persuaded am I, in my own mind, that all the atoms, particles, and larger portions of matter, are primarily and intrinsically and essentially homogeneous; that I make no doubt, but a millstone is physically capable of being rarefied into light, and light physically capable of being condensed into a millstone.—By the way, light is perhaps no more than melted air: and air is perhaps the never-failing reservoir, which supplies the sun with materials for its rays. Air is, incontestibly, a necessary pabulum of sublunary, and why not of solar, fire?

I shall conclude this excursive note, with a pertinent passage from Mr. Boyle: in which that profound and judicious naturalist informs us, on the authority of an experiment made by himself, that even water is ultimately convertible into oil, and into fire.

"Since the various manner of the coalition of several corpuscles into one visible body, is enough to give them a particular texture, and thereby fit them to exhibit divers sensible qualities, and to become a body, sometimes of one denomination, and sometimes of another; it will very naturally follow, that, from the various [but providential] occursions of these innu-

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Several necessary pre-requisites must concur, to impress my mind, at first, with an idea of colour. 1. There must be the presence of a visible object:

merable swarms of little bodies that are moved to and fro in the world, there will be many fitted to stick to one another, and so compose concretions: and many (though not in the self-same place) disjoined from one another, and agitated apart. And multitudes also, that will be driven to associate themselves, now with one body, and presently with another.

" And if we also consider, on the one side, that the sizes of the small particles may be very various; their figures almost innumerable; and that if a parcel of matter do but happen to stick to one body, it may give it a new quality; and, if it adhere to another, or hit against some of its parts, it may constitute a body of another kind; or if a parcel of matter be knocked off from another, it may, barely by that, leave it, and become itself, of another nature than before: if, I say, we consider these things, on the one side; and, on the other side, that (to use Lucretius' comparison) all the innumerable multitude of words, which are contained in all the languages of the world, are made of the various combinations of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet; it will not be hard to conceive, that there may be an incomprehensible variety of associations and textures of the minute parts of bodies, and consequently a vast multitude of portions of matter endued with store enough of different qualities, to deserve distinct appellations, though, for want of heedfulness and fit words, men have not yet taken so much notice of their less obvious varieties, as to sort them as they deserve, and give them distinct and proper names.

" So that, though I would not say, that any thing can immediately be made of every thing; as a gold ring, of a wedge of gold; or oil, or fire, of water; yet since bodies, having but one common matter, can be differenced but by accidents [i. e. by modes and circumstances not essential to their nature as parts of matter at large], which seem, all of them, to be the effects and consequents of local motion: I see not, why it should be absurd to think, that (at least among inanimate bodies), by the intervention of some very small addition or subtraction of matter (which yet, in most cases, will not be needed), and of an orderly series of alterations, disposing, by degrees, the matter to be transmuted, almost of any thing may at length be made any thing.

" So, though water cannot, immediately, be transmuted into oil, and much less into fire; yet, if you nourish certain plants with water alone, as I have done, until they have assimilated a great quantity of water into their own nature, you may, by committing this transmuted water (which you may distinguish and separate from that part of the vegetable you first put in) to distillation in convenient glasses, obtain, besides other things, a true oil, and a black

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2. The surface of that object must have a certain disposition, texture, or construction of parts:—3. Rays of light must fall towards, and be returned from, that surface:—4. My organs of sight must (1.) be of such a structure, and, (2.) be in so sound a state, as duly to admit the impression naturally resulting from the above complication of circumstances. Who, that considers all this, can doubt a moment, whether the idea of colour, with which my mind is affected on its perception of an object, depend, as absolutely on the structure and on the state of my eyes, as on the superficial disposition and illumination of the object itself? Yea, it depends much more on the former, than on the latter. For, as it has lately been well argued, "If all mankind had jaundiced eyes, they must have been under a necessity of concluding, that every object was tinged with yellow: and, indeed, according to this new system" [viz. the system which supposes that bodies are of the colour they seem to be of], "it would then have been so; not in appearance only, but also in reality! (*a*)"

Besides; was it to be granted, that "colour is a real, material thing;" such concession would naturally engender a farther mistake, viz. that at least those seven colours, which are denominated original ones, and which appear so very different from each other, are in fact so many different essences. But as this conclusion, though forcibly deducible from the premise, would be fraught with absurdities neither few nor small, we may fairly suspect the premise itself to be untrue.

combustible coal (and consequently fire); both of which may be so copious, as to leave no just cause to suspect, that they could be any thing near afforded by any little spirituous parts, which may be presumed to have been communicated, by that part of the vegetable that is first put into the water, to that far greater part of it which was committed to distillation." Origin of Forms, &c. p. 61—63.

(*a*) Dr. Priestley's Examination of Beattie, &c. p. 143.

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An objection was lately started in private company, against the doctrine which maintains the universal sameness of matter, as if, upon this hypothesis, it would follow, that "All bodies and all qualities of bodies, are equally estimable." Nothing, however, can be more frivolous than such a supposition. It might as plausibly be alleged, that, "Because all actions, considered as actions, are exertions of power; therefore, all actions are equally good." Whereas the modes and effects of action occasion such vast relative differences in actions themselves: that a man of common understanding and virtue cannot long hesitate, what species of action to approve. Thus it is with regard to bodies and semblances. For,

"Tho' the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze;
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r."

If a philosophic lady visit a mercer's shop with a view to select the brightest silk it affords; the fair customer will be naturally led to fix her choice on that, whose colourings appear to her the most elegant and vivid: though she knows that those colourings are illusive, and that, in reality, there is no such thing as absolute colour at all.

In short, we are so constituted, as to receive much more delectable idea, from some semblances, and from some combinations of semblances, than from others. And we, with very good reason, like or dislike accordingly. Though, were our organs contrarily fabricated to what they are; the same objects, which now give us pleasure, would be sources of pain: and what we now relish as desirable, and admire as beautiful, would strike us as disgustful and deformed.

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How often are pleasures and pains generated by imaginary considerations! And yet those pains and pleasures are as real, and sometimes still more poignant and exquisite, than if they were justly founded.

Dr. Doddridge has some concise observations on the secondary qualities of bodies, much to the purpose of my general argument. "The same external qualities in objects, may excite different ideas in different persons.

"1. If the organs of sensation be at all different, the ideas of the same object must be proportionably so, while the same laws of nature prevail.

"2. It is probable, there may be some degree of difference, in the organs of different persons. For instance: in the distance of the retina and chrystaline humour of the eye; in the degree of extension in the tympanum of the ear; in the acrimony of the saliva, &c. And the variety which is observable in the faces, the voices, and the bones of men; and almost through the whole face of nature; would lead us to suspect, that the same variety might take place here.

"3. Those things which are very pleasing to one, are extremely disagreeable to another.

"4. Those things which are, at one time, very agreeable; are, at another, very disagreeable; to the same person: when the organs of his body are indisposed, or when other disagreeable ideas are associated with those that had once been grateful (*a*)."

Thus, as Mr. Boyle remarks, "Some men whose appetites are gratified by decayed cheese, think it then not to have degenerated, but to have attained its best state, when, having lost its former colour and smell and taste, and, which is more, being in great part turned into those insects called mites; it is both, in a philosophical sense, corrupted, and, in

(*a*) Doddridge's Lectures, p. 15.

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the estimation of the generality of men, grown putrid (*a*)."

It is well known, that some persons have literally fainted, not only at the continued sight of the above-mentioned viand, whether decayed or sound; but (which evinces the antipathy to be unaffected) even when the offending substance has been totally concealed from the view of the unsuspecting guest, by those who have purposely tried the brutal and inhospitable experiment.—Others will be convulsed at the approach of a cat.—And I have heard of a gentleman, who would swoon at the presence of a cucumber properly cut and prepared for the table.

Now, whence is it, that what eminently gratifies the senses of one individual, shall thus have a reverse effect on those of another? Certainly, not from any difference in the object: for both the substance and the attributes of that remain precisely the same, whether the perceptions which they occasion in us, be pleasing or offensive. Consequently, if one and the same object operate in so contrary a manner on the sensitive organs of various people; the diversity of effect, where it really obtains, must be owing to a modal variation in the mechanical structure of the sensitive organs themselves.

I consider it, therefore, as equally ungenerous and absurd, when particular aversions, seem they ever so odd, are hastily blamed and ridiculed. They may be, and very frequently are, constitutional, and insuperable.

The elegant sex especially, are often savagely censured on these accounts. If a lady turn pale when it thunders; or start from a spider; or tremble at a frog; or shriek at the nigh appearance of a mouse; I cannot in common justice, laughingly exclaim with Dean Swift,

(*a*) Origin of Forms, &c. p. 59.

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" If chance a mouse creep in her sight,
She finely counterfeits a fright:
So sweetly screams, if it come near her,
It ravishes all hearts to hear her."

Such antipathies are not always to be classed under the article of affectation, nor even of prejudice. They frequently arise, more particularly in females, and in very young persons, from the extreme delicacy of their nervous and organic systems.

I smiled, indeed, on a lady's once saying to me, I have just payed a morning visit to Mrs. G———; and really thought I should have fainted away, on seeing the cloth laid for dinner, at so shocking an hour as one o'clock. This, I confess, struck me, at first, as the language, not of real, but assumed elegance: and I treated it accordingly; by hoping, that " in all her future visits to Mrs. G——, she would previously arm herself with a smelling-bottle, for fear of consequences." I will not, however, be too peremptory in denying, that the sight of a table-cloth, displayed at an hour deemed so " shockingly" unseasonable, might literally excite some, though not an insupportable, degree of painful vibration, in the nerves of so refined a person.

A few other familiar illustrations of our main point shall close the present disquisition.

We will imagine a gentleman to be, as we commonly phrase it, violently in love. That is: the charms, or assemblage of sensible qualities, in a particular lady, are exactly adapted to strike with rapture a system of senses so fabricated as his; and, of course, to fall in with his ideas of beauty, merit, and accomplishment.—What is the consequence? He becomes her captive; and can no more avoid becoming such, than an aspin leaf can resist the impulse of zephyr. Hence, she is necessarily considered by him, as a Helen, a Venus, a Pansebia.

" Grace is in all her steps: heav'n in her eye:
In ev'ry gesture, dignity and love."

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And yet this self-same lady may appear far less attracting; or but barely passable; or, perhaps in some respects, even homely and disagreeable; to the eyes of another man.—Why? Because our ideas depend upon our senses: and our senses depend upon their own interior conformation, for the particular cast and mode of every perception which is impressed upon them from without. Hence, it is a common phrase, concerning a man who has never been in love, that he has not seen the right object. And nothing can be more philosophically true.

A lady, too, may be totally and inextricably captivated. When this is the case, the happy swain shines in her estimation, a Narcissus, an Adonis, a Phoebus. Nor are the virtues of his mind distanced by the charms of his person. Other gentlemen may have their moral excellencies: but he, the incomparable he, is

> "More just, more wise, more learn'd, more ev'ry thing."

While, perhaps, a great part of her acquaintances shall unite to wonder, very seriously, what she could possibly see in this imaginary sanspareill; and even lift up their hands, at her monstrous indelicacy of taste.

Parental affection, likewise, affords obvious and striking proof of the theory for which I have been pleading.

> "Where yet was ever found a mother,
> Who'd give her booby for another?
> No child is half so fair and wise!
> She sees wit sparkle in its eyes."

Very probably. And it is also very possible, that she may be the only person in the world, who is able to discern any such thing. An acquaintance, or an occasional visitant, so far from agreeing with the enraptured parent, would perhaps cry out, if polite-

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ness did not prohibit, concerning the sweet little dear, who passes for "the very image of his papa and mamma."

"Where are the father's mouth and nose?
And mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See here a shocking, awkward creature,
That speaks the fool in ev'ry feature!"

Different people see the same things differently.—And thus, as Mr. Melmoth writes to his friend: "Though we agree in giving the same names to certain visible appearances; as whiteness, for instance, to snow: yet it is by no means demonstration, that the particular body, which affects us with that sensation, raises the same precise idea in any two persons who should happen to contemplate it together. I have often heard you mention your youngest daughter, as being the exact counter part of her mother. Now, she does not appear to me, to resemble her in any single feature. To what can this disagreement in our judgments be owing; but to a difference in the structure of our organs of sight (*a*)?"

What shall we say of self-love? How many noble and delightful sensible qualities does a man of this cast really believe himself to possess; most, if not all of which, are absolutely invisible to every other being!

What fine fingers I have! said a lady, once in my hearing: how beautiful the joints are turned! Undoubtedly she thought so. But doctors differ. Not only the articulation of her fingers, but the construction of her own hand, seemed to me, rather clumsy than elegant. The same lady (by the way) actually thought herself sinless. But herein, likewise, I could not help dissenting from her judgment.

(*a*) Fitz-Osborne's Letters, Vol. I. Let. 34.

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A vain man is, generally, still vainer than the vainest female. Mr. John Wesley, for example, declares himself to be the greatest "minister in the world." I do him the justice to believe, that, in permitting this declaration to pass the press, his avowed vanity was the honest trumpeter of his heart. But how few others will subscribe to his opinion! There is more learning in one hair of my head, said the self-enamoured Paracelsus, than in all the universities together. Who ever questioned, herein, the sincerity of that prattling empiric? But who does not more than question the reality of those great qualities, on which he so extravagantly and so ridiculously valued himself?—When a bookseller, desirous to prefix an engraving of Julius Scaliger to one of that critic's publications, requested him to sit for a likeness; Julius modestly answered, If the artist can collect the several graces of Massinissa, of Xenophon, and of Plato, he may then be able to give the world some faint idea of my person. If Scaliger was in love with his own outward man, Dr. Richard Bentley was no less so with his own intellectual improvements. Mr. Wasse (said the doctor, very gravely) will be the greatest scholar in England, when I am dead.—Peter Aretin had a medal struck, at his own expence, exhibiting his own profile; encircled with this humble inscription: il divino Aretino, i. e. the divine Aretin (*a*). When I reflect on such instances of self-idolatry as these, they remind me of Congreve's observation:

"If happiness in (*b*) self-content is plac'd,
The wise are wretched, and fools only blest."

(*a*) In setting Mr. Wesley at the head of these self-admiring gentlemen, I by no means intend to insinuate, that he stands on a level with the lowest of them, in any one article; that of vanity and conceit, alone, excepted. Mistake me not, therefore, as though I meant to put him absolutely into the company of such men as Paracelsus, Scaliger, Bentley, and Aretin.

(*b*) True happiness, however, is not placed in "self-content:" but arises from a comfortable apprehension of our reconciliation to

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We have taken a survey of love, in more of its terminations than one. Let us, for a moment, advert to its opposite.

In revolving the description, which the celebrated Dr. John Ponet, bishop of Winchester, has given us of his popish predecessor in that see, I have been prone to surmise, that the latter might really appear as hideously frightful in the eyes of the former, as the following written picture represents him to have done. "This doctor," says bishop Ponet, speaking of Stephen Gardiner, "has a swart colour, hanging look, frowning brows, eyes, an inch within his head; a nose, hooked like a buzzard; nostrils like an horse, ever snuffing into the wind; a sparrow mouth, great paws, like the devil's. Talons on his feet, like a gripe [i. e. like a gryphon], two inches longer than natural toes; and so tied to with sinews, that he cannot abide to be touched, nor scarce suffer them to touch the stones. And nature, having thus shaped the form of an old monster, gave him a vengeable wit, which, at Cambridge, by labour and diligence, he made a great deal worse: and brought up many in that faculty (*a*)." Such was bishop Gardiner, according to bishop Ponet's view of him. Notwithstanding which, this identical Gardiner might seem, in his own eyes, and in the eyes of queen Mary and others of his friends, a portly, personable prelate.

To be serious. Let me, by way of needful and sincere apology, for a disquisition which has extended to an unexpected length, observe; that, in sifting the question, it was necessary to recur to first principles, and to survey the argument in various

God by the blood and righteousness of his Son. Hence, a good man shall be satisfied [not with, but] from himself, Prov. xiv. 14. viz. from within: or from the inward testimony of the Holy Spirit, witnessing to his conscience that he is a child of God. Rom. viii. 16.

(*a*) Biogr. Dict. vol. v. p. 307.——Article, Gardiner.

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points of view. Let me moreover add; that, in all I have delivered on the subject, I do but express my own sense of it, without the least aim of dictating to others: or of presumptuously seeking to obtrude my philosophic (any more than my religious) creed, on such persons as may honour these pages with perusal.

Upon the whole, I conclude, with Mr. Locke (*a*); that "The infinitely wise Contriver of us, and of all things about us, has fitted our senses, faculties, and organs, to the conveniences of life, and to the business we have to do. Such a knowledge as this, which is suited to our present condition, we want not faculties to attain. But, were our senses altered, and made much quicker and acuter, the appearances and outward scheme of things would have quite another face to us: and, I am apt to think, would be inconsistent with our being, or at least well-being, in this part of the universe which we inhabit."

(*a*) Essay on Und. book ii. chap. 23.

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COLLECTION OF LETTERS.

THE following letters were written by the author without the least view to publication, but soon after his decease, by the advice of friends, some of them were deemed proper to be printed. It should have been notified at the time, that they were sudden thoughts committed to paper without correction. For in a book that the rough draught of the letters were inserted, a memorandum was made, verbatim, as follows:

"In looking among some old papers, I met with the copies of a few letters which I had formerly written, and which I designed to enter, either in this or some other plain paper book, by way of preserving them, for my own future satisfaction, if providence should please to preserve my life."

"The finding of those, suggested to me the hint of taking foul copies of such letters as are any way interesting. I may, hereafter, write to particular friends, before I draw them out fair for the post. If I live, they may be of use to myself; if not, they can do me no hurt."

Broad Hembury,
Oct. 1, 1772. A. T.

The chief value of this collection, lies in the exhibition it gives of the distinguished merit, and pious occupation that followed the writer of them in his private correspondence. They are interspersed with several observations on religion and human life, and show a heart penetrated with truth, endeavouring to persuade others, accompanied with sprightliness of wit, solidity of judgment, extent of knowledge, and elegance of taste, joined with all the undefineable ease, and familiarity of the most unreserved conversation, which takes off that insipidness of a laboured stiffness that often attends the epistolary intercourse of many very sensible persons. EDITOR.

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LETTER I.

Mr. E.

Fen Ottery, March 6, 1767.

EVER DEAR SIR,

WILL my honoured friend forgive me, if, from a kind impatience to be informed of his welfare, I take the liberty to enquire how he does? Though writing letters is one of the things, which, in general, I am least fond of, yet I cannot forbear, dear sir, to present you and Mrs. ——, with my respects, and to wish you the joys of believing, and the comforts of the holy Spirit. I have been returned into Devonshire about a fortnight: Mr. —— is at London, attending the service of parliament; so that I cannot, very readily, get my letter franked. I am glad, notwithstanding, that he is absent, as he was one of the two hundred and six members, who this day se'nnight, carried the vote for the reduction of the landtax, in opposition (as he writes me word) to one hundred and eighty-eight, who were for keeping it up to four shillings. But, to come to matters of infinitely greater importance, I hope, sir, you are enabled to trust your soul to Christ, and to cast your care on God. Satan, no doubt, will be ever ready to bring in the indictment, and conscience cannot help pleading guilty to a great part of the charge: but remember, that your judge is, at the very same time, your advocate and Saviour. He is a lover of your soul, and was the propitiation for your sins; they cannot be too numerous, nor too heinous, for mercy like his to pardon, nor for merit like his to cover. Only flee to him for refuge, fly to the hiding place of his righteousness, death and intercession; and then, the

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enemy can have no final advantage over you, nor the son of wickedness approach to hurt you, in your everlasting interest. Assault you he may, in your way to the kingdom of God; overcome you he cannot, if you look, or desire to look, to Jesus for safety; lie at his blessed feet for protection; lay hold on his victorious cross for salvation; and then you shall find him gracious to relieve, mighty to deliver, and faithful to uphold. Cast anchor on his love, and be happy, rely on his omnipotence, and be safe. He knows that you are very near my heart, that not a day passes, in which I do not beseech him on your behalf; may his holy Spirit diffuse his heavenly peace throughout your soul; make you be joyful with his holy visitations; and while he comforts you from on high, sanctify you to the uttermost! In life, in death, in eternity, may he be your light, your strength, and your exceeding great reward! I know that your health is so bad, you cannot read much, but you can pray; you can send up your desires as incense, to the throne of God, almost every moment. As you sit, as you walk, as you take an airing, you may cultivate an intimacy with heaven; you may carry on a correspondence with God, you may hold silent intercourse with the Spirit of grace. Every sigh, if directed to him, is a prayer; every tear shed for sin, is a sort of oblation, acceptable to him in Christ, and shall be noted in his book. Yet, not the sighs we breathe, nor the tears we pour, are our justifying merit; but the sigh, the tears, the obedience, the death, of his coeternal Son: his are the propitiations; ours are the memorial, and the proof of the work of grace, which his Spirit begins in the soul. Resign yourself to his will in every dispensation; lie passive in his hand, stir not from his footstool, take all your spiritual distresses, as commissioned from him. The cup, the medicinal cup, is of his mixing; the chastisement is the chastisement of a father, who loves while he strikes, and whose seeming wrath is real mercy.

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May his everlasting arms be spread beneath you; may his grace (as I doubt not it will) be sufficient for you; may his presence be

with you, with yours, and with your

affectionate servant in him,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. From my earnest desire, for to have you manage every one of your affairs in such a way as may most conduce to the peace of your own mind, and the welfare of your family; I cannot help requesting leave to suggest an hint, which, was my regard for you less than it is, I should certainly suppress: it is, my dear sir, in relation to Mrs. ——, and your two youngest sons: with respect to Mrs. ——, God forbid that you should leave her dependent, either for habitation, or for maintenance, on your children, or on any body else. If you are not quite clear as to these two points, do let me beseech you, to revise your papers: and if there is any deficiency in either of these respects, set it right, while providence, by prolonging your life, continues it in your power. Indeed, and indeed, you will not discharge your duty without it; nor can you expect to depart in peace, if you omit it. With regard to your two youngest sons, let me entreat you to leave them equally; they have both the same right to your affection, and to what you may design to give. Their aunt's kind intentions ought to make no difference as to this point: it is incumbent on you, my dear sir, to do your duty; and by that means, Mrs. ——, will be left (as she ought to be) at full liberty to bestow her favours on the most deserving. Weigh what I have said, and may the Lord God give you a right judgment in all things. It is not from motives of impertinence, that I have presumed to mention these particulars, but from the sincere affections I have for you and

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yours. Adieu, my dear friend, and forgive me, if my regard has carried me too far. My best respects, when you write next to Bath, and my kind compliments to the young gentlemen. Do not neglect to take the air every day. Once more, adieu.

LETTER II.

To Mr. Morris,

Broad-Hembury, near Honiton, Devon. Sep. 2, 1768.

It is now above eight years, since I saw, or heard from my ever dear Mr. Morris. The Lord knows, you are near my heart, and are often present to my thoughts. God grant that this letter may find my valued friend as well in body, and as lively in soul, as when I saw him last!

I have been in orders, between six and seven years; and now write to you from my living. The Spirit of God has kept me stedfast in his glorious truths, and given me much joy and peace in believing. I trust, too, that my labours, as a minister, have been owned from above, to the calling in of some chosen vessels, and to the consolation of others who were before quickened from their death in trespasses and sins: which I mention to the praise of the glory of his grace, who vouchsafes to make use of the meanest, the feeblest, and the unworthiest instruments, to accomplish his designs of love towards those he delights to save.—Whilst I am writing, the fire kindles in my soul: may it reach your heart, when this letter reaches your hands. I am, at present, high on the mount of divine love, and can sing with the church, Isa. lxi. 10. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord," &c.—How is it with you? Are you as

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zealous for Christ, and for souls, as when God made you the means of my conversion twelve years ago? O that the Lord would rend the heavens, and come down, and set you all in a flame for himself! Permit your spiritual son to remind you of the sweet, the memorable days and months that are past. Indeed, and indeed, I love you tenderly, in the bowels of Jesus Christ. How has my heart burnt within me, and how have my tears flowed, like water from the smitten rock, when I have heard you preach the unsearchable riches of his grace, blood, and righteousness! The word came with power, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. And is it true, can it be possible, that you should cease from your work of calling sinners to repentance? Do you withdraw your hand from the gospel-plough, after God has made it prosper so long in your hands? I am told so; but I cannot believe it. O man of God, stir up the gift that is in thee: let it not rust and moulder, by lying useless. The Lord hath often spoke to me by your mouth: Oh, that he would now speak to you by my pen! Do, at my request, meet the dear people of C. and who knows, but there may, once more, be showers of blessing? Blow the trumpet in Zion, as heretofore. While life and health and strength continue, let your feet stand upon the mountains, and the law of gospel-kindness dwell upon your tongue, to the very last: yea, let your lips feed many.—Adieu. I scarce know how to leave off, when I write to any of my brethren in the faith. If even the poor, feeble, mortal saints below, love one another so well: no wonder that the love of an infinite God to his own dear elect, should be from everlasting to everlasting.—Electing, justifying, regenerating, sanctifying, and persevering grace, have been, and are, the subjects of my ministry: and, I hope will be, to my latest breath. If a messenger of Christ is under the lively, experimental influence of these glorious truths; the word

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of his master will be as fire in his bones: yea, he will be in pangs, as it were, like a woman in travail, until Christ is formed in the hearts of them that hear. God Almighty pour out such a spirit of fervency on my dear Mr. Morris, and on his

ever affectionate friend,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER III.

To Mr. PHILIPS,

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 6, 1768.

SIR,

I BELIEVE I shall go to town by way of Salisbury; in which case, I will certainly do myself the pleasure of calling on you. I wish I could fulfil your request in the other particular, concerning which you write: but the times will not allow it. Every one, that knows me, knows that I have the greatest and most cordial regard for the evangelical dissenters. I am exactly the same, in that respect, as when you knew me first: and most heartily wish that the wall of partition was so far pulled down, as to admit all gospel ministers to occupy each others' pulpits, without distinction of party and denomination. But, as this is a happiness we cannot expect to see; I am under a necessity of foregoing the satisfaction it would give me to hold forth the word of life to those Christians who are beyond the pale of the establishment: except (which, in the course of my ministry, many hundreds have done) any of them are so condescending as to attend on me, who, they know, am tied up from waiting on them.—I am well acquainted with Mr. Elliot; and an excellent man he is: but he has set himself more at liberty, than I can be, by

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absolutely renouncing all connection with the church of England; which, I freely own, conscience will not suffer me to do: and I am clear, moreover, that it would be going out of bounds, and over-leaping those limits which providence hath prescribed me, was I to attempt it.

Pray make my affectionate compliments acceptable to your people, and let them know, that it is neither bigotry, want of respect, nor want of love, that hinders me from complying with the request they have done me the favour to make. Lawful in itself, I am convinced, it would be: but, all things considered, far from expedient.—As matters at present stand, it is a great blessing, never to be sufficiently valued and acknowledged, that there are some faithful ministers of every protestant denomination among us: so that no denomination, unless particularly circumstanced, need go beyond their own tents, in order to gather the gospel manna: by which wise and gracious dispensation of things, God's elect, of every name, are fed and nourished up to life eternal, notwithstanding the nominal distinctions, which bigotry, prejudice, and human laws, have fixed.—I am concerned to hear of Mr. H——'s defection. If he was ever of us in reality, God will, in due time, bring him to us again. A truly gracious man, like a thorough good watch, may deviate, and point wrong for a season; but, like the machine just mentioned, will, after a time, come round, and point right as before. In the mean while, let such instances teach us to be jealous over our own corrupt hearts; make us dependent, sensibly and increasingly dependent, on the power and faithfulness of the Holy Ghost: stir us up to prayer, that we may be kept from being carried away with the error of the wicked; and put a song of thanksgiving into our mouths, to that God, whose free, invincible grace hath enabled us to stand, when others (in appearance, stronger than we) have fallen, and become as

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water that runneth apace.—You enquire about my usefulness, acceptance, and number of hearers. My parish is very large, and considerably populous. My church, I suppose, will hold six hundred at least. Strangers, I apprehend, usually make one third of my auditory: and the word has been signally blest to some, both in the parish and out of it. I have the greatest reason to believe, that, within the course of the last twelvemonth, God has owned my ministry more than ever. May my master's feet go on to sound behind me; and may the last works be, continually, more and greater than the preceding!

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. RUTTER,

Broad-Hembury, October 3, 1768.

REV. and WORTHY SIR,

SLENDER as our acquaintance is, I yet cannot forbear requesting leave to express the real concern I feel, on being informed of the afflictive visitation you lately experienced: if that may be termed afflictive, which is the result of God's unerring providence, who does all things well. May he vouchsafe to sanctify this, and every subsequent dispensation which may yet befal you! May the light of his gracious countenance, the comforts of his Spirit, and the cheering intimations of his favour, be your strength, and your portion, when heart and flesh fail! You have, I trust, a merciful and faithful high priest above, who bears you on his heart, and is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. To him, let us look; on him, let the anchor of our re-

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liance be cast. The merit of his blood and righteousness, like the waving of Elijah's mantle, shall smite the waters of death; so that the stream shall part hither and thither, and open a way for his redeemed to pass over on dry ground. Doubt not, dear sir, but he will send forth his light and his truth to lead you to his holy hill and to his dwelling-place, that land of rest, and that city of habitation, where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick. I beg an interest in your prayers, and remain, with much respect and esteem, Rev. Sir, your affectionate brother,

and most humble servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER V.

To Mr. BOTTOMLEY,

New-Way, Westminster, Dec. 3, 1768.

WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE read, attentively, the paper you condescended to put into my hands; and which I return, because I apprehend you meant I should only peruse it. I not only approve, but admire the modesty, with which you write. I pray God, I may be enabled, more and more, to adopt the same truly Christian spirit. And I verily hope and believe, that that most gracious Being, who has led you thus far, will go on to translate you farther and farther into the light and liberty of his children.—As I once took occasion to tell you, it is much the same with mistakes in matters of judgment, as it was with the two disciples in the dungeon of Philippi: first, the prison shakes; and, next, the doors fly open. I

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am heartily glad, that you are shaken, as to the system you have long embraced; and trust, that it is prelusive to your deliverance from it.—I do not trouble you with my thoughts on the substance of your paper: though I must own, there is not, in the whole of it, any single exception against the doctrine of predestination, which will not admit of a very easy solution. But I omit attempting this, as the person to whom that letter was particularly addressed, is abundantly more capable than myself, of obviating your doubts.—Suffer me, dear sir, to repeat, with all humility, the request I made to you some time ago. Be not hasty in determining your judgment on this most important point. View the question on all sides. Chiefly, keep your eye fixed on the scriptures; and derive, by humble, earnest, waiting prayer, all your light and knowledge from thence. One thing I am very clear in; that, if you reduce your ideas to the standard of scripture, and make this the model of those; suffering the unerring word of revelation to have the casting vote, and turning your mind into the gospel mould; you must and will, eventually, throw the idol of Arminianism, in all its branches, to the moles and to the bats; you will no longer dwell with Mesech, nor have your habitation among the tents of Kedar. Having tasted the good old wine of distinguishing grace, you will no longer have any relish for the new scheme of grace without a plan, and of a random salvation: for you will both know and acknowledge, that the old is better. Hoping to see that happy time, I remain, with great esteem, dear sir,

your affectionate brother in Christ,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER VI.

Mr. N——.

Broad-Hembury, Oct. 5, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

YOU need not trouble yourself to send me the pamphlet you mention, entitled, A Philosophical Survey of Nature. It is already in my possession. I remember to have read it, several years ago, when it first came to my hands: and, since my receipt of your last favour, I have given it a fresh perusal. The author is, undoubtedly, a professed materialist. His system therefore is atheistical, to all intents and purposes. He is, I should imagine, a person of too much sense, to be an absolute atheist himself: but he seems to wish he could. The two grand principles, which enter into the very basis of his scheme, viz. That matter may have existed from all eternity; and that matter may, by organization, be refined into intelligence: are positions, which, if admitted, would lay the axe to the very root of all existence purely spiritual; and, consequently, render the being of God impossible.

To such horrid lengths of absurdity and impiety, are men, even those of the brightest talents, liable; when they unhappily shut their eyes against that written revelation, which so kindly holds the lamp to benighted reason. One would almost think, that writers of this cast are purposely raised up by providence, to show mankind the necessity of superior illumination; and to demonstrate the utter insufficiency of mere reason, genius and philosophy, to guide us either to happiness or truth.

This is the only principle, on which I can account for the glaring inconsistencies, which never fail to disgrace the reasonings of infidels. The very author now under consideration, though he at-

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tenuates his theory to a very nice and plausible texture, is yet guilty of departing from an axiom which he professes heartily to adopt, and from which more than a few of his own deductions are spun. The axiom is, that every effect must result from some prior, producing cause. If so (and surely if this be not true, we have no evidence of any thing), how is it possible for matter to be eternal? Matter must be either the first cause, or an effect. Should the ingenious writer affirm matter to be the first cause: he would only beg the question, by taking for granted what (I am bold to say) he will never be able to prove: and, on a point of this consequence, wherein both religion and philosophy are so essentially concerned, the bare opinion and unsupported assertion even of this able speculator will never carry the force of demonstration.—On the other hand, if matter, in all its diversity of modes cannot be proved to be the first cause (i. e. to have caused its own existence); unprejudiced reason will immediately conclude, that matter must originally have been the effect of a superior intelligent power: which intelligent power could be no other than that adorable agent whom we call God.

If the whole system of material nature be (as this author himself acknowledges) a regular succession of causes and effects; will it not follow, that the eternity of matter is a matter of absolute impossibility? Let us instance in a horse. Who was Lightfoot's father? Turk.—Who was father to Turk? Sweepstakes.—Who got Sweepstakes? Hazel. Were we capable of tracing back the pedigree of Lightfoot to its original source, we should not stop until we came to the very first horse that ever existed. Being arrived so high as that, another question would yet remain: how came this first horse to exist at all? Certainly, by the will and power of some superior being.

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Would not reason laugh at the man who should affirm, that there never was a first horse, but that horses existed eternally?

There must, therefore, in all our ascending enquiries, be some ultimatum, some given point, at which to stop. This given point, this first cause, is God.—The same analysis, which has been applied to Lightfoot, will hold equally true, when applied to any material thing whatever. All must terminate somewhere: for there is "no effect without a cause." Consequently, matter is not eternal.

"But may not matter be so organized and refined, as to rise into what we call intelligence?" The plain English of this question is, "May not matter, (such as a cabbage, a marble statue, a candle, or a chest), be able to hear, see, feel, taste, smell, reason, speak, read, write, and walk?" If any individual of the human species can coolly and in earnest suppose this; let his next of kin (if the insane man's possessions will recompence the trouble) sue for a statute of lunacy, and transmit him to his proper apartment in Moorfields.

I confess myself ashamed to encounter such a position, with any degree of seriousness. Suffer me, however, to ask: Is there no essential, but only a modal difference, between the writer of the Philosophical Survey of Nature, and the pen with which he committed his ideas to writing?

A correspondent, less polite than yourself, would tell me, perhaps, that, instead of enquiring into the capacities of our author's pen, it is time I should lay down my own. I cannot, however, do this, without first repeating the affection and respect with which I am, yours, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER VII.

To B. S. Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 9, 1772.

SIR,

ACQUAINTED as you are with the leading objects of my thoughts, you still would not easily conjecture on what speculation they lately turned.—I have been comparing my own situation (not as some philosophers advise, with persons of inferior rank to myself; but) with that of those whom the world calls great. Every great man I know, has passed before me in a kind of intellectual review: and the result is, that, if it were even in my power, I would not make an exchange of condition with any one of the twenty-seven.

To be happy, we must be virtuous: and, in order to our becoming truly virtuous, we must experience the grace of God which bringeth salvation.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER VIII.

AMBROSE SERLE, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 20, 1772.

SIR,

CONTRARY to my wishes, and by a sort of fatality, for which I find myself unable to account, I am, usually, least regular, in writing to those, whom I most regard. Though incapable of forgetting them, experience proves that I am but too

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capable of seeming to neglect them: and none has more reason to be displeased with me, on this account, than my dear, my very dear friend, to whom I am now, after a long interval of silence, addressing myself at last.

How many defects have I, for your candour to excuse! Prove yourself candid indeed, by excusing them all. Thus will you lay me under still deeper obligation, and shame me, by your condescension, into a more punctual acknowledgment of your favours. —Your favours, dear sir, eminently deserve the name. They have followed me, at home, and abroad, ever since I saw you: and if I had, by a deadness to all gratitude, been even disposed to forget you, they would have constantly reminded me of you, whether I would or not. In justice, however, to myself, as well as to you, I must repeat my long intermitted assurances, that the person does not breathe, whom I love and respect more than yourself. If I do not tell you so, as often as I ought; impute the omission to any cause, except the want of those two.

The goodness of God still continues to surround me on every side. Oh, that my thankfulness, and improvements in grace, bore some little proportion to his exuberance of mercies! But in vain do I look within myself for that excellence, which I shall never find there, until death is swallowed up in victory. God enable me, in the mean while, to feel my own nothingness, more and more; and to trust in that great fulfiller of all righteousness, who

"Toil'd for our ease, and, for our safety, bled."

To those who believe, he is τιμη, preciousness, in the abstract. And the more we see of his preciousness, the more humbling views we have of our own vileness. Indeed, self-renunciation is the grand, central point of the spiritual life. It is the ratio formalis, the very essence of true religion. Oh, for a larger measure of it! We are then happiest, and safest,

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when we lie lowest, and feel that Christ and grace are all in all.

But I am, unawares, almost preaching to one, at whose feet I wish to sit. May you take the best revenge, and preach largely to me, in return. The longer your sermon, the better I shall like it: like him, who thought the longest of Demosthenes' orations, the best. I greatly desire to hear from you: and hope, you are too forgiving, to follow the bad example of delay, which I have set you.

Commend myself to the continuance of your affections, I need not. Commend myself to your prayers, I ought, and humbly do. Every blessing be with you. Above all, the best of blessings, the peace and love of God in Christ.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. G———.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 20, 1772.

WILL good Mrs. G. permit the most unworthy, but not the least sincere, of her well wishers, to enquire after her health; and, at a considerable distance of place, and after a long interval of time, to repeat his thanks for her many instances of politeness and condescension?

Above all, Madam, how is it with your soul? What are your views of God, and Christ, and heaven? Lively, I trust, and full of glory. Yet, if our views are dim and languid, still he abideth faithful, and cannot deny himself. Not upon our frames, but upon the adorable giver of them, is all our safety built. If we cannot follow him in the light, God help us to follow him in the dark: and if we cannot

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follow him so, to fall down at his feet, and sink into nothing, under the feelings of our own vileness. They, who are enabled thus to fall, shall be raised in due time.

I know not why, but I could no longer forbear writing to you. May the Spirit of the living God write his consolations on your heart, and cause your triumphs in Christ to abound more and more. Impute this liberty to respect and esteem: and believe me to be, with a great share of both, Madam,

your obliged and obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER X.

To Mr. SAMUEL NAYLOR,

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Nov. 27, 1772.*

I AM informed, that inveterate troubler in Israel, Mr. J. W——, has lately published a fourth squib against Mr. Hill, I should be glad to see it. What a mercy it is, that the enemies of the gospel, amidst all their plenitude of malice, have little skill, and less power! Mr. W——, considered as a reasoner, is one of the most contemptible writers, that ever set pen to paper. O, that he, in whose hand the hearts of all men are, may make even this opposer of grace a monument of its almighty power to save! God is witness, how earnestly I wish it may consist with the divine will, to touch the heart and open the eyes of that unhappy man. I hold it as much my duty, to pray for his conversion, as to expose the futility of his railings against the truths of the gospel.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XI.

To Mr. B. E———.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Dec.* 4, 1772.

I AGREE with you, that the expression [viz. That one drop of Christ's blood would have sufficed to the redemption of sinners] has been used by some very pious and well-meaning persons. Yet, I can by no means look upon the idea itself as true, or on the expression as warrantable. If an individual drop had been sufficient, we might indeed well ask, Why all this waste of sufferings and of love? The overplus was, according to this supposition, absolutely shed in vain. But I cannot bring myself to believe, that any part of Christ's most precious humiliation was superfluous and unnecessary. His ineffable dignity as God, and his absolute innocence as man, forbid me to imagine, that the Father would inflict a single grain of punishment, on his co-equal and immaculate Son, beyond what was absolutely requisite to the plenary payment of our infinite debt. If it be a rule even in the operations of nature, frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora; much more strongly will it hold, in the present argument. What idea should we have of that man's wisdom, who should lavish a million of guineas, to procure what a shilling might purchase?

As to the second question, "Whether sinners might not have been saved in some other way, than by the incarnation, righteousness, and death of Christ?" I make no scruple to give it as my judgment, that there was no other possible way of salvation for the lost sons of Adam. If there had, Infinite Wisdom and Goodness would certainly have fixed upon it, in preference to the sorrows and agonies, the wounds and death, of him who had done no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. His own

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prayer, If it be possible, let this cup (the cup of pain and death) pass from me; would most infallibly have been granted (for the Father heareth him always), and Christ could no more pray, than he could bleed in vain, if any thing short of the oblation of himself could have obtained eternal redemption for the people of his love.—Ought not Christ to have suffered these things? Ουχι ταυτα εδει παθειν; was there not a must be, a necessity for it? Yes: there was. And, upon any other hypothesis, I see not how it could please the Father to bruise the sinless Messiah and put him to grief; without forfeiting every claim to justice, wisdom, and goodness.

Neither is this, "fettering and limiting the omnipotence of God." It is a received maxim in metaphysics, and no maxim can be more just and reasonable, that an essential contradiction is no object of power. Now, the pardon of sin, without an adequate expiation; the justification of sinners, without a perfect righteousness; and, in a word, the salvation of the guilty, without a complete redemption; would have essentially contradicted every attribute of God, and every declaration of his will. It is, therefore, putting no more limitation on the divine power, to believe that fallen men could not possibly be restored, but by the intervention of Christ's obedience, atonement, and intercession; than to believe, that God cannot possibly cease to be wise and holy, just and true. Infinite exemption from all possible imperfection, is a proof, not of defective power, but of such inconceivable greatness, as more than dazzles the keenest view of man, and utterly absorbs the most extended comprehension of all created intellect.

I feel the overwhelming glory of the subject, too forcibly to proceed.—May the adorable, the ever blessed God, who only hath independent immortality, dwelling in the light which no man, in the present state of unspiritualized nature, can approach unto;

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may be, my dear sir, shine into our hearts, and inspire us with "wonder, love, and praise!" Soon will mortality be swallowed up of life: and then, with what holy contempt shall we look back, and look down, on the littleness, the comparative nothingness, of our puny reasonings when below! An angel of light is not more superior in knowledge, dignity, and bliss, to an infant in the cradle; than the souls of the elect, when death transmits them to the throne of God, differ from what they are while plunged, I had almost said, while buried, in the living sepulchre of a mortal body.

Minors of yesterday we are;
Nor into manhood rise,
'Till death pronounces us of age,
And crowns us for the skies.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XII.

To RICHARD HILL, Esq.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Dec.* 11, 1772.

THE farther my thread of life is extended, the more clearly I see, and the more deeply I feel, the infinite importance of those inestimable doctrines, of which God has made you so able an assertor. Go on, sir, in the strength of him, who hath placed you foremost in this blessed warfare; and doubt not, that he will enable you to be more than conqueror, through his love. Certainly, this is not a time, for any, who have his cause at heart, to hold their peace. Fond as I suppose most men naturally are, of ease and quiet; there is still a blessing incomparably superior: even the honest

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and indefatigable avowal of those truths, which lie at the foundation of all that can render us happy in time and eternity; truths, in which the glory of God, the consolation of his saints, and the interests of holiness, are so eminently and essentially involved. I pray God, that you may never (as Dr. Young expresses it) "unbuckle your armour, until you put on your shroud."

I have never seen Mr. W——'s Remarks on the Farrago, nor Mr. F——'s Logica Genevensis. But, if I may conjecture of those, by what I have already seen in time past, you have abundantly more, than even the goodness of your cause, in your favour. May your smooth stones of the brook, slung by the hand of faith, continue to pierce those foreheads of brass, which oppose themselves to the living God.

I admire and bless his providence, which has put you on entering the lists, not only against the declared adversaries of the gospel, but also against its pretended friends: who, under the mask of spirituality, affect to promote the religion of Jesus; while, in very deed, they are labouring to cut it up by the roots. Two or three years ago, you seemed to think, that I was rather excessive, in forming such a judgment of them. Themselves have since, given you ample reason to be of my mind.

May the holy Spirit keep you lively, and humble, and richly comfortable in your own soul; while you wield the spiritual sword, which, as matters now stand, you cannot sheath without sin. And let me presume to drop a hint, which, by the way, I need to have impressed on myself; namely, consult not your own ease, at the expence of God's cause. Be not weary of, and God will keep you from being weary in, well-doing. Forgive my freedom, and know, that, if I had not the highest opinion of your candour, I should not express my wish with so little ceremony. Dr. Doddridge was strengthened and

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comforted, at a time when he was greatly straitened in soul, by only hearing (as he was riding through a country village) a child reading, at a door, to his school-mistress, those words, Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and, as is thy day, so shall thy strength be. May this hasty scribble, though coming from me, who am, in all things, a child, except in years, be condescendingly accepted: and may my utmost prayers and expectations concerning you, be answered.—Believe me to be,

Ever yours, in him who died for us and rose again,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XIII.

To Mrs. BACON,

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 11, 1772.

I HOPE I stand too fair in dear Mrs. B's opinion, to be suspected of levity in friendship, only because I do not trouble her with my respects so often as I ought and wish. However appearances may be against me, realities are not. I shall always remember you, madam, with high esteem: and consider myself more than a little interested, in whatever refers to your spiritual or secular happiness.

For this reason, on my receipt of your last favour, I deeply felt for the writer. That spirit of grief and that turn of dejection, by which it was so strongly marked, made me, whether I would or no, sigh on your behalf at the throne of God.

Oh, let faith dry your tears: and know, that what he wills and does, is and must be, not only right but best. Afflict not yourself with uneasy apprehensions concerning the state of him, whom you mourn as a husband, and I regret as a friend.

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Leave his soul with him, who, I humbly trust, redeemed it with his own most precious blood: blood, which cleanses from all sin; and sprinkled with which, any and every sinner, who is enabled to trust in it, may lift up his head, with boldness and joy, in the presence of him who chargeth even the angels with folly.

Blessed be God, that dear Mr. Bacon pleaded that availing blood, as the basis of his supplications for mercy.—I have read, concerning good Mr. Fox, the Martyrologist, that "he could never refuse giving pecuniary relief to any, who asked him in the name and for the sake of Christ." Much less will the Great Father of mercies reject the petitions of those, whom his blessed Spirit hath stirred up (and none can stir us up, but his own Spirit) to intreat his favour, on account of what the agonizing friend of sinners has done and suffered for the unworthy, the guilty, and the hell-deserving. It is a plea that cannot fail, while God is God.—May the plea be yours and mine, both in life and death.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XIV.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 18, 1772.

DEAR Mr. Serle's most obliging favour of the 28th ult. calls for an affectionate acknowledgment on my part. I must, however, enter an exception to the ceremonious passages which occur in his much esteemed letter; and beg leave to file a protest against all future declarations of that high respect, with which my valued friend vouchsafes to

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honour me. I know, my dear sir, that your politeness is not a mere complaisance, like that of the world. If I considered it in such a view, I could dispense with it, readily enough. But your transparent sincerity, which adds weight and seriousness to the elegance with which you write, is the very circumstance that humbles and abashes me. Certain I am, that you condescend to allow me a place in your regard: and, by that regard, I intreat you to consider me, and to address me, as (what indeed I am) less than the least of all saints. The highest character to which I aspire (God grant I may be entitled to it,) is that of an elect sinner, redeemed with blood, and saved by grace.

I rejoice unfeignedly on your behalf, that you are favoured with a calm and settled comfort from on high. I said, from on high: for, that peace and joy, which lay us in the dust, at the footstool of free grace, do and must come from God alone. To be absorbed, and melted as into nothing, under the overwhelming radiance of his unmerited love; to sit in holy silence and stillness of soul, beneath the shadow of the cross; to derive, by the ministration of his Spirit, all our hope, happiness, and tranquillity, from the inestimable merits and intercession of the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne; to cast anchor on the covenant favour, and covenant faithfulness, of Father, Son, and Spirit;—are the grand and only sources of holiness and joy.

I admire your excellent motto. It is more than a motto: it is a maxim, an axiom, certain as certainty itself. Deo duce, omnia bona; is the language of reason, no less than of faith. It is a text, on which, eternity itself will be an everlasting comment. God enable us to live under the cheerful influence of that great principle, until mortality is swallowed up of life.

I did not apprehend, that your knowledge of —— amounted to an intimacy. I thank you for inform-

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ing me of it, as it gives me a double pleasure. You may easily guess, that I mean the pleasure of congratulating you on such a connection; and the pleasure of knowing, that so worthy a personage has the happiness of so valuable a friend. Had I the honour of being acquainted with his ——, I should felicitate him on his acquisition: an acquisition, which rarely falls to the portion of the great. God, I doubt not, will enable you to wait, with implicit confidence, and with the most passive serenity, the issue of his own all-wise purposes. He that believeth shall not (at least he should not) make haste.

You condescend to enquire after my projected life of archbishop Laud. I cannot say that I have not began it. But I am in doubt, whether I ought to proceed in it. Ecclesiastical matters wear a very different aspect among us, from what they did when I first formed the design. We bid fair, at present, not for having a high church, but for having no church at all. A review of the life and times of that prelate, pregnant with the most horrid detail of civil and religious tyranny, would hardly be seasonable at present, when every unfledged ignoramus has a stone to fling at the establishment. I may, perhaps, seem to speculate too minutely: but, I assure you, it is a speculation which has considerable weight with me.

It is time, however, that my speculations should cease to intrude on the attention and valuable moments of my dear friend: else, he may be induced to suppose, that my motto is,

Scriptus et in Tergo, necdum finitus, Orestes.

I shall, therefore, with affectionate compliments to Mrs. S. and your family in general, subscribe myself, dear sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XV.

To the Rev. Dr. B. of Salisbury.

Broad-Hembury, Feb. 4, 1773.

Your late favour, dear sir, arrived in due course: and as your letters never fail to be fraught with friendship, politeness, and good sense, I cannot but lament that so few of them find their way hither. If you had my excuse to plead, I could not, with any tolerable propriety, expect you to write oftener to me, than I to you. But, as you have hitherto found no employment for the printers, you are the more at leisure to entertain and improve me by manuscript.

Accept my condolences, on your loss of your uncle at Bulbridge: the qualities of whose heart rendered him more truly amiable and respectable, than, without them, the brightest talents could possibly have done.

Your account of your own health is such, as I wish ever to receive. Next to the pleasure of enjoying your conversation, I value every information that assures me of your welfare. As to myself, in consequence of being well, I have for some months past, been far from idle: though, that industry might not make me ill, I keep (as you rightly conjecture) to my old custom of intermixing labour with occasional relaxation. I could wish, indeed, to be ever on the wing, ever on the stretch: but it is impossible, in the present state. We must wait, for every species of perfection, until we enter a superior world.

What think you, concerning the archiepiscopal scheme of "reforming" the liturgy and articles? Such a plan is certainly on the carpet; and it as certainly originated at Lambeth. The ostensible

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pretext is, to expunge some exceptionable passages, which are "offensive to thinking men, and hurtful to tender consciences." The new Lambeth articles (if providence do not render the design abortive) will be of a very different cast, from the old ones of 1595.

I am much obliged to you, for your kind invitation, in my way to London, if I should have occasion to go thither. The truth is, I ought to have seen the capital, long ago. But I really dread to do so. The sight of places, and the conversation of persons, where and with whom I have enjoyed so many happy hours in the company of my late honoured parent, will naturally recal her so strongly to my remembrance, that, I fear my nerves will hardly bear it. I am thankful, that she never accepted any of my invitations into Devonshire; as it would, now, have only tended to revive those ideas, which I should be happier never to recollect. The higher a departed satisfaction has been, the more painful (supposing the departure to be final) is its remembrance. Philosophy may censure these feelings, as a weakness; but they are such a weakness, as I cannot help. Resignation is one thing, insensibility is another.

I have, unawares, extended these reflections to too great a length. If I was not writing to a friend, I should certainly, on a review, cancel this letter, and substitute a more revised half-sheet. But, as the case stands, I will avail myself of your candour. Believe me to be,

Rev. and dear sir, ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XVI.

To Mrs. S. H.

MADAM, *Broad-Hembury, Feb. 5,* 1773.

MY parishioner, Mrs. H. H. desires me to present you with her most respectful and affectionate thanks, for your late kind and obliging letter. Indeed, as the good woman told me, with tears of gratitude, your many instances of friendship and regard are such, as plainly indicate the particular hand of providence, which alone could raise up so valuable and disinterested a supporter of her old age. She is inexpressibly sensible of the kindness of your offer, respecting your readiness to send her some additional assistance, on account of her present illness. But she desires, most thankfully, to decline putting you to that trouble: as, through the goodness of God, she can hitherto defray the expences of her sickness, by means of your stated supply. I hope she recovers, though slowly, her pain and feebleness continuing very great.

She requests me to inform you, that any advantages of outward situation, which might attend her removal to Columpton, would not, in her judgment, compensate for the spiritual want of such a ministry, as she could sit under with comfort.

Permit me now, madam, to apologise, for my taking upon myself to acquaint you with these particulars. The truth is, Mrs. H. has now no near neighbour, in whom she can venture to confide, but myself. She knows I love her dearly; to which I am induced, by the grace which is given her of God. I may safely express myself so unreservedly, of one who cannot be less than ninety. And, I own, there are very few in my parish, large as it is, whom I so tenderly esteem. Her many doubts and fears, respect-

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ing the safety of her soul, and the certainty of her acceptance with God, are to me so many proofs, that she is indeed chosen, redeemed, and justified. And I am persuaded, that the Lord will not take her hence, until he has shone her doubts and fears away. At least, it is a remark, to which I never remember to have met with a single exception, that such of God's people, as are most exercised with fear and trembling on their journey through life, are the most comfortable and triumphant in the hour of death. Like Mr. Ready-to-halt, in the Pilgrim's Progress, they are usually the first to fling away their crutches, when they actually come in view of Jordan.

It would be needless to inform you, that Mrs. H. begs you to accept her best respects, and most grateful acknowledgments. To which I add the sincere compliments of, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. If providence should prolong all our lives until summer, and you should have leisure and inclination to see Mrs. H. before she goes to heaven, I have a part of the vicarage house at your service.

LETTER XVII.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, March 5, 1773.

EVER DEAR SIR,

GOD, I trust and believe, will himself be the giver of that support and consolation, which I, with all my sympathy, can only wish and pray that you may experience. Having premised my hope, permit me

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to thank you for your letter: the only one of yours, that ever gave me pain.

With melting heart, and lifted eye, I bless the Lord, for his having pointed the late providential shaft with gold: in other words, for his having softened your unspeakable loss of dear Mrs. Serle (dearer, as an angel, than when only a saint) with such undoubted and just assurance of her eternal rest in Christ. May those foretastes of the joy that shall be revealed, with which she was so eminently favoured, be our strength and song, during the appointed course of our remaining pilgrimage, until the Spirit of God have matured us for the inheritance of the saints in light.

I have long observed, that such of his people as are least on the mount, while travelling to heaven; are highest on it, and replenished with the richest discoveries of divine love, in the closing scene of life. When they come in actual view of that river, which parts the church below from the church above, the celestial city rises full in sight. The sense of interest in the covenant of grace becomes clearer and brighter. The book of life is opened to the eye of assurance. The holy Spirit more feelingly applies the blood of sprinkling, and warms the soul with that robe of righteousness which Jesus wrought. The once feeble believer is made as David. The once trembling hand is enabled to lay fast hold on the cross of Christ. The sun goes down without a cloud.

Those lines of Dr. Watts are as weighty, as they are beautiful.

"Just such is the Christian. His race he begins,
Like the sun, in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears. Then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way.
But, as he draws nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace;
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array."

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On occasions of this kind, I never offer to condole. I would wish to conceal even my own feelings. Officious lenitives generally operate as corrosives, when tendered to a heart that bleeds under so exquisite a loss; and do but irritate the wound they are meant to assuage. Rather, let me wish you to take down your harp from the willows, and to adore the unerring wisdom of him, who is daily "accomplishing the number of his elect, and hastening his kingdom."

You have my thanks, dear sir, for your polite and obliging invitation. Should business force me to London this year, I certainly shall, were it only for my own sake, pay my respects to you as usual; though I shall hardly prevail with myself to take full advantage of your kind and friendly offer.

Our meeting together again on earth, is, humanly speaking, precarious. Not so, our meeting in heaven. We are by no means sure of the former; but I am fully assured of the latter.

Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you and yours. So prays, from the inmost of his heart, dear sir,

Your obliged, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XVIII.

To RICHARD HILL, Esq.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, March* 12, 1773.

I AM told, that Mr. Fletcher has it in contemplation to make an attack on me too. He is welcome. I am ready for him. Nor shall I, in that case, altogether imitate the amiable examples of yourself and your brother; unless Mr. Fletcher should treat me

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with more decency than he has hitherto observed towards others. Tenderness, it is very evident, has no good effect on Mr. Wesley, and his pretended family of love. Witness the rancour, with which Mr. Hervey's memory and works are treated by that lovely family. For my own part, I shall never attempt to hew such millstones with a feather. They must be served as nettles: press them close, and they cannot sting.—Yet have they my prayers, and my best wishes, for their present and future salvation. But not one hair's breadth of the gospel will I ever (God being my helper) offer up at their shrine, or sacrifice to their idol.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XIX.

To Mr. RYLAND, Junior.

London, April 30, 1773.

MANY and best thanks to dear Mr. R. for his two valuable and much esteemed letters: as also for the several pamphlets, with which the latter of his two favours was accompanied. Mr. Richard Hill had shown me Wesley's second remarks, immediately on my coming to town: I am, however, greatly obliged to you for forwarding it.

Heartily I wish, that I could avail myself of your dear father's invitation to Northampton. But it is a pleasure, which my time, at present, will not suffer me to enjoy. I must, volente Deo, leave town next week. Should life be spared, and opportunity granted, in future, I know not the family, with whom I could spend a week or two more profitably and agreeably, than yours.

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The word of God runs and is glorified in London. Cobler Tom laments, it seems, publicly from his preaching tub (misnamed a pulpit), that such an Antinomian as myself should have crowded auditories, while the preachers of the pure gospel (by which, you know, he means free-will, merit, and perfection) are so thinly attended.

The envy, malice, and fury of Wesley's party, are inconceivable. But, as violently as they hate me, I dare not, I cannot hate them in return. I have not so learned Christ.—They have my prayers and my best wishes, for their present and eternal salvation. But their errors have my opposition also: and this is the irremissible sin, which those red hot bigots know not how to forgive.

You desire to be informed of the title to my intended publication, now in the press. It runs thus: "Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England: including a brief Account of some eminent Persons, famous for their Adoption of that System, both before and since the Reformation; with Specimens of their Testimonies."

I fear it will extend to a four or five shilling volume. But the facts and evidences are so numerous, and drawn from such a multiplicity of sources, that I could not possibly bring it into less compass. Acquaint your good father, that his grand favourite and mine, archbishop Bradwardin, makes a very eminent figure, in the chapter which relates to our own English heroes.

Though I have, for fifteen years past (i. e. for very near half my life), been solidly and clearly convinced of the original and intrinsic Calvinism of the established church; still, I did not know, that the subject was supported by such a vast confluence of positive authorities, until the furious opposition of the Methodists forced me to take a nearer and more exact view of the argument. Thus far, at least, I am obliged to that virulent sect. And, on a retro-

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spective survey of the whole matter, I myself stand astonished at that profusion of evidence, which pours from every quarter, in favour of the main point. My own collections (to go no farther), viewed in the aggregate, absolutely surprise me. And yet, the argument is far from being exhausted.—But, if that is not exhausted, my paper almost is. I must therefore conclude: having but just room to salute you and your family; to commend me to your prayers; and to subscribe myself, ever dear sir,

Your's most affectionately,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XX.

To the Rev. Mr. P.

[Extract.] *London, May* 3, 1773.

You was not misinformed, as to my having had an interview with Thomas Oliver. It happened thus:

On Saturday, the 8th of last month, I was going to see good Mr. Hitchin, of Hoxton. On my way, passing by the Foundery, it occurred to me, that I had now an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity, by purchasing Wesley's last printed Journal. I therefore went in, and found a man reading, in what is called the Book-room, i. e. the room where Wesley's publications are sold. The man, on my telling him what I wanted, answered, "Sir, I am not the person that sells the books; but I will step and call him." He left me, for two or three minutes; and returned with (I think) two other men and three women. Having paid for the Journal and taken my change, I was coming away: when one of the men, who proved to be Mr. Joseph Cownley, asked me, "whether my name was not

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Toplady?" My answer was, "Yes, sir, at your service." All present immediately assumed an air of much civility. I stopped and chatted with them for, I believe, ten minutes. In the course of my stay, I took out my snuff-box. Mr. Cownley asked for a pinch. As I held it to him, I said, with a smile, "Is not it against the law of this place, for a believer to take snuff?" Mr. Cownley huddled the matter up, by alleging, that he was troubled with the head-ache. Immediately on which, one of the good women (whom I afterwards found to be the wife of Mr. Thomas Oliver) said, directing herself to me, "O sir, Mr. Wesley has no objection to people's taking snuff medicinally." I answered, "I am glad you are allowed some latitude: I thought you were tied up by an absolute prohibition, without any loop-hole of exception." Our chat (which, though humorous, was extremely civil on all sides) being over, I took leave of the company.—I should have told you before, that, no sooner was my name authenticated, than one of the women slipped out of the room. Who she was, I know not: but she was sufficiently corpulent: as broad, comparatively, as she was long. The reason of her decampment, I suppose, was to announce the tidings to cobler Tom, of the unexpected visitant in the Book-room.

As I was going out of the said room, the fat lady stood on the right hand, and a man in black on the left, withoutside the door. In passing, I moved my hat. Sir, cried the corpulent sister, pointing to the other side of me, "that is Mr. Oliver."—I said, smiling, "what, my famous antagonist?" Oliver smiled and bowed. "Mr. Oliver," added I, "give me your hand: cudgel-players shake hands, though they mean to break each others' heads." He made me no verbal answer, but, repeating his bow, shook me by the hand; and seemed pleased. As I was not willing to have quite a silent meeting on his part, I began afresh: "Your complexion, Mr.

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Oliver, seems to indicate too close an intenseness of thought. Do not study too hard, lest the sword be too sharp for the sheath." He then began to open: "Oh, sir, I do not study too closely. I do not hurry myself. I take my time." On which I told him, "As you are thrown in my way, I should be glad of a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, if you are at leisure." He answered, "with all my heart, sir: I shall be very glad:" and calling for a key, up stairs we went to his apartment.

On entering it, I saw a small table covered with printed pamphlets and written papers. Among the pamphlets, was Mr. Hill's Logica Wesleïensis.—To avoid the frequent repetitions of said I, and said he; I shall throw as much of our conversation as I can recollect, dialogue-wise, under the initials of our respective surnames. Premising one remark, viz. that he strove much to draw me into a pitched debate on the Arminian points, which I was as much determined to avoid; and that for this reason, because, as none were present but himself and his wife, what I might have said, would have lain at the mercy of their misrepresentation afterwards. I therefore parried him at arm's length, and was rather a hearer than a speaker.

After reconnoitring his table at my first going up, I observed to him, "So, here is the whole polemical apparatus, ready to fire off. When do you intend to publish against us?

O. It seems, sir, that you too are going to publish a book against Mr. Sellon.

T. Perhaps so: and I will give you a friendly hint. Do not be too hasty in printing your next attack. If you will have patience to wait, you may have an opportunity of killing two or three birds with one stone. You know, if we write a folio, it is but your printing a penny sheet, and we are answered at once. Nay, write but a single page, and call it an answer, and we are knocked down flat.

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O. Mr. Richard Hill is a very bitter abusive writer.

T. If you knew him, you would pronounce him as amiable a man as lives.

O. We once thought you the bitterest of Mr. Wesley's opposers: but, upon my word, Mr. Hill's scurrilities exceed every thing.

T. How partial are most men to themselves and to their own party! Had Mr. Hill written for Mr. Wesley, instead of writing against him; he would have been cried up, by the gentlemen on your side of the question, as one of the meekest and most candid authors that ever put pen to paper, had he written ten times more smartly than he has.

O. I believe the time will come, when both you and Mr. Hill will be grieved in your minds, for what you have published against Mr. Wesley.

T. Mr. Wesley, if you please, has abundant reason to be grieved for what he has published against the truths of God. I hope, for his own sake, that divine grace will make him grieve soon and grieve deeply.

O. Mr. Wesley is a very good man, and a very honest one.

T. He has amply shown himself so. Forgery, for instance, is honesty all over.

O. He only drew such plain inferences from Zanchy, as necessarily flow from Zanchy's principles.

T. He ought to have given the inferences as his own: and not to have fathered them upon another man.

O. Do you not think I have demonstrated that those inferences are just?

T. Do not you think that I have refuted every one of them?

O. Mr. Wesley is certainly an honest man.

T. Mr. Wesley's honesty, Mr. Fletcher's meekness, and Mr. Sellon's politeness, are very fit to go together.

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O. O sir, surely you will not talk about meekness!

T. Certain I am, that your writers have no more title to arrogate meekness to themselves, than many of your preachers and perfectionists have to set up for a monopoly of holiness.

O. Sally, [or Nanny; I am not sure which]—do fetch a bottle of wine. Mr. Toplady, perhaps, will drink a glass.

Mrs. Oliver went, and returned in half a minute.

T. To show you that I bear you no enmity, I will drink your health in a single glass.

O. I have read logic, and I have read metaphysics, and I have read natural philosophy.

T. Doubtless, your reading has been very extensive.

O. Oh sir, I am no more than a cobler, you know. You have bid me get away to my stall.

T. Certainly you are a Crispinian, though not a Crispian. Do you remember one William Gay, of Uffculme, in Devonshire?

O. Gay? Gay? Let's see. What is he?

T. A master mason. He remembers you, if you do not remember him. You lodged at his house, some years ago; and like St. Paul, preached and worked at your trade by turns.

O. It is a good many years since I was at his house.

T. I beg pardon for breaking the thread of metaphysics.

O. Why, sir, I was going to say, that some metaphysical writers think the will takes the lead of the understanding. Others suppose the understanding leads the will.

T. You have read logic too.

O. Yes, indeed.

T. Mr. Wesley's three-penny cut?

O. O, much more than that. I have read several systems.

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T. The poor predestinarians had need look about them.

O. Before I would be a predestinarian, I would suffer myself to be tied hand and foot, and carried through this window to yonder mad-house.

T. Should you stand in need of confinement, there would be no occasion for removing you out of your present quarters. The Foundery would answer all the purposes of a mad-house, without conveying you out at the sash. I should vote for keeping you where you are.

O. Ha, ha, ha! Well: But smartness is not argument.——Pray, sir, have you read the Assembly's Catechism?

T. Yes, sir.

O. The position with which it sets out, is, that "God hath from all eternity unchangeably ordained, whatever comes to pass." I suppose, sir, you agree with those learned divines as to this particular.

T. You may possibly have seen some of my pamphlets: and, as you are remarkably pat at drawing inferences, you may from my writings infer pretty nearly, how far I do or do not agree with those learned divines.

O. But, sir: their doctrine destroys all free-agency.

T. What may your idea of free-agency be?

O. Why—why—free-agents are them that can act or not act, just as they please.

T. You do not suppose that men are free, with a freedom of independency?

O. I acknowledge that men are dependent on God, as creatures. He made them, and he can put an end to their lives whenever he thinks fit.

T. But are man's volitions independently free?

O. Most undoubtedly.

T. Men, in determining their own wills, are independent on their Maker himself?

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O. They must be so: or the will would cease to be free.

T. Do not let me misunderstand you. You hold, that men are absolutely independent on God, so far as relates to the management and actings of their own wills?

O. I believe it firmly.

T. You are honest, and consistent: but I cannot call you orthodox. You suppose man to possess a degree of independence and self-command, which not an angel in heaven can dare lay claim to.—Absolute, independent self-determination is an attribute truly and properly divine. If I thought you possessed of it, I should immediately fall down and worship you as a God.

O. You have it, and I have it, and every man has it, except he sins away his day of grace.—If I should say to this cane, [taking up my walking cane, which happened to lean near him] O cane, repent, believe, and obey the gospel; would not, you think me out of my senses?

T. That I should indeed.

O. If man has not free-will, to what end are exhortations?

T. Among other useful ends, they are made instrumental, under the influence of God's Spirit, to convince men that they have by nature, neither will nor power to do what is good.

O. I have many strong objections against that doctrine.

T. Then put your strong objections into the book you are going to publish, and we will consider them at leisure. In the mean while, let me put one question to you, which a valuable friend, now with God, once put to me.—When I was a lad of 15 or 16 years old, I was haranguing, in company, on the doctrine of free-will, as you are now. A good old gentleman rose from his chair, and coming

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to mine, held me by one of my coat buttons, while he spoke as follows: "My dear sir, you have been talking largely in favour of man's free agency. Allow me to leave argument, and come to experience. How was it with you, when God first laid hold on you by effectual grace? had you any hand in procuring it? Nay, would you not have resisted and baffled God's Spirit, if he had left you to your will?" I was more embarrassed with this question, than I was willing to show. Yet I had then too much pride to confess how much I was non-plust by this calm and single interrogation. However, before I was eighteen, God was graciously pleased to enlighten me into that precious chain of truths which, through his good hand upon me, I still abide by.—Permit me, Mr. Oliver, to put the above question to you. I trust, you have experienced something of a work of God, upon your heart. What say you? Did you choose God, or did God choose you? Did he lay hold on you, or did you lay hold on him?

O. I must own to you, that, before my conversion, I was one of the most abandoned swearers and drunkards in England. I received my serious impressions from Mr. Whitefield. On the day of the evening in which I first heard him preach, I suppose I had not sworn so few as forty profane oaths.

T. Then it is very clear that your conversion, at least, was not conditional.

O. I will not say, that I procured grace of myself. Nor will I say, how far I might have resisted it.

T. I plainly perceive, that you are not disposed to return a direct answer to my first question. But, if you will not answer it to me, let me request you to take an early opportunity of answering it on your knees before God in prayer. Go to your closet, and pour out your heart in his presence: and beg him to

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show you, whether you was converted by free-will, or by free-grace alone.——To this he gave little or no reply.

At my coming away, I said: "I am going to mention a circumstance, of no importance in itself, but of some consequence to your own reputation as a man of integrity. I should have deemed it no sort of blot, had I been, what you have rashly represented me in print, a native of Ireland. Thousands have been born in that country, whose shoes latchet I am unworthy to loose. With regard to myself, however, your conjecture was a mistaken one. If you doubt it, consult the register-book at Farnham, in Surrey. My sole motive, for setting you right in so insignificant a particular is, that you may, for the time to come, be more cautious of publishing uncertain anecdotes.

He very civilly attended me down stairs, to the Foundery door. As we past through the preaching-place, I observed, "This, I presume, is looked upon as your cathedral." He answered, "We have lately had it repaired. We are not without thoughts of building it anew." "A good scheme," said I: "new doctrines deserve a new place."—"Ours," he rejoined, "are the true old doctrines." I added, "There we differ; but let it be our mutual prayer, that we may experience the efficacy of God's word in our hearts, and evidence the power of it by the holiness of our lives." On which, we shook hands, and parted.

Upon the whole, this was a curious interview. To say the truth, I am glad I saw Mr. Oliver: for he appears to be a person of stronger sense and better behaviour, than I imagined. Had his understanding been cultivated by a liberal education, I believe he would have made some figure in life.

What pleased me most, was that appearance of honesty, by which he is so greatly distinguished from the old fox, Mr. John Wesley.—In person, he is

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rather low of stature, of a full make, pale and broad faced, and considerably disfigured by the small-pox. His wig was fitter for a bishop, than for a shoemaker.

I am not without hope, that God will lead him into the way of truth. He is, I believe, extremely sincere; and the promise runs, "them that are upright will he learn his way." Not that I suppose man's uprightness, or sincerity, is conditional of divine guidance; but where God has given sincerity, I look upon it as a token for good, and am in hopes of his graciously giving something more. As I told Mr. Oliver, in the course of our chat, "I have known as stubborn free-willers as he brought to lick the dust at God's footstool."

The Wednesday after this conversation, his curiosity led him to hear me preach at Blackfriars. My text was, Matth. xii. 21. I thought I glimpsed him; but, being near-sighted, was not certain.—However, lest it should be he, I threw out some things, in the course of my sermon, which I should not have mentioned, if I had not thought him present. A friend of mine, Mr. Flower, of Cannon-street, happened to sit in the same pew with him. When sermon was ended, Oliver turned to Mr. Flower, and said, with much rancorous emotion, "Believe this, and be damned." Mr. Flower answered, "No, sir; believe this, and be saved." Mr. Flower himself was the person, from whom I afterwards learned this particular. He added, that, during sermon-time, Oliver was in such uneasiness and agitation, that he seemed hardly able to contain his rage. Poor, dear man, if God has a set time for opening his eyes, the enmity of his free-will shall not be able to steel him against the gospel, when the set time comes.

Another intimate friend of mine went, shortly after, to hear Mr. Oliver preach at one of Wesley's meeting-houses. The preacher had not forgot the

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penance he underwent at Blackfriars, in hearing a whole sermon on free grace and finished salvation. "I went," said he to his auditory, "last Wednesday morning, to a famous Antinomian church in the city, to hear one of the Antinomian clergymen. I expected to have seen but very few people there. But, alas! though it was on a week-day, and a rainy morning, and though the church is large, the church was quite full. What a shame is it, my brethren, that an Antinomian preacher should have so many people to hear him, when I, who preached the pure gospel, was forced but now, to wait a considerable time for my congregation; and, after waiting long, to begin to eighteen or twenty people! I never talked to you about election, and perseverance, and imputed righteousness. I never tell you of a finished salvation. I preach the pure gospel. And yet, how backward are you to hear it! You discourage your ministers. I cannot omit one passage in the sermon, which was as follows: "My brethren, if man's free-will is nothing, there can be no room for praise or blame. If I stick a candle into this socket" (pointing to the sconce at or near the preaching desk) "am I to thank the sconce for receiving and holding the candle; nay, verily, for the socket, not being a free agent, cannot help admitting the candle that is thrust into it: and it is the same with man and grace, if grace be given irresistibly."

And so say I. Man is no more to be thanked for the grace which is given him of God, than a sconce is to be thanked for the taper which it holds. But here lies the difference; man in regeneration, is made willing to receive grace, and made happy by receiving it, neither of which can be said of Oliver's sconce.

I wish, my dear sir, you may not be as tired with reading this long letter, as the enraged shoemaker was with hearing what he calls my Antinomian sermon. I must, however, do myself the justice

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to say, that I have not written so prolix an epistle, these many years; nor are there many persons, in the three kingdoms, to whom I would have written a letter of half this length. I wish you would make retaliation, and revenge yourself in kind.

Every blessing be with you and yours.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXI.

To Mrs. MACAULAY.

Broad-Hembury, June 11, 1778.

DEIGN to accept my best acknowledgments, madam, for your very obliging letter, which, you told me, awaited me in Devonshire; and which I accordingly found on my return. You do me infinitely too much honour, in condescending to solicit my opinion of the merits of your last publication. But, as my judgment is asked, I will give it without reserve. I think its merits are unspeakable, both as to substance and composition. That sedulous attention to truth, that undeviating zeal for the rights of mankind, and that nervous refinement of thought, which so eminently mark and adorn your character and writings, shine with full force in your fifth volume. Be it so, that your political theory is too sublimely virtuous, to be universally adopted by an age, of such a cast as the present; yet are you secure of the affections and the admiration of the honest and discerning: who, though they have, in all periods of times, constituted far the smaller part of society; yet is their esteem of more weight and value, than

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the disgraceful applause of the weak or the interested multitude.

As greatly, madam, as I revere your uncommon talents; and as sincerely as I regard your public and private virtues, there are two or three minutiæ, on which I respectfully dissent. It is not, for instance, clear to me, that the levellers were a "brave and virtuous party:" nor that Cromwell was so utterly destitute of conscience and principle, as, to you, he seems to have been. That he was a traitor to the liberties of his country, can admit of very little dispute. Yet can I perceive, in various features of his mental character, some striking symptoms of magnanimity and virtue, which leave me in suspense, as to the total corruption of his heart. You, who have penetrated into the recesses of history, with more attention than I have had opportunity of applying, and with far greater judgment than I am capable of exerting, may wonder, perhaps, at the freedom with which I venture to mention any thing relative to a province so peculiarly your own. But you must place the liberty, madam, which I have presumed to take, to the account of your own condescension, which commanded me to present you with my genuine thoughts.

I wish my honoured friend may, in her turn, prove as obedient to my request, as I have to her command. If so, you will not fail to revisit Devonshire, in the course of this summer. My neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, long impatiently, for the happiness of enjoying your company again. And, for myself, I hope I need not assure you, that I reap too much pleasure and improvement from the privilege of your conversation, to be distanced in the desire of seeing you, by the warmest of your admirers. Though this is a species of avarice, which I deem it an honour to avow; I have still another argument to urge, infinitely superior to any motive deduced from my own self-interest as an in-

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dividual. I saw, with pain, when last in London, that the closeness of that overgrown town, your want of exercise, and your intense literary application, appear to have had an unfavourable effect on your health. Consider, madam, that, notwithstanding all your past meritorious services, you are still a debtor to society. You owe yourself to your country. If you do not take care of its best citizen, you will be guilty of the highest injustice to the public. Say not, "How does this advice comport with your doctrine of predestination?" For I hope you are predestinated to take the advice; and that a predestinated old age will be the result. Our friend, Mr. Northcote, sometimes says, "Mr. Toplady believes absolute predestination; and yet he is loth to ride on horseback, for fear of breaking his neck." I answer, "True:" and, perhaps, that very fear may be an appointed means of preserving my neck unbroken. The corollary from the whole is; let Mrs. Macaulay, by coming down soon into Devonshire, consult her health, gladden her friends in the west, and show herself just to the community. We set too high a value on the productions of your pen, to wish you to lay it aside entirely, while you are with us. We will allow you to devote your mornings to study; and I am pretty certain, that Mr. N. and myself together, can furnish you with most, if not with all the books which you may wish to consult, relative to the period on which you are now employed. If invitation will not prevail, I shall have recourse to threats. I told you, when I saw you last, that I would so pester you with letters, that you should be glad to visit us, in your own defence: and I mean to be as good as my word. The present piece of prolix expostulation is a disagreeable sample of what you have to expect, from, madam,

Yours, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XXII.

To Mrs. Macaulay.

Broad-Hembury, July 18, 1773.

Let a lady alone for dexterity. The king has lost by you. Your late much esteemed favour, madam, (doubly valuable, for being double in size), was so ingeniously folded, as to elude the vigilance of the post-office, and be charged only as a single letter. The circumstance, however, of postage, is an article that I shall never think of, when Mrs. Macaulay's improving favours are the freight. It is in obedience to your own desire, that I trouble you with an incident, in all other respects too trivial for notice. But, as I am on the subject, I must request you, once for all, never to let a deficiency of franks lay the shortest embargo on your correspondence hither. I imagine them to be (what, considered in this relation, they indeed are) mere things of nought.

Of all the letters, madam, with which you have vouchsafed to honour me, I set the highest value on your last. Should you ask why? My answer would be, because it is the longest. That a person of your eminence, and engaged by so many avocations of usefulness and importance, should oblige me with so much of your time and attention, is an instance of condescending friendship, which reflects as much honour on your own politeness, as I can receive from its effects.

Doubtless, the character of Cromwell, when contrasted with the shining benevolence and exemplary disinterestedness of Antoninus Pius; or with that gentleness, yet steadiness of wisdom, that self-denying simplicity, that discreet but noble liberality, that

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unrelaxing adherence to justice, truth, and equity, which (still more than even his writings) have stamped greatness and immortality on the name of Marcus Aurelius; the maxims and conduct of the English usurper, when weighed against such characters as those, cannot but appear, on the comparison, black as darkness, and lighter than emptiness itself. Much less will Cromwell's measures bear to be paralleled with the humane, the just, the wise, the improving administration of our own Alfred: who, perhaps, both as an individual, and as a chief magistrate, came the nearest to moral and political perfection, of any regal character, which adorns the page of secular history. I know of but one prince who would, probably, have out-shone Alfred; I mean, Edward VI.

Yet, after all, I question if it be strictly fair, to bring Cromwell to the test of such very exalted standards. Antoninus Pius, Antoninus the philosopher, Nicocles of Salamis, Alfred and Edward VI. of England, Louis XII. of France, and (perhaps) one or two more individuals, who were formed for the good of mankind, and for the honour of monarchy; are examples, too severely bright, for Cromwell's competition. Inexcusable as many of his principles seem to have been, and unjustifiable as the main of his conduct undoubtedly was; the peculiar exigencies of his situation might still, in some degree, oblige him to avail himself of maxims he detested, and to pursue a course of action which his heart might disapprove. In short, much allowance must be made for the times in which he lived; much for the situation, in which he was gradually placed; much for that teeming train of events, which appear to have drawn him in step by step; much for the embarrassment arising from those distressing alternatives, to which public persons are sometimes reduced, and which frequently pose the shallowness of human wisdom; and much for the depravity of human nature itself, which it is sufficiently plain, was

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nor less operative in Cromwell, than in the rest of the species. To which we may add, that persons who are actually parties in the busy scenes of political transaction, are often hurried and perplexed into measures, which the cool speculative politician would justly condemn; and at either the prospect or the retrospect of which, the delinquents themselves would shudder. But to close this amicable controversy, with a single question. What a figure would the generality of English historians (though many of them have great merit) make, if set in competition with Mrs. Macaulay's noble and spirited performance? Or, to vary the query; how should I dwindle to a span, to an inch, to a point, to nothing, if compared with a Witsius, a Turretin, a Spanhemius, a Gurnall, a Hervey! Think on this, when you are for contrasting Cromwell with the two Antoninus' and Alfred.

Sorry I am to learn, that your health is not improved, since I had the honour of seeing you in the spring. But, though deeply concerned, I cannot wonder. The heat of the season, for some time past, has been intense, even at Broad-Hembury. At London, it must be scarce supportable. You, whose constitution is almost as delicate as your mind is elegant, must have suffered much by it, aided as I fear, it has been, by confinement and application. Would to God, you would receive, with your usual attention in other matters, the hint I took the liberty to give you, at our last interview, viz. Write little, that you may write much.

If no entreaties can prevail with you to see the west this summer; yet be so kind to your friends and to the world, as to spare yourself all you can. When you perceive fatigue and languor approaching, lay down your pen for that day; and imagine that I am at your elbow, requesting and adjuring you, with all the earnest importunity of respectful friendship, to be tender of that exquisite machine which provi-

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dence has formed into the distinguished tenement of so much exalted reason and virtue. Nothing exhausts the spirits, and impairs the health more, than the continued labour of deep historical researches. It engages for the time, all the powers of the soul, and engrosses the whole collective force of the nerves. What can be more dangerous, what more pernicious to the human fabric? Timotheus, the Athenian, is justly admired for having said, that, "being at the head of an army, he took care not to expose himself rashly to danger: for the life of a general is of too much consequence, to be needlessly thrown away." Valuable as your history is, it is not of equal value with the historian. Besides: should the historian fail, what would become of the remainder of the history? I fear, I should be the means of detaining you too long from the exercise and relaxation I recommend, were I not to cut short this free lecture, by subscribing myself, with great respect,

Madam, your obliged and most obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Rev. Dr. GIFFORD.

Broad-Hembury, July 14, 1773.

I AM often reminded of my much valued and respected friend, by the highly esteemed plates of English coins, with which he favoured me. I consult them very frequently: and, partly, on their own account, but more on his, I deservedly number them among my choicest literary κειμηλια.

I hope, dear sir, you have long since received the Danish sword (for, Danish it more probably was),

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which I left for you, at Mr. R's, when I was last in London. It was given me, the first time I was in Ireland, in the year 1755, by counsellor Harding, on whose estate (in the county of Limerick, if I rightly remember) that, and some hundreds more of the same make, were dug up. I have, first and last, shown it to many virtuosi: not one of whom could form any judgment of the metal it is of. It certainly is a very ancient weapon: and if admitted to be Danish, or Norwegian, it cannot be less than 8 or 900 years old. But you, who are so consummate an historian, know, much better than I can pretend to do, about what period those Northern plunderers ceased to infest Ireland.

Permit me to enquire into a matter of incomparably greater importance. How is your health? Have you got rid of your cough? Is your appetite returned? I expect a full and distinct answer to each of these questions.

May our gracious covenant God in Christ cause you to renew your strength, in every sense of that promise. Remember me in your petitions: Let me hear from you, without delay: and believe me to be, what, ab imo pectoris, I am,

dear and Rev. sir,

your affectionate and obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. B. P. of New York.

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 6, 1773.

DEAR and Rev. SIR,

YOUR very obliging favour of July 17, arrived here by the last post. Accept my thanks, for the regard it breathes; and permit me to show my sense

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of it, by sincerely beseeching God to crown you with those important mercies, which you so affectionately wish to me, the unworthiest of his messengers.

It gives me unspeakable pleasure, to perceive, that you are a clergyman of the church of England. I should have received so valuable a letter, as yours, with respect, and with joy, of what denomination soever the writer had been. But, I confess, I am so far partial to our own hill in Sion, as to rejoice peculiarly, when I hear of faithful, spiritual, well-principled watchmen being stationed on her walls. I know not how it is in America; but sure I am, that, here their number is, comparatively, exceeding few. Yet has God favoured us, of late years, with a manifest revival: and I had the satisfaction, when last in London (viz. about three months ago) of seeing six or eight evangelical clergymen, lately ordained, whom I had not, until then, so much as heard of. May the little leaven, in God's due time, leaven the whole lump!

Your idea of Mr. J. W. and his associates, exactly tallies with mine. Abstracted from all warmth, and from all prejudice, I believe him to be the most rancorous hater of the gospel-system, that ever appeared in this island. I except not Pelagius himself. The latter had some remains of modesty; and preserved, in the main, some appearances of decency: but the former has outlived all pretension to both.—Have two pieces, written by my learned and religious friend, Mr. Richard Hill, found their way to America? The one is entitled, "A Review of all the Doctrines taught by Mr. J. W." The other, "Logica Wesleïensis." If you have not yet seen them, they will give you unspeakable satisfaction.

I am glad, for the truth's sake, to hear, that my translation of Zanchius was so well received, and has been reprinted, on your side of the Atlantic. God bless it there, as he has graciously vouchsafed to do to many in England.—It was quite a juvenile exer-

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cise; accomplished, about a year and half before I entered into orders, by way of filling up a few supernumerary hours. I remember showing the manuscript one day, to the late Dr. Gill, when he did me the favour of a visit. He advised me to publish it: but, to say the honest truth, I was then not sufficiently delivered from the fear of man: and it slumbered by me, from 1760, to 1769. I literally fulfilled Horace's direction (though from a motive, not at all allied to that for which he recommends it)

——— nonumque prematur in annum.

I can never sufficiently bless God, for giving me to see the day, when I can truly affirm, that I care not whom I displease, when the inestimable truths of his gospel are at stake. His providence has rendered me independent on any but himself; and his grace enables me to act accordingly.—I must likewise add, as a still further motive to my gratitude, that, the bolder I am in his cause, the more he gives me the affections of those to whom I minister, and with whom I am connected. Where I have lost one friend, by standing up for Christ; I have gained a multitude.

The anonymous pamphlet, to which you refer, is the production of one Mr. W——— S———; who was, originally, it seems, a baker by trade: he then became a lay-preacher of Mr. W's: and, in process of time, lady Huntingdon got him into orders. She is now extremely sorry that she did so: for her ladyship is convinced, at last, that her tenderness for Mr. W——— was sadly misplaced.

Though, as you justly observe, Mr. S——'s low libel is not, in any respect whatever, a real answer to my Vindication of the Church of England from Arminianism; yet have I taken the opportunity which his virulence has afforded me, of setting the essential and absolute Calvinism, of the church established, in a still fuller and stronger point of view. My piece,

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which is now far advanced in the press, is entitled, Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England. If providence spare me to see it out of the press, I will direct my bookseller, pursuant to your request, to leave a copy for you with our friend Mr. Gardner: and which I shall desire your acceptance of, as my present.

There is but one paragraph, dear sir, in your much esteemed letter, which gave me uneasiness. I mean, the passage relating to your state of health. I cannot help feeling a most tender concern, that so valuable a person, as you appear to be, should labour under the disadvantages of too delicate a machine.—And yet, why do I permit such a remark to escape my pen? God best knows what he has to do with us. If brotherly affection compels me to sympathize with you; faith, on the other hand, bids me leave you, without fear, and without complaint to the paternal, the unerring disposal of him who does all things well.

Be so kind as to indulge me with a line, by the first opportunity, after your receipt of this. One reason for which request is, that I may know what pamphlets of mine you have met with; which I beg the favour of you to enumerate: that I may, by the channel you have pointed out, send you such of them as are in print, and which you may not already have seen.

Grace be to you, sir, and love, with faith, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ. May the enlightening, the comforting, the sanctifying, the sealing influences of the eternal Spirit be your strength, your song, and your ever-present portion, all through the course of your pilgrimage.—Excuse this inaccurate acknowledgment, written currente calamo; and believe me to be

your obliged, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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P. S. Why do you express so much diffidence of publicly taking up your pen in the cause of God? He seems to have strongly breathed the desire into your heart: and your letter fully convinces me, that he has endued you with abilities for such a work. I hope (and, I assure you, it will be, in the mean while, an article in my prayers to God) that you may be effectually inclined, and powerfully enabled, to bear your testimony against error, in a day of such rebuke and blasphemy as this.—Up, then, and be doing: and the Lord crown your endeavours with his blessing. Adieu.

Pray for me, as I also for you.

LETTER XXV.

To the Rev. Mr. Romaine, (now at Tiverton).

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 11, 1773.

Many thanks to dear and honoured Mr. Romaine, for his obliging favour of to-day, just received from Tiverton. I bless God, for bringing him safely thither; and for the expectation of hearing him at my church, both parts of the day, on the 19th instant: of which I shall, gladly, give notice, to-morrow.—Mrs. R. and yourself will, I hope, give me the pleasure of accommodating you both, as well as my batchelor's house will permit, as many days, next week, as you conveniently can, antecedently to the Sunday abovementioned. For which purpose, I shall take care to be at home; or, at the utmost, within call.

God's holy Spirit come with you, and speak by you, and bless you to this people. You will sow on ploughed ground: and cannot offend the generality

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of my hearers, preach free and finished salvation as strongly as you will. May you be enabled to reach their hearts.

With affectionate respects to dear Mrs. Romaine, I subscribe myself, ex animo (as all my subscriptions are) ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXVI.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Oct. 1, 1773.

MY having spent part of the week at Exeter, will account for this late acknowledgment of dear Mr. S's favours, which I found at my return.

You have my particular thanks, ever valued sir, for the transmission of your learned and ingenious manuscript concerning the Origin of the Human Soul (*a*). I waited, with some degree of impatience, for this completion of your kind promise, made when we were travelling together from Honiton to Exeter: and I must own, that, though I am not proselyted, I am considerably staggered, by the arguments you bring. The strongest of which, in my idea, is that drawn from the eternal generation of God the Son. This, certainly, if any thing, bids fairest for turning the scale in favour of the hypothesis, you so heartily adopt, and so ingeniously de-

(*a*) The manuscript, here alluded to, has since been published in a series of some of the first numbers of the Theological Miscellany, by the ingenious and respectable gentleman unto whom this letter is addressed; who is held in high estimation for his integrity, piety, and benevolence, but particularly for his profound and critical researches evinced in his exhibition of divine truth. EDITOR.

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fend. Nor can I answer to the inference you deduce from that topic.

I must, however, with all the respect and tenderness so justly due to my excellent friend, suspend my judgment concerning the whole matter: as I have hitherto been always forced to do; and as no less a man than St. Austin, did, to the end of his life. Yet, though not determined to either side of the question (non nostrûm est tantas componere lites) I own myself inclinable to believe that souls are of God's own immediate creation and infusion. Difficulties, both many and great, do, without doubt, clog the wheels of this opinion. But those which embarrass the ψυχωδονια, seem, at present, to me, both more and greater. I know not, for instance, how to reconcile it to such scriptures as Eccles. xii. 7. Zech. xii. 1. Heb. xii. 9. Nor can I conceive how soul can generate soul, without supposing the soul to have partes extra partes: and if we once grant its divisibility, what becomes of its absolute immateriality, together with its essential incorruptibility, and its intrinsic immortality? Neither can my dear friend ascertain, from which of the two parental souls a third is educed: whether from the father's only, or from the mother's only, or by a decisione utriusque. ——As little can it be explained, how one, or two souls, can produce many. The usual simile, of "candle being lighted by candle," will here give us no light at all. One candle, it is true, is able to light up a hundred others: but not sine intercisione materiæ propriæ. It actually communicates some of its own luminous particles to the candle or candles which it enflames. But can we say this of the soul, and at the same time maintain its spirituality? These, my dear sir, are a specimen of the difficulties which will not allow me to adopt the ψυχογονια; and which induce me to consider the ψυχοκλισις as the less exceptionable scheme of the two.

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After all, it may perhaps be best for us, as humble Christians, not to launch too far into the immense ocean of too curious speculation. God's word is the believer's chart. God's Spirit is the believer's pilot. Where the former ceases to describe our path, and the latter to shape our course, it will most conduce to the simplicity and joy of faith, to limit our enquiries, to leave with God the secret things which belong to him, to keep within sight of land, and wait for all unnecessary ecclaircissements until our disimprisoned souls shall ascend on angels' wings to the presence of him whose are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

And yet, I wish to see your modest and elegant disquisition in print. I hope you will give it to the public: for, whether the hypothesis it asserts be intrinsically right or wrong, you treat the argument with such purity of diction, with such refinement of reason, and with such transparent piety, that it must please the philosophic, and cannot possibly offend the Christian reader.—Permit me to detain it from you a week or two longer: as I am very desirous of giving it several perusals more.

After putting your patience to so long a trial, I must not aggravate my prolixity, by apologising for it. Nor can I conclude without reminding you, that you are still my debtor, by promise, for a sight of those compositions in verse, in which (by the few samples you have formerly indulged me with) I know you to possess so refined a taste. Lay me soon under this obligation also: though no obligations, which even you are able to confer, can make me more than I already am,

your affectionate and devoted,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. M. POLLARD.

Broad-Hembury, Oct. 1, 1773.

DEAR SIR,

I FEAR you have long ago set me down for little less than a monster of incivility, on account of my permitting your letter to lie so long unacknowledged. I am really ashamed to review its date. You wrote it, Oct. 1, 1772. I am answering it, Oct. 1, 1773. Such a seeming failure, in common decency, needs much candour, in you, to excuse it; and requires a very sufficient apology, from me, to extenuate it.

The truth is, your favour was, by some means or other, mislaid: and was not retrieved, until a few days ago, when I was hunting among my papers. I often recollected, with pain and regret, that I was your epistolary debtor: but was forced to continue so, until, by recovering your address, I could know, with certainty, how to direct my answer.

I read that rancorous and paltry libel on the church of England, compiled by Cornish, of Cullitón, which you was so obliging as to send me: a performance, raked together from a variety of ancient and modern dunghills; and exhibiting such a jumble of scurrility, as was never, I believe, before, crowded into so small a compass.

I cannot agree with you, that it deserves a public animadversion. It is, moreover, by this time, dead and buried, in great measure. It was pity to recal it into life. Let it sink, and be forgotten. The church has nothing to fear, from the efforts of such an indecent scribbler, who has started nothing new; but deals in stale, borrowed cavils, which have been refuted, again and again, times without number.

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Besides: an answer would only conduce to render both the man and his pamphlet conspicuous. It would set the former, on a pedestal; and diffuse the latter into a greater number of hands.

Mr. Addison somewhere observes, there are insects, so exceedingly minute, that we cannot examine them, without magnifying them: and compares persons, who enter the lists with contemptible writers, to the traveller, in the fable; who, being incommoded with the noise of grasshoppers, "alighted from his horse, in great wrath, to kill them all. Which was troubling himself, to no purpose: for, had he pursued his journey, without taking notice of them, they would have died, of themselves, in a very few weeks."

This is my chief reason for declining the task you wish me to undertake. To which I must add, that my business, for several years past, has lain in another department. My call from providence seems to be, not the assailing of those who honestly separate from a church which (unhappily) they do not approve; but to expose the treachery, and to obviate the interested sophistry, of too many among us, who, for causes sufficiently notorious, pretend to revere the church, and actually live by her breasts, while they hate her doctrines in their hearts, and labour, with all their might, to stab her under the fifth rib.

With affectionate wishes for your welfare both here, and ever, I remain,

Sir, your obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. BURGESS.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Oct. 22,* 1773.

I HAVE seen so much of the religious world, and have so largely experienced how little stress is to be laid on fair appearances; that I prize, with redoubled esteem, the graces and the friendship of the genuine few: in which number, I am thoroughly satisfied, my valued Mr. B. stands. I am led to this remark, by the recent conduct of a very flaming professor (R——, of Lyme) who has at length dropt the mask, and, with equal dishonour to the gospel and himself, proves (I fear) no other than a whited wall and a painted sepulchre.—In short, one hardly knows, whom to trust, or of whom to entertain a good opinion. But the great Head of the Church knows them that are his; and blessed be the riches of his faithful love, he will take care of his own to the end.

Mrs. W. I am afraid, will think my silence a mark of disrespect. But I am so thoroughly certain, that all Zion's children shall be taught of the Lord; that I am the less solicitous to obviate her scruples, respecting the doctrines of grace. God has already began to do great things for her. He will doubtless go on, to make her path brighter and brighter. There is no need of my holding a lantern to her steps. She is in a fair way for the kingdom: and I would have as little of human teaching enter into her experience, as possible.—Pray, present her with my Christian salutations: and assure her of an interest in my unworthy addresses at the throne of our common Father.

The blessings of providence, and of grace, continue, through mercy, to surround my path. I have no

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cause of personal uneasiness, but the remains of unbelief and unthankfulness. And even these shall be done away, totally and for ever, when mortality is swallowed up of life.

The richest blessings of God's covenant love be with you. I affectionately salute our friends in general: particularly, good captain T. Mr. and Mrs. S———r, Mr. and Mrs. S———y, and Miss B. Write to me, as often as you can. And though my many engagements may not always permit me to return you letter for letter; yet believe me to be, what I most sincerely am,

Your affectionate brother in the Lord our righteousness,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXIX.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Esq.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Oct. 22, 1773.*

I FEEL my utter inability to debate so abstruse a point, with so potent and masterly an antagonist. We are, however, both agreed, that we have souls. And blessed be God, for giving us cause to believe, that they are redeemed to himself, by the precious blood of his co-equal Son.

Allow me, dear sir, to repeat my request, relative to the publication of your thoughts on a subject, which has exercised so few pens of eminence, and which your own is so peculiarly qualified to discuss. In short, I shall never cease teazing you, until my wish is granted.

You are too generous, to blame me, for the slowness, with which I recede from my own opinion concerning the question in dispute: or, rather, for my

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suspense between the two opinions. I well remember, that, in 1758, when I first began to discern something of the absurdities and impieties of Arminianism, my mind was in a similar state of fluctuation, for many succeeding months. Dr. Manton's Sermons on the 17th of St. John were the means, through which my Arminian prejudices received their primary shock: a blessing, for which an eternity of praise will be but a poor mite of acknowledgment to that God, whose Spirit turned me from darkness to light. But it was a considerable time (and not until after much prayer, and much reading on each side of the argument) ere my judgment was absolutely fixed.—I shall, when in heaven, remember the year 1758, with gratitude and joy: as I, doubtless, shall the year 1755, in which I was first awakened to feel my need of Christ.

The origin of the soul, though not of equal importance with the doctrines of grace, yet requires much disquisition, in order to our coming at any satisfactory and solid ground whereon to rest the sole of our foot. At least, I find it extremely difficult. I see not any thing, by intuition. Veritas in puteo. It most times requires much labour, to draw it up: and, very frequently, eludes our utmost skill and pains, at last. It is a comfort, after all, that the soul may be happy here, and saved for ever; though ignorant, at present, of her own immediate source.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XXX.

To Mrs. Macaulay.

Broad-Hembury, Oct. 22, 1773.

As we live at a period, when to be in debt, and to be in the fashion, are almost inseparable ideas; I offer no apology, for the length of time, during which, my honoured friend's obliging letter has passed without acknowledgment.

I will go farther still: and even value myself on an omission, which has, perhaps, contributed something to the public benefit. In writing to me, you please and improve a grateful individual. But, as an historian, you convey pleasure and instruction to multitudes. Was I to return you an immediate answer to the favours I receive, your friendship and politeness would not fail to balance the epistolary account with equal exactness. A consideration, which induces me, now and then (contrary to the general maxim of the age), to consult my country's advantage, though at the occasional expence of my own.

With regard, madam, to Oliver Cromwell, on whom our correspondence has of late chiefly turned, I find myself silenced, though not entirely convinced, by the force of your observations. I must resign my client, to your better judgment and superior powers: unless you will permit me to compromise matters, in the language of lord Lyttleton. "By an uncommon appearance of zeal, by great address, and great valour, Cromwell first enflamed the spirit of liberty into extravagance; and, afterwards, duped and awed it into submission. He trampled on the laws of the nation, but he raised

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the glory of it: and it is hard to say, which he most deserved; a halter, or a crown."

From a person, whose public merits are thus equivocal, I revert with pleasure, to one, whose patriotic deserts no honest and capable judge can dispute. To be informed, and from so good authority as your own, that your health and strength are improved, give me far greater and solider joy, than any other information you were able to convey. I hope to be an eye-witness of their continuance, if, as I have some thoughts of doing, I should spend a fortnight in London, during the ensuing winter.

I learned another piece of good news, a few days since, at H——, where our friend Mr. N——, acquainted me, on Mr. D—'s authority, that your 6th volume will appear, early in the spring. This will be the most valuable amends you can make us, for depriving us of your company, this year, in the West.

Your old acquaintance and admirer, Mr. H. has, I am told, received some disgust at L——, and is very seldom there. Lord C. however, still professes to affect that romantic seaport; though it does not promise to yield him (as, if fame say true, he once hoped it would) a second sir W. P. it were pity a second should ever fall to his share.

With every wish of happiness, and with the utmost sincerity of respect, I remain, Madam, your most obliged and obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XXXI.

To Ambrose Serle, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 23, 1772.

When favours received, distance all power of equal return, the receiver can but barely acknowledge his receipt of them, and confess his incompetency to repay them. Your instances of friendship to me, are of the above kind, both as to number and value. My returns to you, are, and must ever be, as last described.

Allow me, dear sir, so far to revive our late amicable contest, as to intreat you not to suppress the publication of your Thoughts De Origine Animæ. Were they to appear, they might open a way for other learned and ingenious persons to ventilate the subject: which is one reason why I take the liberty to urge the request. If I have detained your valuable manuscript too long, you may draw on me, for it, whenever you please; though, the longer I am indulged with it, the more your debtor I shall be. —Pray, have you seen Mr. Charles Crawford's Remarks on Plato's Phædon? I am told, that performance is not destitute of fire and genius, though very excentric from the point of orthodoxy. Possibly, the perusal of it might give you occasion to enlarge your papers, on the subject we have debated, should you be prevailed with to give them to the public: in which case, the random shots of the sanguine and romantic West Indian may be of service to the church of God, by being turned into a contrary direction. Do think of this, seriously.

I reckon myself so interested in whatever relates to you, that I cannot help intimating a wish, which dwells much upon my mind, concerning the trea-

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tise, you have in hand, on the proper divinity of our adorable High Priest and Saviour. My wish is, that you would take occasion, in the course of that work, to vindicate and establish the personality and divinity of the holy Spirit: points, which were never more necessary to be asserted and elucidated, than at present; when the poison of sabellianism begins to pour in, as a flood, even among some spiritual professors themselves.

Let me teaze you, with yet another request. It is, that I may be indulged with a sight of those compositions, which you mentioned on our way between Broad-Hembury and Honiton. You see, I am already so deeply in your debt for obligations received, that, like a professed bankrupt, I care not how many fresh debts I incur. Nay, I wish to sink deeper and deeper.

God give us to sink deeper into his love, and to rise, higher and higher, into the image of his holiness! Thoroughly persuaded I am, that, the more we are enabled to love and resemble him, the more active we shall be, to promote his glory and to extend his cause, with our lips, our pens, our lives, our all. Be this our business, and our bliss, on earth. In heaven, we shall have nothing to do, but to see him as he is, to participate his glory, and to sing his praise; in delightful, in never-ending concert with angels, with saints who are got home before us, and with those of the elect whom we knew and loved below. I would hardly give six-pence for a friendship, which time and death are able to quench. Our friendship is not of that evanid species. I can, therefore, subscribe myself,

ever and for ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XXXII.

To Ambrose Serle, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 8, 1773.

I cannot but smile, at the ease and readiness, with which we cut out work for each other. My dear friend's politeness, in so condescendingly hearkening to my solicitations for the public appearance of his masterly thoughts, should induce me, by every tie of respectful gratitude, to meet his wishes, with equal facility. But I am really unqualified for the department assigned me by his partiality of esteem. My acquaintance with the fathers is too slender, and my general compass of reading far too contracted, for the undertaking you recommend. I should be master of at least, Irenæus, Epiphanius, and Austin, to write, in a manner tolerably satisfactory, on so complicated a subject, as a review of heretics and heresies. I have, it is true, many subsidiary helps; but I ever wish, where the nature of the case will possibly admit, to derive my informations, not at second hand, but from the fountain's head. Allow me, dear sir, to recommend the proposal, to the proposer himself. The work would be as complete, as any human performance can be, if you was to oblige and improve the world with the projected looking glass for heretics.

Glad I am, to be informed, that your defence of the Messiah's divinity is almost finished. My admiration is sure to be excited, by every thing you write: nor shall my most sacred wishes be wanting, that God would stamp general usefulness on all your attempts for the glory of his name.

Your design, of honouring and gratifying me with the first perusal of your treatise, calls for more acknowledgment than I am able to express. Next

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to your conversation, I can receive no higher intellectual feast, than that which results from a perusal of your writings. Though self-interest, therefore, operates, in this matter, too strongly on my mind, to admit of my declining so decisive a proof of your affectionate friendship; yet, that I may not be too greatly indulged at the public expence, I cannot help intimating a desire, that my enjoyment of the first-fruits may not prejudice the harvest: I mean, that the advanced parts of your work may be transmitted hither, so seasonably, as not to delay the publication of the whole.

Accept my thanks, likewise, for the promised sight of what you are pleased to style the Versus inertes. If they "give me the head-ach," I will let you know it: and, by the same rule, if they charm me into admiration, your delicacy must dispense with my telling you so.

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The subject of ordination, revives my wish, that you would submit to the imposition of hands. The church would then (a very uncommon thing in this age) be a gainer at the expence of the state.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mrs. Macaulay.

Broad-Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774.

Last Saturday, I returned from a short excursion to Dorsetshire. Though you can be no stranger to the loss, which the public have sustained in the decease of Mr. Hollis; yet, it is possible, you may not have been apprised of the particulars, by an authentic hand.

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That friend of the British empire and of mankind was, early in the afternoon of New-Year's Day, in a field, at some distance from his place of residence at Corscombe, attended by only one workman, who was receiving his directions, concerning a tree, which had been lately felled. On a sudden, he put one of his fingers to his forehead; saying, "Richard, I believe the weather is going to change: I am extremely giddy." These words were scarce off his lips, when he dropped. He fell on his left side: and, being near a hedge, his head was received by the subjacent ditch. The man (I know not, whether a carpenter, or a common labourer) sprung to his assistance; and, raising him from that sad situation, administered what little relief he could. The expiring patriot was still sufficiently himself, to say, "Lord, have mercy on me; Lord, have mercy on me; receive my soul:" which were the last words he was able to pronounce. His lips moved, afterwards; but no sound was formed. In a few seconds more, his spirit was disimprisoned.

The frighted assistant lost no time. Leaving the corpse on the grass, he hastened away, for superior help. But in vain. The lancet, when applied, was without effect.

It seems Mr. Hollis always wished that his death might be sudden. Providence was pleased to grant his request.—Was I qualified to choose for myself, and were it lawful to make it a subject of prayer, I would wish for the same indulgence, whenever my appointed change may come. It is, I think, the most desirable mode of departure, where the person is in a state of grace. How happy, to be surprised into heaven! And, to surviving friends, it is but a single shock, once for all.

At the time of his decease, Mr. Hollis was ready booted; intending to ride that day to Lyme Regis. When I was there, it was my melancholy lot to occupy the chamber in which he always slept, during

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his occasional stay in that town, and which had been prepared for his reception, two or three nights before. It was at the Three Cups: an inn, which he purchased a few years ago.

How black is the ingratitude of human nature! Though this valuable man lived entirely to the benefit of others, and may be classed with the most public-spirited worthies that ever breathed; yet I have seldom known a death so little regretted by the generality. An eminent foreigner was of opinion, that "there is no such thing as friendship in the world." Had he said, "there is not much," he would have hit the mark.

"With fame, in just proportion, envy grows:
The man that makes a character, makes foes."

Very exalted virtue is often admired: but not often loved. What is the reason? Because, few are truly virtuous. And we must have some virtue ourselves, ere we are capable of loving it in others, or of loving others for it.

You knew and esteemed Mr. Hollis' virtues; nor (which is one of the highest encomiums his memory can receive) was he unworthy even of your friendship.

Allow me, madam, to express my wish, that the precious blood and the imputed righteousness of the adorable Messiah, who lived and died for sinners, may present you, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, faultless and complete before the uncreated Majesty. But, for the sake of those whom, in virtue and in knowledge, you so greatly surpass; may you be long detained from receiving that crown of life, to which (I trust) the Son of God has redeemed you by the atonement of his inestimable death.——

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XXXIV.

To Ambrose Serle, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774.

I was in Dorsetshire, when dear Mr. S—'s favour of the 4th instant, arrived here: else my thanks had waited on him much earlier than they now do, for his repeated obligations. I never was master of so useful a pocket-book, as that, which your last packet conveyed. Nor have I often met with compositions so pleasing, and so profitable as those, which your friendship was so good as to communicate, under the same inclosure. But how could my dear friend (whose judgment rarely fails, unless when his own pieces are the objects of its criticism) ever think of submitting such finished performances to my corrections? No. To preserve their excellence, they must continue as they are. I must say of them, as Handell said concerning the old tune of the 100th Psalm, when he was asked to improve that consummate piece of noble music: "was I to alter a note, I should spoil the whole."—Make your obligation complete, by favouring me with more of those elegant and devout productions. If you have copies of those already sent, I shall beg leave to keep them. If not, I shall solicit your permission to transcribe them, before they are returned.

I was once in company with Mr. M'Gregor, of Woolwich; whom you have honoured with your pious, benevolent, and judicious animadversions. I believe him to be a good man: but he is, certainly, a very ignorant one. If you suffer yourself to be at the beck of every conceited nibbler, who dreams himself qualified to contest the plainest truths, you

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will have work enough upon your hands.——My best thanks are due, for your valuable tract. Though, perhaps, it may conduce to render both your antagonist, and his antecedent scrawlation (forgive a homely Devonshire term), more conspicuous, than they might otherwise have been.

I am happy, in the expectation of soon receiving your introduction to your great work. Do not suspect me of complaisance, for styling it great, before I have seen it. I give it that epithet, on account of the unutterable consequence of the subject on which it treats. What my unworthy judgment may be, of the manner, in which you have treated the argument; shall, as usual, be transmitted to you, ex animo, when I have had the long wished for indulgence of perusing the welcome pacquet.

Some considerable time ago, I requested my ever dear friend, to restrain the overflowings of his kind partiality toward, not the least grateful, but the least important, of his obliged confidence. Talk no more of a "giant" and a "dwarf," unless you will allow me to assume all title to the latter denomination. If you love me, treat me as (what I am) an ignorant, feeble, dying sinner. And, if you are so benevolent, as to entertain a favourable idea of my wishes for the cause of God, keep that favourable idea to yourself, in time to come.

The holidays, I suppose, will hardly be expired, when this reaches your hands. Commend me, therefore, to your dear little folks. And may the children of my inestimable friend be the children of the living God.

Mr. Fletcher may fire off, as soon as he pleases. The weapons of his warfare can never wound the truths of God, any more than a handful of feathers can batter down my church tower. I shall, however, be glad to see his performance, when it appears. Mr. Shirley told me, when I was last at Bath, that Fletcher is to succeed pope Wesley, as

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commander in chief of the societies, if he should survive his holiness. No wonder, therefore, that the cardinal of Madely is such a zealous stickler for the cause. One would think, that the Swiss were universally fated to fight for pay. Adieu.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Rev. Mr. ROMAINE.

Broad-Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774.

ACCEPT my thanks, honoured and valued sir, for the welcome present of your three precious volumes. May the life of faith be more and more operative in my heart; and may the walk of faith be displayed in every part of my conversation; until the great author and finisher of faith give me an abundant entrance into the land of sight and of glory.

I wish it was in my power, to render you an acknowledgment, adequate in worth, to the kind favour you have conferred. When the printer will give my intended publication leave to appear, a copy of it, such as it is, will solicit your acceptance.

The God, whose you are, and whom you serve, lend you long to his church; multiply his mercies toward you, and cause your path to shine, with increasing brightness, to the perfect day. You give me your friendship; give me also your prayers, and consider me as

your affectionate and obliged,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

My best remembrance waits on dear Mrs. Romaine. Miss L—— expresses much concern and

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surprise, at your having passed through Wellington, without calling on her; and wishes to know the reason.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mr. ——.

Broad-Hembury, Feb. 9, 1774.

Doctor Young has an observation, which discovers, as much as any he ever made, his knowledge of human nature: "It is dangerous," I think he says, "to dive, into most men, deeper than the surface; lest closer acquaintance should abate our good opinion of them."

You, my dearest friend, are primus è paucis, eminent among the rare exceptions to that rule. The person who knows you best, will be sure to value you most: and, the longer he has the happiness of knowing you, the more must he regard and respect you. His esteem will resemble the progressive enlargements of a river, which widens and increases as it flows. I am led to this remark, by a repeated perusal of your valuable manuscript. Pardon the delay, if no part of it wait on you by the present packet. Were your papers less excellent, they would be dismissed from hence with greater expedition.

I did not doubt of your approving Gale's Court of the Gentiles. It is indeed a treasure. Though, I think, in some cases, the learned and devout author winds up his darling hypothesis too high, in supposing, that the Jews, during the very infancy of their nation, were the sole lumina terræ, or the fountains from whom the Egyptians and other eastern literati derived the substance of their erudition. I

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likewise agree with you, that he might have displayed more judgment in arranging his materials; which (like what Mr. Addison observes concerning Solomon's Proverbs) resemble a superb amassment of pearls, rather piled into a magnificent heap, than regularly strung and artificially disposed. However, it is easy to criticise. But, to compile such a performance, was not attended with equal facility: hic labor, hoc opus.

Did you ever meet with a tract, written by Witsius, and entitled (to the best of my remembrance) De Trinitate Judaïca? It is the only part of his Latin works, which I have never been able to procure. I dare believe, it would be worthy of your perusal: as every thing of his is peculiarly learned, elegant and judicious. Possibly, if you enquire among your literary friends, some of them may get you a sight of that very scarce dissertation. Markius mentions it, in his Oration at Witsius' interment.

Thanks to you, dear sir, for the newspaper extraordinary; which contained several particulars deserving of attention. The anecdotes related of Richard III's illegitimate son, are so curious, and wear such an aspect of probability, that I thought them worth cutting out; and have pasted them to a blank leaf of Walpole's Historic Doubts. The minutes of Doctor Samuel Johnson's Tour to Scotland are perfectly in character. He is the very original, there delineated. I have some personal knowledge of him: and, however I dissent from various of his principles, nor can avoid smiling at some of his not unpleasing oddities: he still passes with me, for one of the ablest and honestest men, who now adorn the republic of letters. Mr. Hollis' character is, I think, prodigiously overcharged; and the panegyric beyond measure excessive: though he certainly was a very valuable member of society; and his decease awakened in me much of that painful sensibility, which I heartily wish I could

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divest myself of. I stood obliged to him, for a number of scarce and curious tracts, relative to the time of Charles I. and he would have favoured me with incomparably more solid tokens of his esteem, had I been capable of feigning myself a republican, and of dissembling my sincere attachment to the scriptures and to our ecclesiastical establishment.

I tremble with you, for the event of things in America. But the kingdom of providence rules over all. This is as much of politics, as I almost ever ventured to write. Vox audita perit: Litera Scripta manet. Adieu.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. MACAULAY, now at Bath.

Broad-Hembury, Feb. 18, 1774.

HAD I not lived long enough in the world, to cease from wondering at any thing, I should have more than wondered at the incident, of which you so justly complain. If almost any pen, except your own, had informed me of Mr. ———'s ingratitude and injustice, I should have questioned the reality of the fact. I am sorry, still more for his sake, than for yours, to find it so authentically attested. Well may scripture (a book which you, madam, are too wise and too virtuous to despise) say, What is man!

Pity it is, that, on such occasions as the present, you are not divested of that exquisite sensibility, which, at your own expence, adds too much honour to the remembrance of a social delinquent. Forget it all; and, as you are more than female, in understanding; be more than masculine, in fortitude.

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Triumph over the irritating savageness of the cynicism which has requited you so ill, by opposing to it the iron apathy of the portico.

Do more. Rise into a still nobler revenge.—Namely, by centering your expectations in him, who never disappoints those desires, of which his Spirit is the gracious inspirer.

"Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart:
At best, a broken reed; but, oft a spear.
On its sharp point, peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Only the experienced favour and the felt possession of God in Christ can fill the vast capacities of a soul like yours. Enjoy his communicated smile:

"Then bid earth roll; nor feel the idle whirl."

May Bath have a happy effect on the health of a person so important to the community. You tell me, your stay there will be of considerable duration. I think to see London, some time in April. Should you continue at the Western Bethesda until the latter end of that month, or until the beginning of May, I will take Bath in my return to Devonshire, by way of seeing how the waters have agreed with you.

Let me submit a single caution to your candour, viz. Be careful not to renew your acquaintance with the dapper doctor; and, above all, beware of being seen with him in public.

—— Hic niger est: hunc tu, Romana, caveto.

He would derive lustre from you; but, like a piece of black cloth, he would absorb the rays, without reflecting any of them back. The world is very malicious: and a character so eminently conspicuous as yours, is a mark at which envy and censure de-

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light to seize every opportunity of discharging their arrows.

As you give me hopes of seeing you in this country, during the course of the ensuing summer; who knows, but I may have the honour of escorting you hither, through the whole length of Somersetshire? But I must not detain you from the Pump-room, by my tedious speculations. So, for the present, farewel. God give you good spirits; for, where they lead the van, good health generally brings up the rear.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I could wish you acquainted with Mrs. Derham of Green-street, Bath. You would find her one of the most sensible and amiable women in that city. She has all the genuine ease, without any of the affected grimace of politeness, her husband is a wine merchant, and she has a lovely daughter, nearly the age of yours.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. DE COETLOGON.

Broad-Hembury, April 5, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your late favour; and am much your debtor, as well for your obliging partiality to my humble efforts in behalf of God's truths; as for the politeness, with which you express it.

Were I situate near the capital, I should, with much readiness, accede to your request, by contributing my assistance toward carrying on the Gospel Magazine: but I find it so very inconvenient, to

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have any concern with printing, at so remote a distance, that I shall probably in future, publish no more, in any way whatever, than absolute occasion may require. With best remembrance to your most amiable bride,

I remain, your affectionate servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mr. G. F.

Broad-Hembury, April 8, 1774.

LONGER time is usually allowed for the payment of large debts, than of trivial ones. By parity of argument, a delay of correspondence, on the side of him who has received great epistolary obligations, is the more venial, on that very account. If my valuable and valued friend will not admit this reasoning to be fair, I must own, that I have nothing better to urge, in extenuation of my having so long omitted to thank him for his last welcome and much esteemed favour. Yet, as some degree of imperfection is connected with every thing human: I must likewise confess, that I cannot extend my thanks, for those strokes of undue panegyric, with which, dear sir, your kind partiality so profusely honours me. Sincerely I say it (and it may be said, once for all) that I would much rather be told of my real faults, than of those supposed excellencies which the extreme benevolence of my friends is so ready to place to my account. Candour and politeness, like yours, first illuminate every object on which they shine; and then ascribe to the object itself, those communicated rays, of which it is no more than the humble and obliged receiver.

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Let me now advert to a superior subject: and thank you for the improving particulars, so kindly forwarded, concerning the lamented decease of our honoured and deserving friend, the late truly excellent Mr. Hitchen; that amiable and precious man of God, whose grace was as solid, as his parts were shining. His steady faith, and his calm, unruffled departure, amidst such circumstances of bodily pain, can only be attributed to that everlasting love, and to that atoning blood, which made him more than conqueror. Looking, the other day, into my book of occasional collections, I found two remarks, which dropped from Mr. Hitchen, in a conversation I had with him, July 18, 1769; and which were well worthy of being preserved from oblivion. They run, verbatim, thus:

"The greater our sanctification is, and the more advanced we are in holiness, the more we shall feel our need of free justification."

"An architect cannot say, to his rule, to his line, or other instrument, "Go, build an house." He must first take them into his own hand, ere the wished for effect will follow. What are ministers of God, but mere instruments? And, if ever they are useful in building up the church of Christ, it is his own hand must make them so."

Such improving observations as these; such valuable relics, of saints indeed; are too precious to be lightly forgot. May they be engraven on our hearts!

I rejoice to hear of dear Mr. Ryland senior's liberty and sweetness, in his ministrations to Mr. H——'s widowed flock. Our Northampton friend is an Israelite without guile; and he is among those, who stand highest in my regard. He blames me for seldom writing to him: but, was I to correspond regularly, even with my first rate favourites, I should do nothing more than write letters from morning to night. In heaven, we shall be all together, for ever and ever.

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Make my affectionate respects acceptable to dear Mrs. F——, &c. &c. Grace, mercy, and peace; bright evidences, sweet experiences, and growing holiness; be your portion, their portion, and the portion of

your affectionate servant in Christ,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XL.

To Mr. H.

[Extract.] *Titchfield-street, London, May 23*, 1774.

YESTERDAY afternoon, being Whitsunday, curiosity led me to hear Mr. Theophilus Lindsey, who lately resigned the vicarage of Catterick. I took care to be there, before any of the service began, in order to hear, what that gentleman calls, the reformed liturgy: but what may more truly be termed, the liturgy deformed. It is a wretched skeleton of the old Common Prayer, shorn and castrated of all its evangelical excellencies.

He preached, or rather read, a poor, dry, ungraceful harangue on Matth. xxv. 14, 15. So wretchedly was he tied and bound by the chain of his notes, that, if by accident, he happened to take his eye from his papers (and it happened several times) he was sure to blunder; and endeavoured, in an exceedingly confused and embarrassed manner, to gather up the broken thread as well as he could. He is a palpable Arian, in his ideas of Christ's person; and appears to be a thorough-paced Socinian, as far as concerns the doctrine of atonement. Yet, God forbid that I should judge and condemn him. To his own master he must stand or fall. But I must observe two things: 1. I bless the grace of

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God, for giving me eyes to see, and a heart to value, the inestimable truths of his holy gospel: 2. I never prized our good old liturgy, and the precious doctrines of the reformation, more, than on hearing Mr. Lindsey's liturgy and sermon yesterday. No man (as our Lord observes) having drank old wine, straightway desireth new: for he saith, the old is better.

Mr. Lindsey's Arian meeting is held in Essex-street, up one pair of stairs, in the house called Essex-house. It is a long narrow room (which, if filled, would hold about two hundred people) where auctions (particularly for books) used to be held. He seems to be a man of much personal modesty and diffidence; and, I verily believe, acts upon principle. But he has no popular talents: no pathos, no dignity, no imagination, no elegance, no elocution. He must, unavoidably, soon sink into obscurity, when the novelty of his secession begins to subside, and when his Arian friends are weary of puffing him off in the newspapers. Take my word for it (and I am very glad I can truly have it to say) the church of England has nothing to fear from a gentleman of Mr. Lindsey's slender abilities. He can neither thunder nor lighten; but crawls on, quite in the hum-drum way; and is no more qualified, either by nature or attainments, to figure at the head of a party; than I am, to undertake the command of a navy. One of my company (for a whole coachful of us went) said to me, after service was over; "Well, I suppose you will call Mr. Lindsey's discourse a piece of arrant Lindseywolsey." No, indeed, replied I: it was mere Lindsey throughout: absolute Arianism, Socinianism, and Pelagianism, without one thread of the contrary from first to last.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XLI.

To Mrs. Macaulay.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, July* 8, 1774.

I arrived here, from London, no longer ago, than this day se'nnight; and though I was not able to take Bath in my way home, through the unavoidable length of my stay in town, I hope, madam, to be soon amply recompensed for that loss, by seeing you, safe and well, in this part of the world. Favour me with a line: and God grant it may import these two things: 1st. That all your complaints are completely annihilated by the Bath waters; and, 2dly. That you have begun to take the previous measures for your intended two months excursion to Devonshire.

I left good Mr. Ryland behind me in London. He desired his best remembrance to you: and wishes (in his lively manner), "that you may be a perfect idiot once in every twenty-four hours, and incapable of writing, reading, thinking, or conversing, viz. from ten at night, until six or seven in the morning:" that you may not impair your health by sitting up late. No friend, I verily believe, has more respect and esteem for you, than he: not even your obliged and obedient

Augustus Toplady.

P. S. One day, when Mr. Ryland and I went to Islington, to dine with Mrs. Bacon, he took that opportunity of introducing me to Mr. Burgh, author of the "Political Disquisitions." I saw him to great disadvantage, as he was in much pain, and in a very ill humour. The interview, on the whole, was a curious one. I was hardly seated, when he said to

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Mr. Ryland, concerning me, "This gentleman, I apprehend, is an antagonist of Mr. Lindsey's." I answered, for myself, no, sir; I am not, indeed, of Mr. Lindsey's principles, but I look upon him, with all his mistakes, to be an honest man: and I respect an honest man, be his opinions what they will. By degrees, our conversation grew rather engaging: and Mr. Burgh seemed, for a while, to feel a truce from the torments of the stone, and assume some degree of good-nature. But I should have had a sharp onset, if he had been in perfect health. Even as it was, he could not forbear feeling my pulse, on the article of free-will. In the course of our debate, I drove him into this dreadful refuge, viz. that "God does all he possibly can," [these were Mr. Burgh's own words] "to hinder moral and natural evil, but he cannot prevail: men will not permit God to have his wish." Lest I should mistake his meaning, I requested him to repeat those terms again; which he did. Then the Deity, said I, must needs be a very unhappy being. "Not in the least," replied Burgh. "What (rejoined I), disappointed of his wishes, embarrassed in his views, and defeated of his schemes, and yet not be unhappy?" "No," rejoined Burgh: "for he knows that he must be so disappointed and defeated, and that there is no help for it: and therefore he submits to necessity, and does not make himself unhappy about it." A strange idea this, of the Supreme Being! At coming away, I told Mr. Burgh, that however he might suppose God to be disappointed of his will, I hope the public would not be disappointed of the remaining volumes of the Political Disquisitions yet unfinished. And, in very truth, madam, your friend Burgh is much better qualified for political disquisitions, than either for theological or for metaphysical ones. Adieu.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XLII.

To the Rev. Mr. MADAN.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, July* 8, 1774.

ENOUGH of business. Now for chit-chat. My few horæ subsicivæ, since my return hither, have been devoted, chiefly, to the perusal of lord Chesterfield's Letters. I should think the better of my own judgment, if it should be so happy as to coincide with yours. Mine is, in general, that they are not only, what his lordship terms, "letters written from one man of the world to another;" but, many of them, such as might well be expected from a decent, civilized fornicator, to his favourite bast—d. Do you not also complain of a negligence, in point of style, composition, and connection; really to be wondered at, in even the running productions of so masterly a hand? It is true, letters are but conversation committed to paper: yet, I believe, the generality of well-bred people would blush to converse in a style equally inaccurate and desultory, with that, in which lord Chesterfield sometimes wrote.

I own, myself, however, on the whole, extremely entertained and improved, by this publication. There are almost an infinity of rules and remarks, respecting both men and les manières, founded on, the deepest worldly wisdom and truth: yet, so intermixed with dross and refuse, that, had I the care of a young person, I would not venture to put those letters into his hands, without the precaution of an index expurgatorius.

But was any thing ever like his portrait of the female sex, in letter 129? Where he traduces them all, without making a single exception. I know but

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one way to bring him off: and that, I fear, will be far from doing it effectually: viz. by supposing, that, when he sketched that caricature, his mind was acidulated by a recent fracas with lady Chesterfield: and that, in revenge, he instantly libelled the whole sex.

I never heard of Mr. Wesley's Sinai-covenanters, until you was pleased to mention them. Poor creatures! to meet once a year, and solemnly bind themselves to keep the whole law! I wish I had known this particular, some months ago. Can you tell, whether they have a written form of covenanting, or whether it be all ore tenus? and, if the former, whether it be possible to procure a sight of it? This is a matter, well worth enquiring into.

You once favoured me with a more critical explication of Pet. i. 19. than I had before met with. I wish you would condescend to give it me in writing.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLIII.

To the Rev. Mr. ROMAINE.

Broad-Hembury, July 8, 1774.

Rev. and DEAR SIR,

As it is possible that our valuable and valued friend, Mr. ———, may not hitherto have had an opportunity of acquainting you with the polite manner in which lord ——— received your late favour; and as Mr. ——— has been so good as to communicate to me, in a letter received here yesterday evening, the substance of what passed; permit me, without delay,

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1. To inform you, in general, that your kind application appeared to have a very favourable effect; and that his lordship was so obliging as to say, he would "try the ground" with the lord chancellor.

2. To thank you, under providence, for the very friendly intervention of your good offices: which, whether crowned with ultimate success, or not, I shall ever most affectionately remember.—And,

3. To request an exertion of your interest with that blessed and only potentate, who has all power both in heaven and earth; that he would graciously give such an event to this whole matter, as he will be pleased to bless most to the glory of his own name.

I returned hither, from London, this day se'nnight: and, last Tuesday, attended the bishop's visitation at Tiverton. The sermon was preached by Mr. Land: and upon the whole, a very excellent one it was. Among its few flaws, was, the classing of Hutchinson, with Clarke, Shaftesbury, and Hume: the former of whom, if living, would have been very sorry at being put among such company. The Strand divines were, rather severely, than smartly, taken to task: and, as I was afterwards told, old Whitter and young Wood held down their heads in some confusion.

The episcopal charge, though extremely concise (i. e. dispatched in about 12 or 14 minutes), was the very best I ever heard. It chiefly turned on the excellency of the XXXIX articles; the expediency of subscription; and the peculiar duties, more than ever, at this time, incumbent on the clergy, relative to their morals, manners, dress, and abstractedness from the world. The whole of his lordship's behaviour, both in the church, and afterwards at dinner, gave much satisfaction to the generality, and peculiar pleasure to me.

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Adieu, honoured and dear sir. Kindest respects to yourself, and to Mrs. Romaine, from

your obliged and affectionate

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLIV.

To AMBROSE SERLE, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, July 8, 1774.

SHALL I attempt to thank my ever dear and ever respected friend, for his polite and obliging favour of the 30th ult. or for the kind services, which preceded that favour, and to which it refers? No. It is a duty, to whose performance I feel myself unequal. Your friendship, therefore, like what some say concerning virtue at large, must be its own reward. Yet, think me not insensible. My sensibility is the very cause of the omission. Were the obligations, under which you lay me, more moderate, I could with ease, thank you for them: but, as the case stands, I must follow Horace's direction, consule quid valeant humeri; and not aim at impossibilities.

Sure I am, that God will incline the scale (and not this only, but every other, to the end of time), so as shall conduce to his own glory, and to the accomplishment of his own purpose. It is ours, to use the means, in a dependance on his absolute providence; to bless the means used, is his. With him, all events must be ultimately rested: and I trust, I can say, ex animo, with him I ever wish and desire to rest them; nor would I have a single incident removed out of his hand, were I possessed of all power both in heaven and earth.

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You kindly remind me, "To strike while the iron is warm." In answer to which, I must observe, that I have written, to-day, to Black-heath, and to Epsom. Can you suggest any other advisable steps? You will find, not only my ear, but my heart, ever open to the least hint suggested by a friend of your wisdom and faithfulness, whether the subject relate to my own interest, or not.

You are so good as to enquire after my safe return into the West. I bless God, my journey was both safe and pleasant. The slightest mercies ought to be thankfully received and noticed: for they are as absolutely undeserved as the greatest. We can no more merit a moment's ease, or safety, or happiness, in our going out and coming in, or on any other occasion whatever, than we can merit the kingdom of heaven.

I travelled with a very old (or rather, with a very early) acquaintance: an officer of the 21st regiment: with whom, at our first setting off in the coach from London, I had an hour or two's controversy, concerning the lawfulness of duelling. Your friend was on the negative side of the question: the captain, on the affirmative. During the amicable skirmish (a duel against duelling), and for many hours after, we were quite ignorant of each others names. And no wonder; for we had not met, since the year 1757, when we were both lads: and time has made such alteration in each, that neither knew the other. We travelled to Bridport (i. e. 138 miles) before we found out who was who: and I have seldom known an eccläircissement which gave more pleasure on both sides. The captain, very politely, invited me to see him, if I should ever go to Plymouth: and, on my asking, for whom I should enquire, the discovery was made.

On a review, I am really ashamed of trespassing on your patience and time, by such petty chit-chat. It is high season for me to apologize; not by prolific

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excuses, but by cutting matters short at once. Only observing, that, if the unexpected sight of an old and valued friend on earth, gives a heart-felt joy, which none, but a breast formed for friendship, can experience; what far more exceeding and exalted blessedness must result from that "Communion of saints" made perfect which will obtain in the kingdom of glory!—Until then, and when there, I am, and shall ever be,

your affectionate friend,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. O——.

Broad-Hembury, July 29, 1774.

BEST thanks to you ever dear sir, for your kind and obliging letter, of the 19th instant. From what I felt, in reading it, I cannot help believing, that your soul was much alive to God, when you wrote it. May your holiness and comforts resemble the flow of some mighty river, which widens and enlarges, more and more, in proportion as it advances nearer the ocean into which it falls.

I rejoice at what you say, concerning the happy frame of soul, in which the reverend Mr. Green ascended to Abraham's bosom. It is delightful, to live and walk in the shinings of God's countenance: but to die in the light and consolations of his presence, is (next to heaven itself) the crowning mercy of all. How gracious is the holy Spirit of promise, thus to shine away the doubts and fears of his people, and put them to bed by day-light! O may we

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taste the sweetness of his love, rise into a nearer conformity to his image, enjoy closer communion with him both in and out of ordinances, and experience an increasing sense of his never failing faithfulness; till we receive the end of our faith, even the full and ultimate salvation of our souls. I bless the Lord, I cannot doubt of his making all this our portion. He sometimes enables me to look as it were, into his heart of everlasting love; and to catch a glimpse of that page in the book of life, where he has written my unworthy name: and in the strength of that comfort, I can travel many days.

I am very glad, that dear Mr. ——— has broken the ice, at Westminster. Would to God, that the nasty party walls, which separate the Lord's people from each other below, were every one of them thrown down. Sure I am, that in heaven, all God's house will be laid into one. Ephraim shall then, no more envy Judah; nor Judah vex Ephraim.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. M———, for what he did me the honour to say of me, and of my late publication, in the pulpit. But I desire, at the same time, to be (and, I bless God, I am) humbled and abashed, instead of elevated and puffed up, by the unmerited obligations which I continually receive from the excellent of the earth. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but to thy name, be the undivided glory of every gift, and of every grace ascribed.

Present my affectionate respects to dear Mrs. ———; who, I hope, has by this time, added to your family, without danger to herself. Let me know this particular; for I bear her much upon my heart.

While your dear little daughter continues as little as she is, I may venture to send my love to her. And I wish also, to be kindly remembered to all in your house, who love your Lord and mine.

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How is Miss ———! Christian salutations to her and all that family; and to as many as condescend to enquire after,

Dear sir, your obliged and very affectionate servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLVI.

To Mr. ———.

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 30, 1774.

EVER DEAR SIR,

THOUGH your kind politeness has desired me, never to thank you by letter, for the many instances of the regard with which you are continually obliging me; yet, I must for once, violate the prohibition, by acknowledging my safe receipt of the ———, &c. which you have lately added to my ——, and for which I request you to accept my cordial thanks. I wish, that you and dear Mrs.—— were here, to help to use them.

I greatly admire the elegant —— and ——, in particular, and I pray the Father of mercies, that the sweet sentences, with which the former is decorated and inscribed, may be written, indelibly, on the hearts both of the donor and of the receiver.

Next, let me thank you for your much esteemed letter of the 15th instant, and for the kind trouble, you were so good as to take, in calling on Mr. ——. Whatever course the Northamptonshire affair may take, it will be in consequence of that "never failing providence, which orders all things, both in heaven and earth." Blessed be God, for enabling me, in some measure, not only to acquiesce, but to rejoice, in the unerring disposals of his will; and to adore, with thankfulness, that Infinite Wisdom,

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which alone is able to choose our heritage and our lot.

I have not been on the mount, for some days, until now. The Lord warm your heart with a ray of that fire, which, through the free grace of his Spirit, he at present gives me to experience. Oh, what treasures are in the blood of Christ, what safety in his righteousness! what sweetness in his fellowship! Lord, enlarge our souls to receive of his fulness more and more. If the scanty vessel of imperfect faith can draw such water of comfort from the wells of salvation; what will be the blessedness of God's elect, when they are taken up into glory, and there walk with him,

"High in salvation and the climes of bliss!"

The clearer views God gives us, of interest in his covenant, and in the unsearchable riches of Christ, the deeper we sink into a humbling sense of our own vileness and unfruitfulness. The same candle of the holy Spirit, which shows us God's love, and our part in the book of life, discovers to us the exceeding hatefulness of sin, and convinces us that we are hell deserving sinners. It also fires us with an inextinguishable wish and thirst for conformity to Christ in holiness, and effectually causes us to cry out, with David, "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments, for therein is my desire."

Doubt not, my dear sir, but the Lord will go on to take care of us, in all these respects, and in every other; even beyond the utmost we are able to ask or think.

My best remembrance wait on the amiable and deserving partner of your heart: and I do, with truth and love in Christ Jesus, subscribe myself, her and your

affectionate servant in him,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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P. S. Be so good as to present my respectful salutations to Mr. ———: whom I request to accept my thanks for the intended token of his esteem, which, when it arrives, I hope ever to preserve and value, for the sake of the giver.

I shall be happy to hear from you, as often as you can find leisure. Is Mrs. —— hour of danger past? She has my earnest prayers. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. B——.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 11, 1774.

On my receiving a letter, franked by lord Sandwich, I immediately conjectured, to whom I stood indebted for the contents: and on breaking the seal, found my hope most agreeably realized. Your friendship and politeness, dear madam, are great indeed: which not only induced you to forgive my omissions; but even prevailed on you to be yourself, the renewer of that correspondence, which both your merit, and my own promise, required me to recommence. Happy in the continuance of your esteem, and signally obliged by the accumulated favours you confer, I should be totally inexcusable, were I to persist in putting your condescension to those trials, whereof our truly valuable friend, Mr. Ryland, so loudly complains.

But what can I say, relative to the profuse encomiums, with which you deign to honour my late publication? Your probity is unquestionable. Your discernment, in every other instance, unimpeachable. I am thankful, for not having displeased so refined a judge. May that adorable Being, whose Spirit alone, is able to enlighten the darkness of the human mind, command his gracious blessing on every attempt, which has his glory, and the illustration of his truths, for its objects!

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A person, whom we both deservedly admire, has just left Devonshire, after a residence in it of no less than three months. I mean Mrs. Macaulay: who wisely intermitted her historical pursuits, for the sake of pursuing that, without which the former would soon come to a final period; namely, health. I left her very weak and languid (as, I believe, I told you), when I parted from her, last May, at Bath, on my way to London. But she has quitted this part of the West, in all the vigour and alacrity of health. She is returned to Bath, where she has taken a house on St. James' Parade; and where, if business or inclination should call you to that city, she will be, I doubt not, extremely glad to see you. I have promised to make an excursion thither, for a month or two, before winter is over, provided my studies will any way give leave: and should be happy, if you could, with convenience to yourself, contrive to visit Bath at the same time.

You tell me, you have been amused at London, or rather shocked, by those vehement exertions of female zeal, which, in peeresses, are no less violations of law, than of delicacy. I too was, last Wednesday, amused, here in my own parish, by a scene, much humbler than that which your electioneering ladies exhibited: viz. by what is called in this country, a Skimmington. A procession, which is very accurately described in Hudibras, and not with more humour than the real sight conveys. A most uneasy pair, whose constant jarrings, and whose frequent skirmishes (in which, however, the heroine, not the hero, generally came off victorious), have long been the talk of the parish, and a nuisance to their immediate neighbours, were mimicked, and ridiculed to the life, in this rustic exhibition: but accompanied with much better and softer music, than the squabbles of the original couple usually afford.

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I have heard you remark, and no remark was ever more just, that let me be where I will, I am sure to meet with instances of connubial infelicity. They really occur to me, on every hand; just as "the graces" bolt from every corner, on the pursuers of lord Chesterfield's Letters. And yet (you will smile, if not triumph, at such a declaration from me), I am really and literally tired of being a batchelor: not unwilling to try a certain hazardous experiment; though half afraid to venture.

After giving such a voluntary and decisive proof of my sincerity, I cannot be suspected of duplicity, if I subscribe myself, what in very truth I am,

dear madam, your obliged friend,

and most obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. Good Mrs. Ch. has my respectful and affectionate remembrance. God loves her; and will take care of her even to the end, and without end. —Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. B. of Sarum.

Broad-Hembury, Nov. 18, 1774.

As I suppose you are by this time returned from Freshford; it is incumbent on me, dear sir, to acknowledge your favour of the 9th ult. which arrived here a day or two after my last to you was forwarded to Sarum. I should have been extremely happy to have enjoyed your and Mrs. B's company in Devonshire: but cannot wonder at my disappointment, when I consider the superior attractions, of which

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Freshford and its environs have to boast. Another year, I hope, will make me amends.

Mrs. Macaulay has lately left us, in a more vigorous state of health and spirits, than I ever yet remember to have seen her enjoy. Notwithstanding the many local and social charms of Freshford, you have really sustained a loss, by not being here during her long residence in this neighbourhood.

I shall be extremely obliged to you, for communicating the Jamaica epitaph on Bradshaw. Though, before I see it, I must inevitably set it down for a mere lusus ingenii: the person from whom you had it, being most egregiously misinformed, if he in earnest believes that the subject of it died in that island where the epitaph was born. Certain it is, that Bradshaw died at London, in November, 1657, the year before Cromwell expired: and that he [Bradshaw] was interred in Henry VII's chapel; Mr. Rowe, the famous Puritan minister, preaching his funeral sermon, in Westminster Abbey, from that text in Isaiah, The righteous perisheth, and no man lays it to heart. Moreover, Bradshaw's remains were, soon after the Restoration, dug up, and buried under the gallows, with those of other partisans in the same cause. So that your West Indian correspondent is totally mistaken in every point of view. But, pray, let me see the epitaph: which is no more the worse for the misinformation with which it was introduced to your acquaintance, than the intrinsic merits of Mr. Drelincourt's excellent Treatise on Death, are impaired by the fabulous legend prefixed to it, concerning Mrs. Veal's apparition.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER XLIX.

To the Countess of HUNTINGDON.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 9, 1774.

MADAM,

I WAS, in due course, honoured with your ladyship's letter, of Nov. 24; and, had its contents been less weighty, should have sooner acknowledged my receipt of it.

After so condescending, and so explicit a display of your views of divine things; I should be criminally inexcusable, were I not, with all possible respect, but yet with the most naked and undisguised simplicity, to submit the result, both of my prayers and of my reflections, to your ladyship's judgment and candour.

I consider the true ministers of God, as providentially divided into two bands: viz. the regulars, and the irregulars.

The former may be compared to centinels, who are to keep to their stations: or to watchmen, whose attention is immediately confined to their respective districts.—The latter, like troops of light-horse, are to carry the arms of their sovereign, wherever an opening presents, or occasional exigence may require. —Both these corps are useful, in their distinct departments; and, in my opinion, should observe the same harmony with each other, as obtains among the stationary and planetary stars, which are fixed and erratic in the regions above us.

Hitherto, I have considered myself as a regular: and have been very cautious, not to overstep that line, into which, I am persuaded, providence has thrown me; and in which, I can thankfully affirm, divine grace has been pleased to bless me. Ought

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I not to see the pillar of divine direction moving before me, very visibly, and quite incontestibly, ere I venture to deviate into a more excursive path?

I remember, that, in one of my last conversations with dear Mr. Whitefield, antecedently to his last voyage to America, that great and precious man of God said as follows: "My good sir, why do not you come out? why do not you come out? You might be abundantly more useful, were you to widen your sphere, and preach at large, instead of restraining your ministry to a few parish churches." My answer was to this effect: that "The same providence, which bids others roll at large, seems to have confined me to a particular orbit."

And, I honestly own, I am still of the same mind. If there be for me a yet more excellent way, God, I trust, will reveal even this unto me. I hope I can truly say, that I desire to follow his guidance, with a single eye.

As to the doctrines of special and discriminating grace, I have thus much to observe: that, for the four first years after I was in orders, I dwelt chiefly on the general outlines of the gospel, in the usual course of my public ministry. I preached of little else, but of justification by faith only in the righteousness and atonement of Christ; and of that personal holiness, without which, no man shall see the Lord. My reasons for thus narrowing the truths of God, were (with humiliation and repentance I desire to speak it,) these two: 1. I thought these points were sufficient to convey as clear an idea, as was absolutely necessary, of salvation. And, 2. I was partly afraid to go any further.

God himself (for none but he could do it) gradually freed me from that fear. And as he never, at any time, permitted me to deliver, or even insinuate, any thing contradictory to his truths; so has he been graciously pleased, for between seven and eight years past, to open my mouth to make known the

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entire mystery of his gospel, as far as his Spirit has enlightened me into it.—The consequence of my first plan of operations was, that the generality of my hearers were pleased: but very few were converted.—The result of my latter deliverance from worldly wisdom and from worldly fear (so far as the Lord has exempted me from those snares), is, that multitudes have been very angry: but the conversions which God has given me reason to hope he has wrought, have been at least, three for one before. Thus I can testify, so far as I have been concerned, the usefulness of preaching predestination: or, in other words, of tracing salvation and redemption to their first source.

Your ladyship's goodness will pardon the unreserved freedom and plainness, with which I have taken occasion to open my mind. Nor will you, I hope, disbelieve me, when, with the same simplicity and truth, I assure your ladyship, that I love and revere you for what God has made you, and for what he has effected through you. Let me have, as you kindly promise, an interest in your prayers.

Should I visit my Bath friends this winter, as I have some thoughts of doing, I will avail myself of your ladyship's invitation, by paying my respects to you; and the rather, as it is now between ten and eleven years, since I had an opportunity of presenting you with them in person. Whenever I have been in Bath, during this long period, your ladyship never happened to be there.

Wishing you, not the compliments of the ensuing season, but an encreasing enjoyment of the realities which it brings to our remembrance, I remain, madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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P. S. May I take the liberty to wish, that, when you next write to lord Moira, your ladyship would condescend to make my respects acceptable to him. Mr. Shirley, if at Bath, has my affectionate salutations.

LETTER L.

To the Rev. Dr. PRIESTLEY.

Rev. SIR, *Broad-Hembury, Dec.* 23, 1774.

CONDESCEND to accept the thanks of a person, who has not the honour of being acquainted with you, for the pleasure and improvement, recently received, from a perusal of your spirited (and, for the most part, just) Animadversions on the three Northern Doctors. Allow me also to thank, in an especial manner, the good providence of God, which has raised up no less a man than yourself, to contend, so ably, for the great doctrine of necessity: a doctrine, in my idea, not only essential to sound and rational philosophy; but, abstracted from which, I could not, for my own part, consider Christianity itself as a defensible system.

Greatly as I admire the main of your performance, I should probably not have taken the liberty to trouble you with my acknowledgments, but for the following circumstance.

In your successful assault and battery of the new Scotch fortification, you have occasionally fired some random shot on a very numerous set of men, who, so far as concerns the article of necessity, are your actual friends, and your natural allies. Permit me, therefore, sir, to offer you, in this private manner, a few plain, but not intentionally disrespectful, strictures on some rash and exceptionable passages;

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which serve, as foils, to render your penetration and candour, on some other occasions, the more conspicuous.

I shall confine myself to your Introduction.

1. Are you certain that "The common Arminian doctrine of free-will is founded on scripture, and presupposed by the philosophic doctrine of necessity?" Is it not very possible, and often actually matter of fact, that men have not "the power of doing what they please, or will" to do? The triumvirate of doctors (for instance) are, I doubt not, very willing to beat you off from their intrenchments, and to give you a total defeat. But I am much mistaken, if they have "the power of doing it."

2. Why are "Calvin's notions" represented as "gloomy?" Is it gloomy, to believe, that the far greater part of the human race are made for endless happiness? There can, I think, be no reasonable doubt entertained, concerning the salvation of very young persons. If (as some who have versed themselves in this kind of speculations, affirm) about one half of mankind die in infancy; and if, as indubitable observation proves, a very considerable number of the remaining half, die in early childhood; and if, as there is the strongest reason to think, many millions of those, who live to maturer years, in every successive generation, have their names in the Book of Life: then, what a very small portion, comparatively, of the human species, falls under the decree of preterition and non-redemption! This view of things, I am persuaded, will, to an eye so philosophic as yours, at least open a very cheerful vista through the "gloom;" if not entirely turn the imaginary darkness into sun-shine. For, with respect to the few reprobate, we may, and we ought to resign the disposal of them, implicitly, to the will of that only King who can do no wrong: instead of summoning the Almighty, to take his trial at the tribunal of our

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own speculations, and of setting up ourselves as the judges of Deity.

3. I must confess, I see nothing "wonderful," nor to be gazed at "as a strange phenomenon:" in the coincidence of "philosophic necessity" with the Calvinistic theology and metaphysics. I should rather "wonder," if they did not coincide: since (according to the ideas formed by me, who live in a Christian country, and believe the Christian revelation) they mutually suppose and support each other. For, what is Calvinism, but a scriptural expansion of the philosophic principle of necessity? or, if you please, a ramification of that principle into its religious parts? It is possible, indeed, for a person to be a gross Necessitarian, or a Necessitarian at large, without being, fully, a Calvinist (witness many of the ancient, and some modern philosophers): but it seems impossible, to me, that any person can be, fully, a Calvinist, without being a Necessitarian.

Moreover, every Christian Necessitarian is, so far, a Calvinist. Have a care, therefore, Dr. Priestley: lest, having set your foot in the Lemaine lake, you plunge in, quantus quantus. A catastrophe, which, for my own part, and for your own sake, I sincerely wish may come to pass; and of which I do not wholly despair.

4. There is, I apprehend, no shadow of reason, for supposing, that, had the great and good Mr. Edwards "lived a little longer, he would have been sensible, that his philosophy was much more nearly allied to Socinianism, than to Calvinism." That deep and masterly reasoner would rather have rejoiced, at seeing so important a branch of the Calvinistic philosophy, (viz. the doctrine of necessity) so warmly adopted by a Socinian divine.

Seriously, I think you have admitted a Trojan horse into your gates; whose concealed force will probably at the long run, display the banner of

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John Calvin on your walls, and master your capital, though at present garrisoned by the confederate forces of Pelagius, Sozzo, and Van Harmin.

5. Nor was it any "piece of artifice in Mr. Edwards, to represent the doctrine of philosophical necessity, as being the same thing with Calvinism; and the doctrine of philosophical liberty, as the same thing with Arminianism." This suggestion, sir, (which, by the way, is more than a little ungenerous, when we consider how upright and valuable a man Mr. Edwards, by all accounts, proved himself, in every part of his conduct) seems to have been started, merely as a salvo for yourself. You are, on the article of necessity, the reverse of an Arminian. And you are terribly afraid of being dubbed a Calvinist. I must own you are in some little danger. But, cheer up. Your case is not yet desperate. Poor Jansenius was in a situation somewhat similar to yours. He, indeed, swam farther into the Geneva lake than you have ventured to do: and, to elude the name of heretic, assured as many good people as would believe him, that he was, all the while, bathing in the Tiber.

So far as I can judge, Mr. Edwards gave the naked and genuine sentiments of his heart to the public. And I am likewise of opinion, that the fact stands, simply and literally, just as he represents it. Arminianism, when stripped of its sophistical trappings, contends for such an absolute and inviolable freedom, ει αμφιεσεως, as is independent in its exercise on any thing but the will itself. Consequently, the Arminian scheme is no less incompatible with the religion of reason, than with the religion of the Bible: and directly contravenes the whole current, both of natural and of revealed truth.

6. It is certainly a very unguarded assertion, that "the modern question of liberty and necessity" is what the Calvinian divines "never understood, nor indeed so much as heard of." The contrary is

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evincible, from their writings. The question, so far from being purely "modern," has exercised some of the ablest Protestant pens, from the reformation, quite down to the present day. It has been agitated, with no little zeal, pro et contra, even among the Papists, long before, but more frequently since, the Protestant æra. And it was the subject of no small debate, among some of the heathen philosophers themselves.

7. Mr. Edwards, therefore, was not the "first Calvinist who ever hit upon the true philosophic doctrine of necessity." A vast number of the greatest reformed divines, both foreign and English, touched the self same key. And it is extremely evident, that Mr. Edwards himself, received much light from them into the subject; and even availed himself, very frequently, of phrases, distinctions, and arguments, which those grand luminaries had with success, made use of before him.

8. "Zealous Calvinists," you tell us, "regard your writings with abhorrence." It would have been candid, sir, to have expressed this with more restriction, and with less vehemence. Many very "zealous Calvinists" regard your writings, on some subjects, not only without "abhorrence," but with honour and admiration. Dark and "gloomy" as you have represented us; we still have sufficiency, both of eye-sight and of day-light, to discern the lustre of your genius, and the improvements which your equally profound and refined researches have added to the stock of philosophic knowledge.

9. Nervous (and, I think, irrefragable) as Mr. Edwards' treatise is; you still are much too sanguine in asserting that the Calvinists "boast of it, as the strongest bulwark of their own gloomy faith." We never boasted of it, under any such character. We have, in my apprehension, some hundreds of "bulwarks," no less "strong" than this American one, whose towers I concur with you in deservedly

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admiring. Exclusively of which numerous bulwarks, we have a citadel (the Bible,) against which, no weapon can possibly prevail. I pass over your favourite epithet "gloomy," which you so repeatedly prefix to Calvinistic "faith." When you have attended, as minutely, to the philosophy of scripture vision, as you have to that of animal optics; you will perceive the district of Calvin to be, not a Cimmerian region, but a very land of Goshen.

10. You think proper, sir, to suppose, that "zealous Calvinists will be surprised to hear" (it is well we are not deaf and blind too) "you so full and earnest in the recommendation of Mr. Edwards' book." I much question, whether their wonder will mount to "surprise." There are so many weaknesses, contradictions, and inconsistencies, in philosophers, as well as in ordinary men, that few people, who know much of the world, and of human nature, will be greatly "surprised" at any thing.

11. You, however, are of a different opinion. Perhaps, because "zealous Calvinists," like moles and bats, live in a thick and perpetual gloom, with hardly a single ray of truth, or of common sense, to gild their midnight darkness. People, in so melancholy a situation, are doubtlessly, very apt to take fright. If your charity will not pour day-light on our gloomy abodes, it would at least be compassionate in you, to mitigate the woeful "surprise," with which you think your treatise calculated to impress us.

No! You will no more deign to alleviate our "surprise," than to dissipate our gloom. It is rather cruel, though, first to shut us up in the dark; and then to scare us. It seems, we "must still continue to wonder." Wherefore? Because "It would be to no purpose for you to explain, to" the zealous Calvinists, "Why they ought not to wonder at the matter. What I should say on that subject," adds the high and mighty doctor, "would not

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be intelligible to them." Inexpressibly candid and polite! The plain English of the compliment is this:

"Every zealous Calvinist is a fool; or a dunce, at best. I will therefore waste no time on such incurable asses. All my philosophic apparatus itself would not afford them a gleam of knowledge: nor all my consummate skill in language and in reasoning make them comprehend the lowest of my sublime ideas. I therefore leave them, to stumble on, in their impenetrable gloom: and to knock their blockish heads against tables, doors, walls, and posts, amid the tremor of their surprise."

Our case is pitiable indeed. But why will not the illuminated and illuminating doctor direct a few of his rays, by way of experiment, toward our dark and dreary habitations? Be honest, good sir: and fairly tell us, that your reason for huddling the matter up, and for not descending to particulars, was not our stupidity, but your fear of the consequences that would result to yourself, had you gone to the bottom of the subject, and unfolded all that was in your heart. To screen yourself, you affect to give us over, as incurable, before you have so much as tried what you can make of us. If you set about it, who can tell, but, stupid as we are, some of us may recover our sight and sense, and be emancipated from our gloom and from our surprise together? Electricity, under your auspices, may work miracles.

However lightly I may occasionally have expressed myself; I assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I have the honour to be, with seriousness and truth,

Reverend sir,

your admirer,

and very humble servant,

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

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P. S. On reviewing this letter, I deem myself obliged, in some measure, to apologize for that vein of freedom, into which the supreme and insulting contempt, you express of the Calvinists, has unwarily betrayed me. Your last quoted paragraph, sir, appears to carry an implication of extreme prejudice, and of sovereign pride. Nothing can be more supercilious, more rude, and more unjust, than the letter and the spirit of that whole passage. I would willingly, if I were able, frame an excuse for you: by supposing that it escaped you, volante calamo; and that it is to be imputed, not so much to malice, to haughtiness, or even to your unacquaintedness with the people you traduce; as to the hurry and precipitation, with which your treatise was apparently written.

Believe me to be, sir,
most respectfully, yours.

LETTER LI.

To Mr. * * * * *.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 29, 1774.

No congratulations wait on my ever dear friend, from Broad Hembury, on account of his new connection. The reason is, because no change of state, on his part, can make me love and wish him better, than I did before. Nor do I transmit you those compliments, which usually reverberate, from friend to friend, at this particular season of the year: because you have my very best wishes, without intermission, all the year round. And so, I doubt not, will the new partner of your heart, when I have the honour and the pleasure of knowing her. In the mean while,

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I request you to inform her, that she has my respectful salutations.

I take the liberty to trouble you with the inclosed pacquet, for Mr. M. It contains only the sermon on Psalm cxv. 1; which owes its transmission to the press, entirely, to your condescending dèsire, signified when I was last in London. You see, I am not all disobedience to your commands; though I must, for once, run counter to some of them: I mean, so far as concerns the principal subject of your last kind and obliging letter. Some nephritic complaints, to which I have long perceived myself liable, warn me, to ply my pen no more than necessity may require.

I am, with great affection and respect, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I lost poor Mr. Lane, about a fortnight ago: who, at the age of seventy-six, preserved all the strength and gaiety of a boy at sixteen, until within a few days of his decease. He was the second of my domestics, whom God has removed by death, in the compass of two months. Mrs. Lane (who by the way, continues as lively at seventy-seven, as she could be at thirty) still keeps my house; and supports the loss of her husband, not only philosophically, but heroically. An estate, however, of twenty-five pounds per annum, which died with him, is, I believe, very sincerely, though not inconsolably regretted. Mr. Lane had not been dead a quarter of an hour, when his relict addressed me thus: "Sir, I have been thinking, that it will be to no purpose to lay out money for a fine shroud, to be hid in a coffin; nor for a fine coffin, to be hid under the earth." This was natural philosophy, literally so called. It is really a happiness, on irremediable occasions, to have little or no feeling. I envy insensible people; because they are ignorant of mental pain, the keenest species of any. Adieu.

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LETTER LII.

To the Rev. Mr. RYLAND.

Broad-Hembury, Dec. 29, 1774.

WHEN my dear friend's letter, (whose date I am quite ashamed to recollect) arrived, our valuable Mrs. Macaulay was present. Her countenance brightened, at learning from whom it came. She on all occasions testifies a singular esteem of you: which is, in other words, saying, that she really has you in very great estimation; for she is too magnanimous, and too upright to dissemble. She gives your name, as a favourite toast of yours and mine, in public and mixed companies. And she has, moreover, so high an opinion of your judgment, in physic, no less than in metaphysic, that she makes it a constant rule, and did so, during the whole of her three months stay in Devonshire, to retire to her chamber at ten o'clock.

Though I love and respect you, as much as that extraordinary lady can do; still, I cannot say, that I have carefully followed your advice, relating to that early hour of repose, with the same implicit obedience. We often regard the physician, and yet transgress his prescriptions. I am, however, reforming very fast, in this particular. As a proof of which, I must tell you, that, if I prolong my studies, at any time, until two or three in the morning, I begin to think I am sitting up late. For the most part, I rarely exceed twelve or one.

Had the Northamptonshire living fallen to my lot, I should have been a very troublesome neighbour to you. Not a sixpenny pamphlet would I have sent to the press, without previously soliciting your corrections and amendments. You may be

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thankful, that I am only your friend, and not your neighbour. Let me, in a religious view, seriously add, that I myself am thankful, and very thankful, that I continue where I am. And I say this, not because I should not have preferred your county to this; but because it was the will of God, as the event has clearly proved, that I should remain in this county, and not be transplanted to yours.

Your thoughts concerning the "Directions to young Divinity Students," are so just, so forcible, and so vivid, that I must absolutely lay aside all view, of engaging in such a book, myself. The department is eminently, and exclusively yours. Let Homer, therefore, write his own Iliad. As to me, I feel my incompetence to so difficult and important a task; and must follow the old, sensible advice: Consule, quid saleant, &c.

My best thanks attend you, for that valuable paper, transmitted to me, some time ago, from Wells, under Mr. Tudway's enclosure; enumerating the passages, in the Old Testament, wherein Christ is styled Jehovah. You may judge how poorly qualified I am, to accommodate young divines with rules for study; when I assure you, that I did not know, until you informed me, that the blessed Mediator, between God and man, is called Jehovah, almost two hundred times, in the course of the first Testament.

If you wish your letters to Mr. S—— may arrive free of postage, you must inclose them to ———. Mr. S—— is one of the most learned, most devout, and most valuable men I know. With all his choir of respectable and of amiable qualities, he possesses this crowning one, viz. a heart, like yours, capable of friendship.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER LIII.

To Ambrose Serle, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, Jan. 25, 1775.

Ever dear Sir,

I write, to request, that you will condescend to present Mr. M. with my thanks, for his pacquet, lately sent: and to inform him, that, though I was by no means well, when it arrived; yet, the perusal of Mr. Wesley's "Thoughts upon Necessity" (which were part of the pacquet's contents) put my spirits into such a pleasing flow, that I instantly resolved to attack those thoughts, and, in half an hour afterwards, actually set about it. I have, at three sittings (or, rather, standings; for I generally write upon my feet), got mid-way through my intended pamphlet; which will, if providence please to continue health and leisure, be a Defence of Christian and Philosophical Necessity.

I design writing to Mr. M. myself, so soon as I have finished my tract: and thanking him for the kind conveyances, with which he has favoured me. But, to say the truth, I am at present so absorbed in the subject on the tapis, that I am willing to pursue it, while my ideas are warm; and warm ideas, if not speedily seized and arrested, are very fugitive.

Every happiness be yours,

Augustus Toplady.

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LETTER LIV.

To Mrs. Macaulay.

Broad-Hembury, Feb. 10, 1775.

Dear Madam,

Your favour, of Jan. 27, arrived in due course. Had you deferred penning it, but three days longer, it would have borne the date of a certain anniversary, on which no person living is so well qualified to write as yourself.

I have had too much ill health this winter, to be, as you suppose me to have been, very assiduously engaged "in deep researches after philosophical and religious truth." The principal result of my few researches in that way, has been a tract (begun and finished within a fortnight) in explication and defence of Christian and philosophic necessity. But, I believe, I shall not commit it to the press, until I go to London: the printers being a very teasing set of people, to be concerned with at so great a distance from the scene of action.

As I know not how much longer my supposed "researches" may be impeded, by want of health; I must beg, that you will not, in time to come, forbear writing hither, from an imaginary fear of "interrupting" researches which have little or no existence.

I will reduce you to a dilemma, on the occasion. Either I am, or I am not, engaged in the said researches. If the former, then do you write by all means; and the oftener, the better: for I know no pen, more capable of assisting a philosophic enquirer, than your own. If the latter, still write: for, in that case, the very reason under which you shelter yourself, ceases to exist.

To tell you the truth, I am quite of opinion, that by your polite apology for being so bad a correspon-

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dent, you have only wedged yourself fast in a cleft stick: from which, nothing can extricate you, but your directing as many letters to Broad-Hembury as possible.

I have not been at Honiton, since I took leave of you there. But your host, Mr. N. I have seen twice; once at my own house, and once at Mr. Drewe's.

Many thanks to you, dear madam, for the purse, which, you tell me, you have condescended to knit for me. I would rather, however, defer receiving it, until I have the pleasure of seeing you at Bath: which I hope will be within these two months; either in my way to, or in my return from, London.

I have a very extraordinary letter to show you; sent me by my respectable friend, Dr. Baker, vicar of St. Martin's, in Salisbury: relative to Bradshaw's interment in Jamaica. I own, I am partly staggered, though not proselyted, as to that matter. I set it down under the class of "Historic doubts."

But, without any shadow of doubt at all, I have the honour to be,

madam,

your much obliged

and very obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. Compliments to Miss Macaulay.——— I observe, you do not say a syllable, concerning our common favourite, Mr. Lytton.——On second thoughts, I will not (as I at first designed) defer showing you Dr. B's letter until we meet: but shall inclose it in this. The circumstance, of double postage, is not to be considered. Adieu.

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LETTER LV.

To Mr. L. C——.

[Extract.] *Broad-Hembury, Feb.* 13, 1775.

It is Dr. Samuel Johnson, whom lord Chesterfield terms "a respectable Hottentot:" and whom his lordship, by a caricature abundantly too severe and overcharged, represents as the living essence of aukwardness, and ill-breeding. I can testify, upon my own knowledge, that the shades are too deepened, and the lines too distorted. But the doctor is pretty even, it seems, with the noble defamer: and styles those letters, "A system of morals for a whore, and a system of manners for a dancing-master." I totally agree with the doctor, as to the morals: and partly agree with him, as to the manners. Seriously, poor Mr. Phil. Stanhope was greatly to be pitied, for falling under the management of such a father: a father, who was at once capable of guiding a son into the ruinous paths of vice; and of pretending, at other times, to give him a few squeamish cautions against it. Like some hypocritical prostitute, who entices with an air of affected modesty; and assumes that air of modesty, only to render her enticements the more effectual. Moreover, after all his lordship's attention to the "graces" of his disciple; the poor young gentleman lived and died almost as great a stranger to the graces of politeness as to those of the holy Spirit. So that the disappointed father had the mortification of perceiving, that he had only been raining upon a rock. Few men of education and high connection were ever more clumsy and ungainly in their devoir, than Mr. Stanhope.

I take the true original of lord Chesterfield's disgust against Dr. J—— to have been, the doctor's

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having too much Christianity for his lordship's taste. Not but what Johnson has, on some occasions, a great deal of positiveness about him: and lord C——— was so much of the fine gentleman, as to think, that nothing, either in religion or philosophy, was worth contending for, in opposition to whatever genteel company a person might happen to be with. It would be committing an act of hostility "on the graces," were a man not to swim implicitly with the current, whether good or bad. Johnson, I believe, was never guilty, so much as once in his life, of such mean, cowardly dissimulation. And I honour him for it. If he likes his company, no man is more affable and communicative. If he meets with a coxcomb, he is sure of taking him down without mercy. Or, if people of sense affront him, he discovers very great and quick sensibility, and generally makes them pay dear for their temerity: for his reproofs are weighty with sentiment, and his repartees cuttingly smart. It must have been pleasant, to have seen him and lord Chesterfield together.

The smooth dissimulation of the latter, extended, in some measure, even to me. The year after I was in orders (viz. 1763), I asked his lordship for a scarf. "I am extremely sorry, sir," replied he, "that you did not mention it early enough. Had you asked me two days sooner a scarf should have been at your service: but, no longer ago than yesterday, I gave away my only vacant one." I answered, that I should be glad to hope for the honour of the next that fell. He replied, "The very next is already promised: but you shall certainly have the next after that." You can discern, without my pointing it out, the flat self-contradiction of these two plausible speeches.—I never asked him again: but looked upon him, as a finished courtier, from that day forward. When I was a boy, he used to give me a guinea now and then: and generally prefaced his donation (which to me, was then a ca-

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pital sum) with some such proper advice as this: "Now, do not buy too many apples, or nuts, or oranges, to make yourself sick." He certainly had a great fund of good nature, at bottom: though it was half smothered and corrupted by art and finesse.

Have you read Mrs. Macaulay's Address to the People? I am greatly pleased with the strength of sense, which appears in that concise, but solid performance. Alas, too solid! Would to God, that the facts, which it censures, were ill-founded. But his providence governs and orders all. No thanks to them, that they are, involuntarily and unknowingly, accomplishing the decree of heaven. "Leaches," as a good man somewhere observes, "when they draw blood of a patient, do it to gratify themselves: they know nothing of the wise end, for which the physician ordered them to be applied."

The mention of my valuable friend, Mrs. Macaulay, reminds me of the aforesaid Dr. Johnson: whose high principles, both political and ecclesiastical, are very different from those of the fair historian. A few years ago, Mrs. M. and the doctor (who never had a very cordial esteem for each other) met at the house of a third person, who had invited them to spend the day. Before dinner, the conversation turned on the nature of civil government. Johnson, as usual, declared, in very strong terms, for monarchy. Mrs. M. for a republic. Some sparring past on both sides: and Johnson happening to cite some passage of scripture, which he thought spoke in favour of his own system; Mrs. M. undertook him on the scriptural score, and (as I was told, for I was not present) was rather more potent and pertinent, in her quotations, than he. Johnson, who does not easily digest contradiction, grew rather sour: and he well knows, that he acquits himself better in a political, an historic, or a philosophic war, than in an holy one. The annunciation of

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dinner occasioned a truce to debate. But the doctor, with more ill manners than I ever heard authentically placed to his account, except in this instance, took occasion, when the company were all seated at table, to renew hostilities with his amiable antagonist. Mrs. M's footman was standing, according to custom, at the back of his lady's chair; when Johnson addressed him thus: "Henry, what makes you stand? Sit down. Sit down. Take your place at table with the best of us. We are all Republicans, Henry. There's no distinction here. The rights of human nature are equal. Your mistress will not be angry, at your asserting your privilege of peerage. We are all on a level. Do, take your chair, and sit down." This was very indelicate and rude. Nor was it arguing fairly: for a master or mistress (let the natural rights of mankind be, originally, ever so equal) has not only a just claim to superiority, but a title to the services of every person, who, by voluntary stipulation, engages to render those services for a consideration agreed upon. Mrs. Macaulay, it seems, coloured a little, and drew up her head, but made no answer. If I had been there, I should not have let the doctor off so easily, for this savage piece of spurious wit. It is true, his great parts are entitled to proper respect: but, as Mrs. Macaulay was observing to me, when she was last in Devonshire, with reference to this very doctor Johnson, "A learned man is not so miraculous a phenomenon in this kingdom, that he should expect to be honoured with divine worship." Though, it must be owned, there are very few Johnsons, in any kingdom, or in any age.

It is, however, this great man's foible, to look for more homage and attention, than every body will give him. How little he brooks opposition, may be inferred from the droll (but which might have been a very serious) adventure, between him and Osborne, the Lincoln's Inn bookseller. Osborne called upon

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him one morning, soon after the publication of his Dictionary. The particulars of the conversation I have forgot: but, in the course of it, some reference was had to a passage in that work. The doctor was for consulting the particular place itself: and, ascending a set of moveable steps, reaching down his Dictionary from one of the higher-most shelves, while Johnson was thus mounted, and holding the Dictionary in his hands, Osborne, who was standing beneath, happened to say some saucy thing that the doctor did not relish: on which, without farther ceremony, he hurled the massy folio at the poor bookseller's head, who fell to the floor with the blow, but soon recovered his feet again. "An impertinent puppy;" said Johnson to him, "I will teach you to behave with insolence to me; I will." But, surely, this was not acting very philosophically.

One more anecdote, while my hand is in; and then I will release you. I knew this Osborne; and, by the way, a very respectable man he was. In the spring of 1762, a month or two before I took deacon's orders, I was cheapening some books of him. After that business was over, he took me to the farthest end of his long shop, and, in a low voice, said thus: "Sir, you will soon be ordained. I suppose you have not laid in a very great stock of sermons. I can supply you with as many setts as you please. All originals: very excellent ones: and they will come for a trifle." My answer was, "I certainly shall never be a customer to you in that way: for I am of opinion, that the man who cannot or will not make his own sermons, is quite unfit to wear the gown. How could you think of my buying ready made sermons? I would much sooner, if I must do one or the other, buy ready made clothes." His answer shocked me: "Nay, young gentleman, do not be surprised at my offering you ready made sermons: for, I assure you, I have sold ready made sermons to many a bishop in my time." My reply

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was: "Good Mr. Osborne, if you have any concern for the credit of the church of England, never tell that news to any body else, from henceforward, for ever."

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LVI.

To FRANCIS TOPLADY, Esq.

Broad-Hembury, March 19, 1775.

VERY DEAR SIR,

You are one of the last persons on earth, in whose breast I would wish to occasion pain. Consequently, it gives me much concern to find from your favour of Feb. 21, that the subject, mentioned in my last, "touched you to the quick." Let it resemble a drawn stake, on each side; and let both of us consider the matter, as if it had never been started.

Your kind solicitude for my health, merits my affectionate acknowledgments. Though I cannot entirely agree with you, in supposing that intense study has been the cause of my late indispositions; I must yet confess, that the hill of science, like that of virtue, is in some instances, climbed with labour. But, when we get a little way up, the lovely prospects, which open to the eye, make infinite amends for the steepness of the ascent. In short, I am wedded to those pursuits, as a man stipulates to take his wife: viz. for better for worse, until death us do part. My thirst for knowledge is literally inextinguishable. And, if I thus drink myself into a superior world, I cannot help it: but must say, as some report Aristotle to have said, when he threw

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himself into the sea (if it be true that he did so throw himself,) quod non capere possum, me capiet.

Since I wrote to you last, my complaints have been crowned, or rather shod, with a short, but smart touch of the gout. On this occasion, I have been congratulated, until I have lost all patience. Therefore I do, by these presents, enter an express caveat against your wishing me joy.—I am glad, however, that I know at last, what is the matter with me: for I have not been right well these two years; and was unable, until seized by the foot, to ascertain the radical cause. It is really one of the last disorders, to which I should have suspected myself liable. If the strictest temperance could have saved me from the gout, I most certainly had been exempted: for I never knew what it was to be the reverse of sober, so much as once, in my whole life.

On a review, I am quite ashamed to perceive, that I have made myself the sole hero of my letter. But, notwithstanding the self-important pronoun I, has already occurred too often, I must yet repeat it again; by assuring you, that I am, with tender and respectful compliments to yourself, to my aunt, and to my cousin Charlotte,

Dear sir, your affectionate nephew,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LVII.

To the Rev. Mr. ———.

Broad-Hembury, April 5, 1775.

VERY DEAR SIR,

I AM, both literally and figuratively, your debtor, for the welcome packet, with which you favoured me, toward the close of last January.

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Friendship and politeness, less indulgent and extensive than your own, would tell me, that I ought to blush, for having delayed my acknowledgments so long.—The truth is, I had been extremely ill for several weeks, before the parcel arrived; and continued so for some weeks afterwards: which, added to the numerous avocations that have since demanded my attention, obliged me to postpone, until now, the pleasure of tendering my affectionate thanks to your condescending acceptance.

I have not been able to devote many hours to the perusal of Lilly's Astrology. But I must frankly own, that I have read enough, to deter me from falling very deeply in love with that real or supposed science. Judge, my dear sir, how exalted an idea I must needs entertain of your candour, ere I could presume to testify, in such blunt terms as these, my opinion of a study, which, in the eyes of your superior estimation, appears to be recommended by so many solid and alluring charms.

Among others, two observations, in particular, strike me with great force on this occasion.

1. Either we can, or we cannot, learn, from the stars, the train of future events.—If we cannot, the whole business evaporates at once, into a laborious delusion and an ingenious nothing.—If we can, it seems unwarrantable to pry into "the times and seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power," and which, the highest authority assures us, "are not for us to know." The least that can be said, is, that it is more humble, and more safe, to leave the evolution of futurity to providence: to pray, instead of erecting a planetary figure: and, instead of consulting the stars, to cast all our care on him that made them.

2. Without doubt, many different infants are born into the world, at the same precise point of time: and, consequently, under the self-same aspects of the heavenly orbs. From which leading

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circumstance, it would follow, on astrological principles, that the cast of mind, the actions, the felicities, the adversities, and, in short, the whole lives and deaths of persons so born, should exactly, in every punctilio, resemble those of each other. Their nativities being common, their fates would be the same.—But are there any two men upon the stage of the earth, though they entered it at the same instant, whose mines and fates are perfectly similar and uniformly correspondent throughout?

Notwithstanding these free, sceptical remarks, I value Lilly's Book, as a very curious one: and shall, with many thanks, reimburse my dear friend for its cost.

Though you have not set me to work, as an astrologer; you have as a polemic. Mr. Wesley's Thoughts on Necessity, which made a part of your obliging packet, determined me to represent that grand theological and philosophic article in its true point of view. Though I was then so ill, that I could scarcely hold my pen, providence enabled me to begin my Essay almost immediately on my receiving Mr. John's Tract, and to finish it within a fortnight. I should not, however, have made such haste; had I not apprehended, that, if I did not avail myself of the present hour, I might probably be in another world, before my treatise was completed.—But God has extended my reprieve. May I live, and speak, and act, to his glory!

May I congratulate you, on your success, as candidate for the lectureship of St. * * * * * *? If not, I shall still wish you joy. You, and all your concerns, are in the hand of him, whose will is wisdom, whose heart is love, and whose providence is omnipotence itself.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER LVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. GIFFARD.

Broad-Hembury, April 6, 1775.

Dear and Rev. SIR,

IN obedience to your wish, I shall concisely present you with my extemporaneous thoughts, concerning the Arminian cavil, against personal election and reprobation, drawn from that relationship of God to men, by which he is denominated and considered as the Father of the whole human race.

Properly speaking, paternity and filiation are correlates, resulting from the production of a similar intelligent being, ex essentiâ productoris. Where this agency and effect obtain, the producer is, strictly, styled a Father; and the produced is, strictly, styled the offspring of that Father.

Consequently, when any of mankind, or when all of them together, are termed sons, or children of God, the phrase is, necessarily and apparently, figurative. For no being, less divine than God himself, can, according to the precise ideas of paternity and filiation, be literally termed his Son.

Hence, when this predicate, sons of God, is affirmed concerning angels or men; the affirmation neither is, nor can be, philosophically strict. Because there is no communicated sameness of essence, from the producing party, to the party produced.

Over and above which metaphysical observation, holy scripture explicitly ascertains the sense in which God is represented as the Father of men.—Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us.

Mr. Toulmin therefore, in his controversy with Mr. Rooker (a controversy, by the way, whose merits I have not looked into,) should have stated

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his objection thus: "Can the common maker of mankind put an arbitrary difference between the men he has made, consistently with infinite goodness and justice?"

However, we will let Mr. Toulmin have his own way, and clothe his argument in his own terms.

He observes,

1. That "Our Lord has taught us to argue from the paternal character" of God.—True. And that paternal character is neither less nor more, than the creative character. The passage, Mat. vii. 11. to which Mr. Toulmin refers, plainly establishes this remark: for it is tantamount to saying, How much more shall your Maker, who is in heaven, &c. [Let me digress, en passant, by observing, that, in the 21st verse of the above chapter, Christ uses the word, Father, in its true and absolute signification. For the first person in the Godhead is, properly, literally, and physically, the Father and the immediate source of the second, per communicationem essentiæ.]

2. Mr. T. asks Mr. R. "Would you, sir, who are a parent, secretly resolve, before your children were born, and could have done either good or evil, to disinherit any of your children?"

On which I observe,

(1.) That Mr. Rooker may, in his turn, ask Mr. Toulmin, And would you, sir, after your children are born, actually permit any of them to be very wicked and very miserable, if it was in your power, by a single nod of your will to make them good and to render them happy? Now, God certainly is able to endue all mankind, and the very devils themselves, with holiness and felicity. He could both have saved them from falling; and can still reclaim them, though fallen. And yet he knowingly and willingly permits many of the former, and the whole number of the latter, to be the subjects of sin and pain. And, if the real, positive, continued permission of this be not inconsistent with the "paternal character;" why

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should that "character" be supposed to restrain God from secretly resolving, beforehand, on that permission? For, surely, the resolution to do, or to permit a thing; can no more clash with the "paternal character," than the actual doing, or the actual permitting of the thing itself.—But after all,

(2.) God, and an earthly parent, are not parallels, in any one respect whatever. When a human father becomes possessed of the same numerical nature and attributes as God is, in all their infinity and perfection; it will then (but, until then, it cannot) be an admissible position, that the Deity is and must be such an one as ourselves, and ought to regulate his conduct, by the example we set him.—I remember, in the year 1759, while I was a student at college, a gentleman asked me (with reference to this very doctrine which Mr. T. opposes,) would you, if you were God, create any being to misery? My answer was, when I am God I will tell you.—Surely, Arminians must be at a dismal loss, ere they could thus think of setting up the human passions, and parental affection in particular (which is usually the blindest affection of any,) as the standard, and model, and archetype, from which God himself must form his estimate of right and wrong, and in conformity to which he is bound, (for the plea supposes this, if it supposes any thing) to accommodate his purposes and shape his moral conduct! As if his ways were not higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts!

(3.) The cavil is very unhappily stated. For, the most material part of it is phrased in the very words of scripture. With this essential difference, however: that the said scripture phrases positively affirm the identical proposition, which the cavil is framed to deny. So directly and totally contrary is the judgment of Mr. T. to that of St. Paul!

(4.) It is monstrously inaccurate, to insinuate, that God has "Secretly resolved to disinherit some

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of his children." We utterly reject the very shadow of such an idea, as involving in it both a religious and a philosophical impossibility. To disinherit is, to cut off, from succession to a patrimony or other property, one who, before, was actual heir. Men may do this: because men are liable to change, and to mistake, and to be chagrined or disgusted by unforeseen incidents. But this can never be the case with God. Consequently, he cannot be said to disinherit the reprobate, who never were heirs. And, for the elect, he will never disinherit them: seeing, nothing shall be able to separate them from that unchangeable love, which hath graciously made them heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ himself.

(5.) I suppose, Mr. Toulmin meant to ask: "Would God resolve, not to invest some of his creatures with a title to the heavenly inheritance?" To which I answer, Yes. God not only justly might, but he actually has so resolved: unless the Bible is false from end to end. But, as to disinheriting, the Bible knows nothing of that. It is Arminianism, which represents the immutable God as the capricious disinheritor of his children; not we, who believe, that whom he did predestinate,—them he also glorified.

(6.) To make the objection square with the thing objected to, the objection should run thus: "Would you, Mr. Rooker, who are a creator, secretly resolve, before your creatures were formed, to exclude any of them from felicity, for wise and just reasons best known to yourself?"——But this phraseology, which alone comes up to the point in debate, would not suit Mr. Toulmin's fallacious views. It would not suffice to raise a sophistical mist before the eyes of the unwary, which are apt to be caught by superficial appearances, and to be dazzled by the trappings of undue metaphor artfully put on. To make a strait stick seem crooked, you must look at it through a denser medium than air: i. e. hold it

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slantingly under water, and the business is done. Unguarded spectators may be seduced by the stratagem: but careful observers perceive the trick.

In one word: the question, as stated and phrased by Mr. Toulmin, argues à diverso ad diversum: and, consequently, is totally illogical, and proves nothing.

I am, with great esteem, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LIX.

To Messieurs VALLANCE and SIMMONS.

Plymouth, July 7, 1775.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM here, on a short visit, previously to my setting out for Bath and London: and now write to you, on occasion of a report, which prevails here, that Mr. J. W—— died, lately, in Ireland.

You, who dwell at the mart of intelligence, know, probably, the real state of that matter, with more certainty, than I can yet attain to at this distance. But, should my information be true, I must signify to you my hearty wishes, that my Essay on Necessity, if not yet actually published, may be suppressed for the present: until I can throw it into a new form, by cancelling all the passages, which have any personal reference to my old antagonist; and by retaining only so much of the Treatise, as relates to the naked argument itself.

I hope, this intimation will reach you, time enough, to answer the desired purpose. If it be too late, I cannot help it. But I do not wish to prosecute my war with that gentleman, if he be really

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summoned to the tribunal of God, and unable on earth to answer for himself. In that case, let my remembrance of his misdemeanors die and be buried with him.

Direct your answer, to me, at Mr. D———'s, in G—— street, Bath. I have only time to add, that I am, with esteem,

Gentlemen, yours, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LX.

To Lady HUNTINGDON.

Brighthelmstone, Sept. 22, 1775.

MADAM,

BEST thanks to your dear ladyship for the honour of your much esteemed letter from Bristol of the 8th instant. You was so ill when I left you there, that the receipt of a letter which carries in it the evident traits of your recovery, was peculiarly welcome, and furnished me with additional matter of thanksgiving to that God, who, in mercy to his church, has been graciously pleased to protract a life so transcendently useful and valuable. It would be far better for your ladyship to be dissolved and to be with Christ: but it is more needful for his people below that you remain in the body. On their account, may it be very long ere you exchange your coronet for a crown.

It would have given me much joy, to have been present, on a late happy occasion, at Bristol; our friends Mr. and Mrs. ———, when they had the honour of waiting on your ladyship there, presented my message, I suppose, and assigned the reason; I bless the Father of mercies, that the power of the Spirit was ex-

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perienced, and that he continues to speed your gospel plough.

I have been at this place a week to day; and mean, if the Lord please, to overstay the 1st Sunday in October: here is a very considerable gathering of people to the standard of the cross. I have found much union with them, and the unction of the Holy One has given me much comfort and enlargement among them hitherto, in our public approaches to God. By a letter from dear Mr. P——, who is now at Chichester, I find that a new chapel at Petworth, and another at Guildford, are to be opened the 1st of October. May they receive that true consecration which arises from the presence and power of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. I trust God will enable me and the people here, who are now of the most clearly enlightened, most judicious, most harmoniously united, and most lively congregations I ever was with, to pour out our souls in prayer on that day, for a blessing on your ladyship's labour of love in general, and on those two new encampments in particular.

I am informed, that lady M——'s zeal for God, has been considerably blest to many of her neighbours at or near Ealing. She has frequent preaching in her house; and it seems there is good hope, that lord R——— himself begins to have the hearing ear and the feeling heart.

Has your ladyship seen the corrected copy of dear Mr. R——'s Treatise on Psalmody? If you have, you must have perceived that the very exceptionable passages, which laid that great and good man open to such just reprehension, are happily expunged. I asked him for a copy, soon after my arrival in London. He answered, that in its present state, he did not acknowledge it for his: but, I should have one as soon as published. He was as good as his word, and shortly after gave me his book. I examined it very carefully; and find that the faulty

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pages have been cancelled. We now no longer read of Watts' Hymns being Watts' whims, nor of the holy Spirit's being always present where the Psalms are sung, and never being present where hymns are sung. I am glad that my valuable friend was under a necessity of striking out these and such like violent and unguarded positions. I never met with so much as one spiritual person who did not censure them most severely; but as he has been so humble, and so just to truth, as to displace them from his Essay, I hope he will meet with no farther slight and mortification on their account.

God go with your ladyship into Cornwall, and shine on all your efforts for the glory of his name, and for the transfusion of his salvation into the hearts of sinners. Open your trenches, and ply the gospel artillery. And may it prove mighty, through God, to the demolition of every thought and every error, and every work, which exalts itself against the knowledge, the love, and the obedience of Christ!

Your affectionate servant in him,

A. M. TOPLADY.

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. L———.

Brighthelmstone, Sept. 25, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me to condole with you, and with dear Mrs. ——, on the loss of our valuable and valued friend, Mrs. ——: the oldest, and one of the most esteemed acquaintance, I had on earth. I rejoice, however, that, through the precious blood and the imputed righteousness of Christ, she is exalted to

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that place of glory and of rest, where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick.

Let me give you the true apology, for my having no sooner acknowledged the receipt of your obliging letter, which you will not wonder at, when I inform you, that I was five or six weeks in travelling from Broad-Hembury to London, occasioned by the many interjacent friends I had to visit: and by their condescending importunities, which detained me much longer with each of them, than I expected or designed.

On my arrival in town, I found your letter, and would have answered it while there, but for the multiplicity of engagements, in which the affection of my London friends involved me. I had not been long in the capital, when I received a pressing invitation to this place, where I have stayed near a fortnight, and from whence I return to London next week.

May the late affecting breach, which providence has made in your domestic connections, be sanctified to you both, and excite you to seek an interest in that Saviour, who is the certain and only deliverer of his people, from the wrath to come.

In him I remain, dear sir, your and Mrs. ——'s, very sincere friend and servant,

A. M. TOPLADY.

LETTER LXII.

To Mr. N——.

Brighthelmstone, Sept. 26, 1775.

IF you should ever stand in peculiar need of very violent exercise, come down hither, by way of Ryegate and Cuckfield; and before the present

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stage coach is worn out. The road, from the former of these towns to this, is the roughest; the country, the coarsest, and the vehicle the uneasiest, that can well be imagined. I never yet had so complete a shaking: and, though much used to travelling, was literally sore from head to foot, for twenty-four hours after my arrival here; occasioned by such a series of concussions, (I had almost said contusions), as I really thought it impossible for any carriage to impart. But I have had ample amends, at my journey's end. For though, in my opinion, our western seaports have generally, many local charms, greatly superior to those of this; yet, the inhabitants here, seem to have received a much higher polish, from their intercourse with strangers. But, above all, the serious people of Brighthelmstone, are, so far as I can hitherto judge, peculiarly amiable and estimable; extremely judicious, and well informed in things of God; and all alive to him. In short, I know of no congregation, any where, who seem to be more entirely after my own heart. Their union, likewise, and fellowship with each other, are uncommon, considering their number. The great master of our assemblies, God the holy Spirit, has given us some comfortable opportunities in public; and deigned, I trust, several times, to be eminently present. To free and covenant grace, be all the praise.

I am as well, as I usually find myself, when implunged in a sea air. The salts, I apprehend, with which these kind of atmospheres are charged; together with the large quantity of vapour, exhaled by so great an expanse of water; by considerably increasing the weight of the element we breathe, make it, at once, more externally compressive, and require a stronger force of interior effort and resistance, to respire with due vigour.

Last Wednesday we were saluted by a continued series of lightning, from eight at night until one in the morning. Not a moment's interval obtained

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between the flashes; which formed absolute sheets of the most vivid flame, succeeding each other with a rapidity I never was witness to before. As it played on the sea (for I spent the evening at a gentleman's, who lives on the East Clift) it resembled a grand, regular cascade of fire, falling on a vast reflecting mirror. There was rain, during a small part of the time; and some audible thunder. I have heard louder claps; but never such long extended peals. How happy is it, to feel, that the God of nature is also the God of all!

I am,

your affectionate servant in him,

A. M. Toplady.

LETTER LXIII.

To Dr. William Dodd.

Rev. Sir,

Believe me, when I assure you, that the liberty, which I now take, results neither from want of tenderness, nor of respect; but from an humble wish of being serviceable to a person, who is recommended to me, as a very deserving individual; and whose circumstances are, it seems, considerably narrowed and embarrassed, through the unsuspecting confidence, which she reposed on your veracity, justice, and honour.

The lady, to whom I allude, is Mrs. G——. I need not state the merits of a case, with which you, sir, are so thoroughly acquainted. Only, permit me to conjure you, by every sacred and moral consideration, and by all your feelings, as a man of sensibility, not to depart this world, without repaying as much of that iniquitous debt, as you possibly can.

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I say, before you depart this world. For it is but too indubitable, that there is not a single ray of hope, from any one quarter whatsoever, of your avoiding the utmost effect of the terrible sentence which impends. Let me, therefore, importune you, for God's sake, and for your own, to devote the remainder of your time to more important employ, than that of writing notes on Shakespeare. Indeed, and indeed, your situation is such, as should confine your attention to objects of infinitely greater moment. The Searcher of hearts knows, that I thus plainly address you, from motives of absolute humanity, and from an anxious solicitude for your everlasting welfare.

I am, with undissembled sympathy and respect,

SIR,

your well-wisher in time and eternity,

New-street,
March 17, 1777.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

You will oblige me, sir, if you favour me with a line (by the gentleman who delivers this to your hands) rélative to the business respecting Mrs. G———.

LETTER LXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. BERRIDGE.

DEAR SIR, *New-street, March* 19, 1776.

THE paper, to which you refer, in your favour of to-day, is, I apprehend, the Public Ledger, of the 5th instant. As you inform me, that you have not seen it, I inclose it to you, for your perusal, under the

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present cover: together with a subsequent ledger, of the 9th, containing my answer. When you have read them, I request you to return them, so soon as convenient: for I reserve every thing of this kind; lest it may prove necessary, to appeal to them in future.

If I was not certain, that the glorious and gracious Head of the Church orders all things for the good of his mystic body; and that not a hair can fall, without his leave; I should deeply lament the continuance of your cough. But, when I recollect, who it is that sits at the helm; I can in a spirit of prayer and of faith, commit you, and all that relates to you, to the unerring disposal of infinite wisdom, love, and power. In whose covenant bonds I remain,

dear and rev. sir, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXV.

To Mr. T——.

London, April 4, 1776.

SIR,

IT gives me unspeakable pleasure, to find, that you design to republish the Abridgment of Fox's Martyrology: which I consider as a faithful and judicious compendium of the most valuable ecclesiastical history extant in our language.

We live at a time, when the generality of professed protestants appear to have lost sight of those grand and essential principles, to which the church of England was reformed, and in defence of which her martyrs bled.

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Religious ignorance, and a general unconcernedness about divine things, together with the most profuse dissipation, and a growing disregard of moral virtue, are the reigning characteristics of the present age.

In a country thus circumstanced, popery (ever on the watch for advantages) will, and must, and does, gain continual ground. Ignorance, infidelity, and licentiousness, naturally terminate in superstition, as their ultimate refuge: and Rome too often reaps, what profaneness and immorality have sown.

To stem so dangerous a torrent, no means are more likely (under God), than the republication of such a work as this: a work eminently calculated to display, and to guard us against, the principles and the spirit of popery; to perpetuate the holy lives, the faithful testimonies, and the triumphant deaths, of those evangelical worthies, who resisted error, even unto blood; to exalt the standard of Christ; to exhibit the loving-kindness of the Holy Ghost, who gave such grace and power unto men; and to stand as the best commentary on those inestimable truths, which (through the good hand of God upon us) still continue to shine in the liturgy, articles, and homilies, of our established church.

I wish this performance much success, in the name of the Lord. May its diffusion be very extensive, and its usefulness very great. May it prove mighty, through God, to make the protestant churches in general, and our own national church in particular, remember from whence they are fallen; stir them up to doctrinal and practical repentance; and bring them back to their first principles, and to their first works! With this prayer, breathed from the inmost of my heart,

I remain, sir,

your affectionate well-wisher,

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

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LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. Hussey.

Broad-Hembury, Sept. 9, 1776.

Very dear Sir,

A student of Lady Huntingdon's, whose name is Cottingham, and from whom I parted at Bristol, on my return from Wales, promised me to wait on you and Mrs. Hussey in London, to inform you, how gracious the Lord has been to me, ever since I saw you last.

The night I left town, the Worcester coach, in which I went, broke down: but not one of us received the least injury. I have a still greater deliverance to acquaint you with: even such as, I trust, will never be blotted from my thankful remembrance. On the Anniversary Day, in Wales, the congregation was so large, that the chapel would not have contained a fourth part of the people; who were supposed to amount to three thousand. No fewer than one thousand three hundred horses were turned into one large field, adjoining the College; besides what were stationed in the neighbouring villages. The carriages, also, were unusually numerous. A scaffold was erected, at one end of the College-court, on which a book-stand was placed, by way of pulpit: and, from thence, six or seven of us preached, successively, to one of the most attentive, and most lively congregations I ever beheld. When it came to my turn to preach, I advanced to the front: and had not gone more than half through my prayer before sermon, when the scaffold suddenly fell in. As I stood very near the highermost step (and the steps did not fall with the rest,) providence

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enabled me to keep on my feet, through the assistance of Mr. Winkworth, who laid fast hold on my arm. About forty ministers were on the scaffold and steps when the former broke down. Dear Mr. Shirley fell undermost of all; but received no other hurt, than a very slight bruise on one of his thighs. A good woman, who, for the conveniency of hearing, had placed herself under the scaffold, received a trifling contusion on her face. No other mischief was done. The congregation, though greatly alarmed, had the prudence not to throw themselves into outward disorder: which, I believe, was chiefly owing to the powerful sense of God's presence, which was eminently felt by most of the assembly.

Such was the wonderful goodness of the Lord to me, that I was not in the least disconcerted on this dangerous occasion: which I mention, to the praise of that grace and providence, without which, a much smaller incident would inevitably have shocked every nerve I have. About half a minute after the interruption had commenced, I had the satisfaction to inform the people, that no damage had ensued: and removing for security, to a lower step, I thanked the Lord, with the rejoicing multitude, for having so undeniably given his angels charge concerning us. Prayer ended, I was enabled to preach: and great grace seemed to be upon us all.

If God permit, I hope to be with you, in London, soon after the middle of this month. I deem it one of the principal felicities of my life, that I have the happiness and the honour to minister to a praying people. We should not have had so much of the Lord's presence in Orange-street, if he had not poured upon us the spirit of supplication. Go on to pray, and God will go on to bless. Remember me, most respectfully and most tenderly, to as many of our dear friends in Christ, as you are acquainted with. And, particularly, inform Mr. and Mrs. Willett, and Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, that I have

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not forgot my promise to write to them; and that I will perform my promise, unless they are so kind as to dispense with it: which, I am very sure, they would most willingly do, if they knew how little time I have to myself.

Farewel. Grace be with you, and with dear Mrs. Hussey. Grace comprehends all we want, in time, and in eternity.

I remain, my valuable friend, ever, ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I had the happiness to see dear lady Huntingdon (who is the most precious saint of God I ever knew) well, both in body and soul.

The Lord, I trust, still continues with you at Orange-chapel. I shall be much obliged to you, for informing me how things go on; by a line directed to me, at Mr. Derham's, in Green-street, Bath: for which place I intend to set out, from Devonshire, on Monday next, the 16th instant.

I have the unutterable satisfaction to find several more awakened people at Broad-Hembury, than I formerly knew of. The Lord never sends his gospel to any place, in vain. He will call in his own people; and will accomplish his own work. There is really a very precious remnant, in and about this parish. Thanks to free grace for all.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr. ———.

MUCH LAMENTED SIR,

IN consequence of your desire, communicated to me by Mr. ——, I signified my intention of waiting on you: but, on reflection, I more than fear, that I have

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not sufficient firmness of nerves, to sustain so trying an interview. My feelings are (unhappily for myself) so terribly keen, that I should only receive material injury, without being able to render you the least good. My tears can be of no service to you. My prayers are frequently ascending to God for you, both in public and in private. May the uncreated angel of the covenant take them, warm as they rise from my unworthy heart and lips; and make them his own, by presenting them with the much incense of his ever effectual intercession!

If I am rightly informed, you have formerly sat under the sound of the gospel. Let me beseech you, sir, to cry mightily to him who is able to save, that the Holy Ghost may realize, to your departing soul, those precious truths of grace, which have, it seems, been often brought to your ears. Nothing short of experimental religion, will stand you in any stead. The Lord Jesus enable you, by the operation of his Spirit, to come to him, as a lost sinner; throwing yourself on the righteousness of his life, and on the atonement of his death, for your free pardon and full justification with God! In which case, though your transgressions be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and, though deep as crimson, they shall be made as wool.

I have too much reason to apprehend, that all application in your behalf, to the powers of this world, will be totally without avail. Consider yourself, therefore, dear sir, as absolutely a dying man.

My earnest supplications shall not cease to be poured out at the footstool of the throne of grace, until death sets you beyond the reach of prayer.—Several congregations of God's people bear you deeply on their hearts.

Jesus bless you with the manifestations of his favour; and grant you to sing his praises, for ever and ever, in concert with that innumerable assembly of

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fallen sinners, whom he has loved, and washed from their sins in his own blood. So prays, with bended knees and weeping eyes, he who is, sir,

Your unknown,

but not less affectionate well-wisher,

Oct. 31, 1776. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXVIII.

To A. B———.

Knightsbridge, Aug. 12, 1777.

IF A. B's favour, of June 16, had not been mislaid, it would have been answered long before. I hope, the polite and ingenious writer will pardon the delay.

In reply to the question stated, I am most deeply and clearly convinced, that the saints in glory know each other: and more particularly, those with whom they took sweet counsel when on earth, and with whom they walked in the house of God as friends. Our Lord himself, I apprehend, gives us to understand as much, where he tells us, that the elect shall be, in the future state, ισαγγελοι, or equal to the angels. Now, it seems impossible, that the unfallen angels, who have lived together, in heaven, or (at least) very near 6000 years, should not be perfectly acquainted with each other. And the same privilege is requisite in order to our being, in every respect, on an equality with them.—The departed soul of the rich man knew Lazarus, when he beheld him afar off: and likewise, at sight, knew Abraham, whom he could never have seen in the present life. Much more do Abraham and Lazarus, and all the glorified family

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above, rejoice in that communion of saints, which obtains in their Father's house.—St. Paul, speaking of the spiritual children whom God had given him among the Thessalonians, says, that they would be his "glory and crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jesus." But how could this be, and how could they mutually congratulate each other on the grace bestowed upon them below, if all personal acquaintance was to cease? Surely, there are no strangers, in that land of light and love!

The three apostles, who attended our blessed Lord on the mount of transfiguration, knew Moses and Elijah, when they appeared in glory.——To add no more: that remarkable text, I think, fully establishes the point, where our adorable Saviour bids us make to ourselves friends, by the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when we fail, they may receive us into the everlasting habitations. As if he had said: "While you are on earth, take care to conciliate the affections of my indigent disciples, by bestowing on them a proper portion of the wealth which God has lent you, and, which is too often perverted to purposes of unrighteousness, by them that know not me. So, when your bodies die, and when your souls ascend to heaven, the souls of those poor afflicted saints, whom your bounty relieved below, and who were got to glory before you, shall be among the first exulting spirits, who shall meet you on your arrival above, and congratulate you on your safe and triumphant entrance into the world of joy." But they could not do this, unless they knew us, and we them.

May the precious blood and righteousness of our Incarnate God, and the faithful leadings of his eternal Spirit, bring you and me to that general assembly and church of the first-born! where we shall both see him, as he is; and likewise know each other, even as we shall then be known. With this prayer, and

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in this hope, I beg leave to subscribe myself, whosoever you may be,

Your affectionate well-wisher in Christ,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXIX.

To the Rev. Dr. B. of Sarum.

Knightsbridge, August 12, 1777.

YOU pay me a compliment I do not deserve, in supposing that I am industriously employed in some useful work. For a long while, I have been unusually idle, both as a preacher, and as a writer. But my indolence was and is the result of obedience to medical prescription. I have been, at best, in a most fluctuating state of health for a year and half past: and, several times, was in a near view of landing on that coast, where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick. At these times, I bless God, my cheerfulness never forsook me; and, which calls for still infinitely greater thankfulness, my sense of personal interest in his electing mercy, and in the great salvation of Jesus, was never darkened by a single cloud. For the last two months, I have been abundantly, and almost miraculously better. Whether my remaining days be few or many, I only pray and wish that they may be consecrated to the glory of the great Three-One.

And now to descend to the affairs of this world. The accounts of the extravagant and ridiculous manner, in which, as you observe, my friend Mrs. M——'s birth-day was celebrated at Bath, gave me extreme disgust; and have contributed to reduce my opinion of her magnanimity and good sense. Such contemptible vanity, and such childish affectation of mock majesty, would have disgraced a much

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inferior understanding; and have sunk even the meanest character lower, by many degrees. If I live to see her again, I will rally her handsomely.

I must agree with you, in feeling for the advancing miseries of our unhappy country. We are already become the jest, and the contempt of all Europe. Never, surely, was a great and important empire so wantonly thrown away; and never was nation so infatuated before! However, when we recollect who it is that presides invisibly at the helm of all human affairs (see Daniel iv. 32, 35.) we are reconciled to every appearance, melancholy as appearances may seem; and adore the infinite wisdom, which secretly, but irresistibly, overrules even the vices, and follies, and the madness of men, to the accomplishment of its own designs.

I am happy to hear that yourself and family are well; and, if you were not a very particular friend, I should almost have grudged you the felicity you must have enjoyed, in your late excursion to our much esteemed friends at Freshford.

More than compliments to you and yours, conclude me

your affectionate servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXX.

To Mrs. A. G———.

Knightsbridge, Lord's-Day Evening, Nov. 2, 1777.

MADAM,

YOUR letter quite distresses me: because it places excellencies to my account, which I feel myself to be totally unpossessed of. Among all the weak and

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unworthy servants of Christ, I am the unworthiest and the weakest. If you knew me, as well as I know myself, you would be entirely of my mind.

For the Lord's sake, let us look to Jesus only, and learn to cease from man. Christ is all in all. Every other person and thing are vile, and wretched, and hateful, but so far as he deigns to smile and bless. "Less than nothing and vanity;" is the only motto that belongs to me. If he vouchsafe to wash me in his blood, and to save me by his infinitely free and glorious redemption; a more worthless and helpless sinner will never sing his praises in the land of glory.

Instead of commending me, pray for me; that I may be kept from evil, and devote my few days (in humble and earnest attempt at least) to the honour of his name.

If I wished you to retain your exalted opinion of me, I should, in my own defence, wave the honour of your acquaintance, which you so politely offer me. But, as I desire to undeceive you, and to appear just what I am; I shall be extremely happy to see you here any day, in the forenoon, after the present week is elapsed; which latter, viz. the remainder of the present week, I am to pass at the house of a friend, who lives nine miles from hence.

God have you in his keeping, and make you a partaker of the graces and consolations of his Spirit.—I am, with much respect,

Madam, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER LXXI.

To Mr. E. K——.

Knightsbridge, Nov. 22, 1777.

My Friend and Brother in Christ,

By a letter which I have this moment received from Mr. Lake, I am informed, that you are apprehensive of the speedy approach of death: and that you are particularly desirous of seeing me; or, if that cannot be, of at least hearing from me; before the great change comes.

As I am not certain of being able to wait on you, so soon as I could wish, considering the long extent of way that interposes between us; and being willing to lose no time in assuring you how much I love you, and how earnestly I commend you to God; I seize the immediate opportunity of writing to you. Nor shall I cease to remember you in my worthless address to the throne of grace, both publicly and in private.

The time, however, is perhaps arrived, which eminently calls upon you to cease entirely from man. Forget me; forget even your family; forget all your earthly friends, so far as to lose sight of them: and look only to Jesus, the glorious author and faithful finisher of salvation. Repose your confidence on his alone blood, righteousness, and intercession. He represented you on the cross; he bears your name on his breast, and on the palms of his hands, in heaven; he sympathizes with you, in all your pains and sorrows; and will take care of you, unto death, through death, and to all eternity. May his comforting Spirit make these blessings clear to your view, and powerfully seal upon your heart a sense and enjoyment of your personal interest in them.

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Leave providence to take care of your wife and children. And leave the covenant grace of Father, Son, and Spirit, to take charge of you. Nor do I doubt, that whether we meet again or not, in this valley of tears, we shall sing together for ever in the Jerusalem above. So believes, and so prays, your old friend, and ransomed fellow sinner,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I shall hold myself greatly indebted to Mr. Lake, for informing me, from time to time, how the Lord deals with you.

LETTER LXXII.

To Mr. F——.

Knightsbridge, Nov. 27, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

IF I rightly understood you yesterday, the case of conscience, proposed by your friend, is this:

"He lives in a part of England, where the gospel is not preached by the clergy of the established church. But the gospel is preached in a neighbouring congregation of dissenters. He is compelled therefore, either not to hear the gospel preached at all; or to hear it at a dissenting meeting-house. —Query: Is it his duty to communicate with the dissenters, as well as to hear them? Or may he with a safe conscience, continue only to hear them, and still maintain his communion with the church of England?"

For my own part, I am most clearly of opinion,

(1.) That, if he cannot hear the church of England doctrines preached in a parish church

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(which is terribly the case in some thousands of places;) he is bound in conscience to hear those truths, where they can be heard: was it in a barn, in a private house, in a field, or on a dunghill.—— But,

(2.) I am no less clearly convinced, that he is not under the smallest necessity of breaking off from the communion of the church established.

Some of my reasons are these:

1. Your friend's love to the church doctrines, (i. e. to the gospel of grace,) is the very thing that forces him to forsake the church walls, as a hearer. But this need not force him from communicating there. It should rather bind him more closely and firmly, to a church whose doctrines and sacraments are holy, harmless, and undefiled; and alike remote from error, superstition, and licentiousness.

2. Our blessed Lord himself, communicated with the established church of Judea; though its ministers and people were as deeply degenerated from the purity and power of God's truths, as the present ministers and people of the church of England are, for the most part, now.—That our Lord actually did thus communicate in the Jewish church (fallen as its professors were,) is evident, from his celebration of the Passover, antecedently to his institution of the holy Supper, in the evening of the very night wherein he was betrayed.

3. The goodness, or badness, of a parish minister, neither adds nor detracts from, the virtue and value of the sacraments he dispenses. Judas appears to have preached the gospel, and to have wrought miracles. Was the gospel, or were those miracles, at all the worse on his account? No: in no wise.— "But the minister of my parish does not preach the gospel." Be it so.—You do right, therefore, in not hearing him. Nevertheless, though (in this respect) he outsins Judas himself; why should that unhappy circumstance make you quarrel with, and absent

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yourself from, the communion-service of the church?

4. I can set my own probatum est, to the conduct I am now recommending. For several years after I was made acquainted with the grace of God, I chiefly resided in a place, where I was obliged, either to starve my soul, by never sitting under the ministry of the word; or to go for it, to a dissenting meeting-house. I made not a moment's hesitation, in choosing the latter; and would again pursue the same line, if providence was again to place me in similar circumstances. But, though I heard the gospel constantly at meeting (because I could hear it no where else), I constantly and strictly communicated in the church only. I know that this was pleasing to God, by the many happy soul-seasons I enjoyed, both at the Lord's table, and in the separate assembly. And yet, (as you may judge from my leaving them as preachers,) the clergymen, at whose hands I received the memorials of Christ's dying love, knew no more of the gospel, than so many stocks or stones.

5. Let a parish minister be ever so spiritually blind and dead, the liturgy remains the same. Blessed be God, the clergy are forced to read it; and to administer the Lord's supper, and other offices, according to its admirable and animating form of sound words.

6. While your friend communicates in the church of England, he is at full liberty to hear the gospel elsewhere: But,

Should he communicate with a dissenting church, he must, first, so far become one of them, as to hear the gospel, in great measure, if not entirely, among them only. Such a transfer of communion, therefore, would resemble tying himself by the leg (or, rather, nailing himself by the ear) to a single tree; in preference to enjoying the full range of God's garden. I have seen so very many instances of this, in

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course of more than two and twenty years observation, that no antecedent promises, professions, or protestations, to the contrary (made to a new convert by any of those religious assemblies), would have the least weight on my judgment of this matter.

Thus I have, agreeably to your desire, signified a few of those reasons, which have long had great influence in determining my own mind. Influence so very great and decisive, that I am thoroughly persuaded, was the glorious company of apostles to live again on earth, at this very time, and to live in England; not one of them, I verily believe, would be a dissenter from our established church: though they would all deeply lament the dreadful state of spiritual, of doctrinal, and of moral declension, to which the greatest part of us are reduced.—May God inform and teach your friend, the way in which he ought to go; and, for ever, guide him with his eye! With which prayer, for him, for you, and for myself, I remain,

Sir, your servant in Christ,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Mr. VALLANCE.

Knightsbridge, Dec. 1, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

ON the cover of last month's magazine, I read the following notice: "Thanks to Minimus, for his pious Meditation." Now, as I am the only person, who ever appeared, in your magazine, under

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the signature of Minimus; and as I never sent you any meditation, whether pious or impious, since I surrendered my editorship of the said magazine [in July last], and as it is generally known, that the papers signed Minimus, were written by me:——It will be both using me extremely ill; and also look like a desire on your part, to palm a deception on your readers, if you permit any future paper, of which I am not the author, to bear the signature abovementioned.

Not doubting, that, on further consideration, you will see the justice and propriety of this hint, and act accordingly; I remain, sir,

your affectionate friend and servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXIV.

To J. W——, Esq.

Knightsbridge, Dec. 30, 1777.

SIR,

I THROW myself on your candour and politeness, for your pardon of the present freedom, taken by a person who has not the honour of being known to you. The favour which I presume to solicit, is, that you would be so obliging as to communicate to me such leading particulars as you may recollect, concerning a late friend of yours; who was one of the greatest, and yet (by a fate peculiarly strange) one of the obscurest men, whom this island ever produced: I mean, Mr. Baxter, the metaphysician, who dedicated the 3d volume of his chief work to you.

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I have a very cogent reason, for wishing to acquire authentic and exact information of the times and places of his birth and death; and of such other principal circumstances, as may merely suffice to perpetuate the outlines of his personal history: which, in point of diffusiveness, need not be more prolix, than is the letter I now address to you.

I am, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXV.

To the Rev. Dr. PRIESTLEY.

Knightsbridge, Jan. 20, 1778.

I AM much your debtor, sir, for your late polite favour from Calne: but especially for the obliging present of your Disquisitions concerning Matter and Spirit; and of the Appendix, concerning Necessity. I have read them with great attention: and, as you condescend to request my opinion of those ingenious pieces; you shall have it, with the most transparent unreserve.

I need not say any thing as to the article of necessity; because you well know, that I have the honour to coincide almost entirely with your own view of that great subject. Permit me, however, to ask, en passant, in what part of any printed work of mine, I "seem to think that the torments of hell will not be eternal?" You yourself, dear sir, I doubt not, will, on a calm review, be the first to condemn your own temerity, in having publicly advanced a conjecture totally unwarranted on my part: and I am equally disposed to believe, that this will be the last liberty of the kind, which you will venture to

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take either with me, or with any other man. You must be sensible, that not a word, on the nature or the duration of future punishment, ever past between you and me, either in writing, or in personal converse. Consequently, you must be entirely unacquainted with my ideas of that awful subject: and, as such, was totally unqualified to advance the insinuation, of which I have such just reason to complain.

With regard to your "Disquisitions," &c. I would observe,

1. That I can subscribe to no more than to one moiety of them. I still consider materialism, as equally absurd in itself, and atheistical in its tendency.

But, 2. The perusal of your book gave me no surprise; because I have, for a considerable time past, viewed you as a secret materialist: whose favourite principle, like the workings of a subterraneous fire, would, at last, break forth into open birth.

3. Nor has this publication lessened, in the smallest degree, my respect and esteem for its author. You have a right to think for yourself; and to publish the result of your thoughts to the world. If my own brother were of a different judgment, as to this point, I should set him down for an enemy to the indefeasible prerogatives of human nature.

4. I revere and admire real probity, wherever I see it. Artifice, duplicity, and disguise, I cannot away with. Transparency is, in my opinion, the first and the most valuable of all social virtues. Let a man's principles be black as hell, it matters not to me, so he have but integrity to appear exactly what he is. Give me the person, whom I can hold up, as I can a piece of crystal, and see through him. For this, among many other excellencies, I regard and admire Dr. Priestley.

5. I must acknowledge, sir, that, in the foregoing part of your "Disquisitions," you throw no small

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quantity of light on the nature of matter at large. My apprehensions, concerning visible substance, are, in several important respects, corrected and improved, by your masterly observations on that subject. I wish you had stopt at matter, which you evidently do understand, and better, perhaps, than any other philosopher on earth; and not meddled with spirit, whose acquaintance, it is very plain, you have not cultivated with equal assiduity.

6. Bishop Berkeley tells me, that I am all spirit, without a single particle of matter belonging to me. Dr. Priestley, on the other head, contends, that I am all body, untenanted and unanimated by any immaterial substance within. Put these two theories together, and what will be the product? That my sum total, and that of every other man, amounts to just nothing at all, I have neither body, nor soul. I have no sort of existence whatever.—Here it may be alleged, "That the two systems cannot be thrown together, as being totally incompatible." I answer: Why may not bishop Berkeley's word go as far as Dr. Priestley's; and the doctor's as far as the bishop's? Though, when all is done, the best way, in my opinion, is, to cease from both, and to believe neither.

7. The arguments, for absolute and universal materialism, drawn (or, rather, pretendedly drawn) from rational and philosophic sources, appear, to me, prodigiously forced, lame, and inconclusive. And, if we take scripture into the account, not all the subtilty nor all the violence of criticism will ever be able to establish your system on that ground. What wretched work do you yourself make, with those few texts, which you venture to quote and strive to obviate, wherein plenâ et primâ facie, man is spoken of, as a being compounded of matter and spirit!

Can you bear this plain dealing? If you can, give me your hand. And I most heartily wish, that all who differ from you, and especially that all who

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may commence your public antagonists, may treat you, as I ever desire to do, with the respect due to your virtues and your talents.

How is your health? Beware of too close application, and of too intense exertions of mind. I, for my own part, can most heartily subscribe to these remarks of the apocryphal writer: "The thoughts of mortal men are miserable, and our devices are but uncertain. For the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth on many things. Hardly do we guess aright, at things that are upon earth; and with labour do we find the things that are before us: but the things which are in heaven, who hath searched out? And thy counsel who hath known, except thou give wisdom, and send thy holy Spirit from above?"—May that holy Spirit, shining on his written word, and shining into our hearts, be a light to the paths of the much esteemed friend, to whom I am writing; and the paths of his

obliged and most obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Mrs. FOWLER.

Knightsbridge, Feb. 20, 1778.

DEAR MADAM,

KNOWING that the officious zeal of numerous visitants, however well-meant, occasions more trouble than relief, during the first impressions that result from so trying a dispensation, as that, under which God is now exercising you; I, for this reason, wave presenting you with my personal condolences,

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and request yourself and your amiable family to accept my written respects.

You and yours are deeply on my heart, before the mercy-seat. Has the holy Spirit yet brought you to that point, whither faith invariably tends, and in which it will always ultimately rest? viz. "It is the Lord. Let him do, as seemeth him good." That your husband's God is and will be your God, even to the end, and without end, I believe, with the fullest assurance. May he likewise be the God of all your offspring! It is a great, an unspeakably great thing, to be born again. How far that most momentous work has taken place on their souls, I know not. But may they ever tread in the religious footsteps of their deservedly honoured father; and never forget, that the same blessed and triumphant consolations which enlivened his last hours, will also felicitate their lives, and brighten their deaths, if effectual grace render them partakers of like precious faith, with him, in the righteousness of our God and Saviour.

The presence of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Remember, that "Your Maker is your husband:" a husband, who never dies, and who changes not.—My kindest and most sympathising respects attend the two young ladies, and both the gentlemen. Adieu, until I have an opportunity of assuring you, by word of mouth, how much

I am, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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LETTER LXXVII.

To Mr. Hussey.

Broad-Hembury, March 19, 1778.

Very dear Sir,

The hospitable kindness of my old friend at Salisbury, detained me in that place, until Monday last; in the afternoon of which day I set forward for my own parish, and arrived here on Tuesday.

I cannot boast of any great effects, produced by the journey and by change of air. If my hoarseness abates, my cough comes on, with redoubled violence; and, if my cough grows favourable, the hoarseness returns. But welcome, ten thousand times welcome, the whole will of God. I trust, his Spirit has begun to render me passive in his blessed hand, and to turn me as clay to the seal. I am enabled to be more than resigned: I am thankful for his every dispensation, knowing them to be all ordered in faithfulness and love.

I was unable to preach, while at Salisbury; and begin to apprehend, that I must not attempt to preach at my own church, here, next Sunday. But though such absolute uselessness is the most afflictive part of my present visitation; yet, even this I can leave with God my Saviour, who is the governing head of his family, both in heaven and earth, and orders all things well.

It is still my hope, and my intention, to return to town in the course of next week. I am to have a sale of my furniture in my house here on Monday and Tuesday next; and, I trust, the whole of that business will be accomplished in those two days, without detaining me longer. But, if otherwise, may I not venture to defer my return, until Monday the 30th, or Tuesday the 31st, of this present month? I

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am never fond of worldly business, and am now particularly disqualified for managing it well: but when once undertaken, I deem it my duty to go through with it, in the best manner I am able.

Dear Mrs. Hussey, yourself, and all the flock of Christ who worship with us at Orange-street, are much and deeply on my heart. And if I, a sinful dying worm, feel such glowing affection for the people of God: oh, with what intenseness must the Almighty Father love those whom he ordained to eternal life, before all worlds; and whom he gave to his Son to save, and for whom he gave up the Son himself to the death of the cross! How astonishingly, also, must Jesus have loved his people, when he consented to discharge their twofold debt of perfect obedience and penal suffering! And how are they loved by the most holy and blessed Spirit of grace, who converts, comforts, sanctifies, and seals them to the day of redemption!

May that threefold love, the threefold cord that can never be broken, be the present and eternal rejoicing of my much valued Mr. and Mrs. Hussey, and of their

Obliged and affectionate servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I hope you had my letter from Sarum, dated the 11th instant. It would rejoice me to have one from you.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Mr. HUSSEY.

EVER DEAR SIR,

GOD's good providence brought me hither, yesterday, early in the afternoon, quite unfatigued by my journey, and rejoicing in spirit before him. It can

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hardly be expected, that so short a time should have any very salutary effect, on complaints so fixed as mine: my voice, however, has been much better to-day, than for three weeks past.

My mind is quite at rest. All my affairs, respecting both this world and a better, are completely settled. My salvation was provided for, in the covenant of grace, from all eternity, and sealed by the finished redemption of my adorable Saviour. My temporal business is all settled to my satisfaction, by the completion of my last will and testament, before I left London. So that I have, at present, nothing to do, but to sing in the ways of the Lord, that great are the glory and the goodness of the Lord.

I am uncertain, whether I shall see Broad-Hembury, late in this week, or early in the next. When you favour and oblige me with a line, be so good as to direct to me, simply, at Broad-Hembury, Honiton.

As an old friend, whom I have not seen for many years, has just now called at Dr. Baker's, in order to see me, I am obliged to be very concise. I shall depend, if the Lord permit, on hearing from you, when I am in Devonshire. And it gives me great happiness, to be able to inform you, that I fully design, with the leave of my heavenly Father, to be in town again, before the last Sunday in this month. God only can tell, how deeply my Christian friends, and the dear people at Orange-street, in particular, dwell upon my heart. May they pray for me, as I also for them. Remember me, most kindly and respectfully, to dear Mrs. Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, of Westminster, and all others who condescend to enquire after the meanest of my Lord's redeemed sinners. I have not room to mention a quarter of the persons, by name, whom I love in the Lord: but all our names are written on his breast.

Adieu, dear sir,

I am, deeply and ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

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AN ANSWER

TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION:

" Whether popular Applause can yield solid Satisfaction to a truly great Mind ?"

REAL greatness of mind includes whatever is noble, worthy, and exalted: of course, independency is essential to it. If the postulatum be granted (and I see not how it can be denied) the next inquiry will be, whether a person, whose satisfaction, in whole or in part, is suspended on the applause of others, can be called an independent man? If he may, it would follow, that greediness of popularity does not infer dependence; if he cannot, it will follow, that a person, who drudges for popular applause, is not possessed of a truly great mind. Add to this, that all motives to public usefulness, which arise from principles merely selfish, are very far from being indicatory of magnanimity. This exalted quality, soaring superior to all the little arts of self-recommendation and personal aggrandizement, shuts self out of the question: and regards only the welfare of others, not their praise. Thus, for instance, a truly patriotic statesman, or a truly conscientious minister of Christ, aims, not at the evanid applause, but at the solid benefit, of those for whom he labours: nay, one actuated by these elevated views, would, to serve mankind substantially, even run the risk of doing good to them against their wills, though he was sure of suffering in their estimation for doing it. Such disinterested benevolence, and such heroic beneficence, are as shining and conclusive marks, as can be given, for a mind truly great. Besides, it puts a truly magnanimous man on too low and despicable a footing, to

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suppose him capable of sinking into the meanest of all pursuits, by commencing an angler for fame, and building any part of his mental happiness on the unstable basis of popular breath. A really great person, does not live, as the cameleon has been vulgarly supposed to do, on air: but on that which will yield sure and solid support, when every exterior happiness fails. The sense of divine favour; universal and disinterested love to mankind; uncorrupt intention; and integrity of action; in a word, the men's conscia recti; are what constitute the felicity of one who deserves the name of man. Add to this, that real magnanimity is absolutely inconsistent with pride. Of all vices, pride is the meanest, and the most truly contemptible. But pride is the very basis of that wretched ambition which terminates in the affectation of applause; consequently, a mind truly great, cannot degenerate into this inverted ambition; unless meanness and magnanimity are terms synonymous. That just praise, which usually attends characters and actions truly great and good, is a deserved consequence of those actions, but ought not to be the motive to performing them. Depraved as mankind are, I yet hope and believe that we have many useful persons, both in the learned, civil, and religious world, who disdain so base a principle of action: and that the love of fame is a passion not quite so universal as a late ingenious satirist imagined. The love of truth, the love of beneficence, and the love of justice; or, in other words, the love of God, and the love of man; are the predominant and exciting principles, in every breast, which genuine greatness warms. I would mention one argument more.

The mind, whose satisfaction is at all founded on popular eclat, must be in itself, extremely fickle; and a mere Proteus, ready, on every occasion, to vary its determinations, and to shape its measures, according to the mutability of the multitude, in order to preserve the applause already gained. A per-

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son under the unhappy influence of so base and paltry a passion, must alter with the times, and swim with the stream, right or wrong; and, like the cameleon just mentioned, assume any colour next him; for fear of losing that estimation, which his past compliances had acquired him. Now, a truly great man can never be a voluntary slave: but the man whose leading passion is love of praise, makes himself a voluntary slave for life: therefore, it is impossible for one, under so despicable a bias, to be a truly great man. To descend from argument, to plain matter of fact. If any person doubts whether popular applause be that unsatisfactory thing which I have described it, he need only go a few miles out of town, to a place called Hayes: and there he will see, with his own eyes, that popular applause, however it may tickle a man's vanity for a while, will, if he has not something more solid for his mind to feed on, leave him, sooner or later, miserable, contemptible, and unsatisfied. I know but of one truly great man, who was a professed lover of popular applause; and that was the illustrious Cicero: but it should be remembered, that that consummate statesman, patriot, and philosopher, flourished in the very dregs of the Roman commonwealth; when public virtue, and public liberty (which will always, at the long run, stand or fall together) were expiring. At such a time, to love Cicero, and to love virtue, to love Cicero and to love liberty, were the same thing. Of this, that most accomplished man could not but be conscious: and it may be, he was ambitious of popular estimation, at the critical time, in hopes of being able, by the credit he sought and deserved, to give a happy turn to the public affairs, and make the scale preponderate in favour of his sinking country: all which, he well knew, it would be impossible for him to effect, by any counsels he could give, or any measures he could take, unless he could previously secure the approbation of the people he wish-

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ed to save: so that Cicero's unbounded thirst of praise seems to have arisen purely and solely from the love he bore to the noblest republic that ever subsisted: and he coveted popularity, not for his own sake, or for any solid satisfaction it yielded to himself as an individual; but, as matters then stood, he considered the acquisition of universal esteem, as the medium to his country's welfare, and the only possible expedient which could retrieve it from the ruin which then threatened, and with which it was soon after actually overwhelmed, notwithstanding the manifold and almost supernatural efforts of that great man to avert the blow.—Or, even supposing that Cicero, with all his philosophy and virtue, had some remains of vanity in him, which he sought to gratify, by standing a perpetual candidate for praise, (which, however, his character and conduct in all other respects, forbid us to believe); yet, even on this hypothesis, it would not follow, that "popular applause can yield solid satisfaction to a truly great mind." For the gratification of vanity is one thing; satisfaction of mind is another. Vanity may be qualified, and yet the mind go unsatisfied: and vice versa. Besides, were it otherwise, we are not to adopt the foibles even of a great man, for they are foils and blemishes, in what character soever they are found. Though, for reasons already hinted, I cannot persuade myself, that Cicero's was mere love of praise: it had the noblest of motives, and was directed to the best of ends. It was founded on love to his country, and a passionate ardour for her preservation. But, admitting the reverse to be probable, it would not follow, that because Cicero, the most shining person heathen antiquity has to boast of, deserved, and, from conciousness of that desert (which we could not justly wonder at, in one who had not the advantage of gospel revelation to humble him) coveted applause; that therefore others have a right to claim the same privilege, since,

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Cicero was so transcendent and peculiar a character, that what was lawful for him to conspire to, would be inexcusable in the rest of mankind. For though succeeding ages will, without doubt, give many millions of men to the world; yet, possibly, no age nor country will ever produce a second Cicero.

AN ANSWER

TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION:

"*Whether a Highwayman or a cheating Tradesman, is the honester Person?*"

I SUPPOSE, most persons will allow, that plain dealing is one very important branch of honesty. Taking this for granted, the next enquiry will be, who is the plain dealer? The highwayman, who openly avows his design, and says to you, frankly and above-board, your money or your life! Or the sharking, shuffling tradesman, who, in a sly clandestine manner, abuses the confidence you repose in him, and cheats you, under the fictitious appearance of a fair dealer? Is not such a person, as much a robber, to all intents and purposes, as the man who privily steals any part of your property out of your dwelling-house, or takes it from you by force on the highway?

Mutual confidence, such as is supposed to obtain between buyer and seller, is one main band of society: and every illicit practice, that tends to render that confidence precarious, is a step toward dissolving those social connections, of which reciprocal confidence is the basis. Here, again, I apprehend, the scale turns in favour of the highwayman. When he presents his pistol at the coach-window (or, it may be, something that looks like one, merely to inspire terror, without even a possibi-

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lity of doing real mischief), he gives you your alternative; he lets you know what you have to expect, in case of refusal. You are not betrayed under a pretext of honesty, but expressly left to your own option, whether you will resign your purse, or stand to the consequence. I grant this to be a breach of the peace, and a breach of integrity: but then it is an open, declared one; and you know what you have to do. And, let it be a breach of what it will beside, it is plainly no breach of trust: confidence is utterly disavowed on both sides: and therefore, though forced to part with some of your money, in order to secure your personal safety, (and he, I think, is a fool who would not), yet you are not cheated of it. And though force of this kind, if universal, would be no less subversive of society than fraud; yet, since by the care of the legislature, instances of the former are infinitely fewer than instances of the latter; going on the highway is not, upon the whole, and as matters now stand, either so general an evil, or so pernicious to the community, as cheating behind a counter.

Add to all this, that, when I exchange my money for some certain commodity in lieu of it, I justly expect, and my tradesman professes to let me have, an equitable equivalent for the money so paid. But if, instead of such an equivalent, there is, in reality, no due proportion between the price I pay, and the article I purchase; I am as much robbed by that insidious salesman, as if he were to stop me on Hounslow heath. I mean not to justify the gentlemen of the road. I am truly sensible, that before a person can take that desperate and unlawful method of repairing his fortune, he must have bid adieu to virtue and be lost to principle; we are not now exculpating villainy, but only weighing and comparing it.

In common life, it is usual to distinguish between theft and robbery. But I apprehend, these, though nominally and circumstantially different, are, in fact, one and the same.

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The man who unjustly deprives another of his property, robs him: and there are but two ways of doing this; either privately or publicly. But, in this case, the thing itself suffers very great alteration from the mode of doing it. I therefore set down the unfair tradesman, and the professed highwayman, for robbers. Only, one conducts his scheme in an open manner; the other adds treachery to dishonesty. Robbery is robbery, either way: if there is any difference, it seems to consist in this: that robbery on the public road, is robbery barefaced; whereas, robbery in a shop, is robbery disguised: which only makes it a worse species of the same genus.

One thing more deserves consideration. There have been instances of men who have robbed others on the highway, and, some years after, sent the persons they robbed, anonymous letters, including bank bills to more than the amount of what they took: thus repaying with interest, what they had formerly borrowed on the heath. But I never yet heard of a cheating tradesman who made the same return to the customers he had defrauded: and, indeed, if a tradesman of that stamp were afterwards to act on this noble principle of recoiling integrity, he would have enough to do, and, after all his unjust gains, have little or nothing to bequeath to his own family. However, as the instances of reimbursing the party robbed are rare; and as general conclusions cannot be formed from particular premises, I lay no great stress on the last observation: but for the reasons alleged before, I must, and do give it as my opinion, that though the cheating tradesman and the highway robber are both rogues, and great ones; yet that, upon the whole, the highwayman is the honester rogue of the two. And as, of two evils, prudence bids us choose the least; so, of two villains, justice tells us, that the least is to be preferred.

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POEMS

ON

SACRED SUBJECTS,

WHEREIN THE

FUNDAMENTAL DOCTRINES OF CHRISTIANITY,

WITH

MANY OTHER INTERESTING POINTS,

ARE OCCASIONALLY INTRODUCED.

WRITTEN BETWEEN FIFTEEN AND EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

En, sanctos Manibus punset sumeret
Ignes Vestatem se Musa facit; bene libera
Curis Libera Deliciisque, Jocisque et Amore profano.

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PREFACE.

THE following Pieces are not recommended to the patronage of the Public, on account of any excellency in themselves, but merely for the importance of their subjects: for, however defective the superstructure may be, its foundation is unquestionably good. All the doctrines here advanced, deducing their authority from the sacred scriptures, and their faithful epitome, the homilies, and articles of the established church.

That the dignity of truths so momentous, might be impaired as little as possible by the manner of expressing them, they are often introduced in the very words of the inspired writers, and our venerable reformers; as every reader, who is intimate with the invaluable Books just mentioned, cannot fail of observing.

Since all the essentials of religion are comprised in these two, sound faith, and a suitable course of obedience, every thing that may give offence to Christians dissenting from each other in points merely indifferent, is studiously avoided, and no particular tenets any where struck at, except one or two, which apparently tend to invalidate the authority of Revelation, and, by consequence, to subvert the whole system of Christianity.

The Author wishes it was in his power to do justice to the sublime doctrines here treated of; but, until death is swallowed up in victory, the glorious privileges and ineffable benefits redounding to believers from the manifestation of God in the flesh, cannot be perfectly conceived, much less properly expressed.

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Lest a continued sameness should pall, and want of method confuse the reader, the metre is occasionally varied, and the whole presents itself to his view, digested as follows:

I. Petitionary Hymns.
II. Hymns of Praise.
III. Paraphrases on some Select Portions of Holy Writ.
IV. A few Pieces occasioned by the Death of Friends. And,

Lastly, several Pieces, not properly referable to any of the preceding Heads, thrown together by way of Appendix.

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PETITIONARY HYMNS.

Te Mente purâ et simplici
Te Voce te Cantu pio,
Rogare curvato genu,
Flendo et canendo discimus. PRUDENTIUS.

"Oratio est Oris Ratio, per quam intimæ Cordis
Nostri manifestamus Deo."

POEM I.

1 REFINING Fuller, make me clean,
On me thy costly pearl bestow:
Thou art thyself the pearl I prize,
The only joy I seek below.

2 Disperse the clouds that damp my soul,
And make my heart unfit for thee:
Cast me not off, but seal me now
Thine own peculiar property.

3 Look on the wounds of Christ for me,
My sentence graciously reprieve:
Extend thy peaceful sceptre, Lord,
And bid the dying traitor live.

4 Tho' I've transgress'd the rules prescrib'd,
And dar'd the justice I adore,
Yet let thy smiling mercy say,
Depart in peace, and sin no more.

POEM II. *At entering into the Church.*

1 FATHER of love, to thee I bend
My heart, and lift mine eyes;
O let my pray'r and praise ascend
As odours to the skies.

2 Thy pard'ning voice I come to hear,
To know thee as thou art:

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Thy ministers can reach the ear,
But thou must touch the heart.
3 O stamp me in thy heav'nly mould,
And grant thy word apply'd
May bring forth fruit an hundred fold
And speak me justify'd.

POEM III. *When Service is ended.*

1 LORD, let me not thy courts depart,
Nor quit thy mercy-seat,
Before I feel thee in my heart,
And there the Saviour meet.
2 Water the seed in weakness sown,
And ever more improve:
Make me a garden of thine own,
May ev'ry flow'r be love!
3 O send my soul in peace away;
For both my Lord hath bought:
And let my heart, exulting, say,
I've found the pearl I sought!

POEM IV. *For the Morning.*

1 JESUS, by whose grace I live,
From the fear of evil kept,
Thou hast lengthen'd my reprieve,
Held in being while I slept.
With the day my heart renew;
Let me wake thy will to do.
2 Since the last revolving dawn
Scatter'd the nocturnal cloud,
O how many souls have gone,
Unprepar'd, to meet their God!
Yet thou dost prolong my breath,
Nor hast seal'd my eyes in death.
3 O that I may keep thy word,
Taught by thee to watch and pray!
To thy service, dearest Lord,
Sanctify th' present day:

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Swift its fleeting moments haste:
Doom'd, perhaps, to be my last.
4 Crucify'd to all below,
Earth shall never be my care;
Wealth and honour I forego,
This my only wish and care,
Thine in life and death to be,
Now and to eternity.

POEM V. *For the Evening.*

1 God of love, whose truth and grace
Reach unbounded as the skies,
Hear thy creature's feeble praise,
Let my ev'ning sacrifice
Mount as incense to thy throne,
On the merits of thy Son.
2 Me thy providence has led
Through another busy day:
Over me thy wings were spread,
Chasing sin and death away:
Thou hast been my faithful shield,
Thou my footsteps hast upheld.
3 Tho' the sable veil of night
Hides the cheering face of heav'n,
Let me triumph in the sight
Of my guilt in thee forgiv'n,
In my heart the witness feel,
See the great invisible.
4 I will lay me down to sleep,
Sweetly take my rest in thee,
Ev'ry moment brought a step
Nearer to eternity:
I shall soon from earth ascend,
Quickly reach my journey's end.
5 All my sins imputed were
To my dear, incarnate God;
Bury'd in his grave they are,
Drown'd in his atoning blood:

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Me thou wilt not now condemn,
Righteous and complete in him.
6 In the Saviour's right I claim
All the blessings he hath bought;
For my soul the dying Lamb
Hath a full redemption wrought;
Heaven through his desert is mine;
Christ's I am, and Christ is thine!

POEM VI. *There is Mercy with Thee.*

1 LORD, should'st thou weigh my righteousness,
Or mark what I have done amiss,
How should thy servant stand?
Tho' others might, yet surely I
Must hide my face, nor dare to cry
For mercy at thy hand.
2 But thou art loth thy bolts to shoot;
Backward and slow to execute
The vengeance due to me:
Thou dost not willingly reprove,
For all the mild effects of love
Are center'd, Lord, in thee.
3 Shine, then, thou all subduing light,
The powers of darkness put to flight,
Nor from me ever part:
From earth to heaven be thou my guide,
And O, above each gift beside,
Give me an upright heart.

POEM VII. *In Sickness.*

1 JESUS, since I with thee am one,
Confirm my soul in thee,
And still continue to tread down
The man of sin in me.
2 Let not the subtle foe prevail
In this my feeble hour:
Frustrate all the hopes of hell,
Redeem from Satan's pow'r.

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3 Arm me, O Lord, from head to foot
With righteousness divine;
My soul in Jesus firmly root,
And seal the Saviour mine.
4 Proportion'd to my pains below,
O let my joys increase,
And mercy to my spirit flow
In healing streams of peace.
5 In life and death be thou my God,
And I am more than safe:
Chastis'd by thy paternal rod,
Support me with thy staff.
6 Lay on me, Saviour, what thou wilt,
But give me strength to bear:
Thy gracious hand this cross hath dealt,
Which cannot be severe.
7 As gold refin'd may I come out,
In sorrow's furnace try'd;
Preserv'd from faithlessness and doubt,
And fully purify'd.
8 When, overwhelm'd with sore distress,
Out of the pit I cry,
On Jesus suffering in my place
Help me to fix mine eye.
9 When (*a*) marr'd with tears and blood and sweat,
The glorious sufferer lay,
And in my stead, sustain'd the heat
And burthen of the day,
10 The pangs which my weak nature knows
Are swallow'd up in thine:
How numberless thy pond'rous woes!
How few, how light are mine!
11 O might I learn of thee to bear
Temptation, pain and loss!
Give me a heart inur'd to prayer,
And fitted to the cross.

(*a*) Referring to his agony in the garden.

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12 Make me, O Lord, thy patient son;
Thy language mine shall be:
"Father, thy gracious will be done,
I take the cup from thee."
13 While thus my soul is fix'd on him
Once fasten'd to the wood,
Safe shall I pass through Jordan's stream,
And reach the realms of God.
14 And when my soul mounts up to keep
With thee the marriage feast,
I shall not die, but fall asleep
On my Redeemer's breast.

POEM VIII. John xiv. 17. *He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*

1 Saviour, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quick'ning Spirit give,
The unction from above;
Show me, Lord, how good thou art,
My soul with all thy fulness fill:
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.
2 Dead in sin, 'till then I lie,
Bereft of pow'r, to rise;
'Till thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies:
Now the mighty gift impart,
My sin erase, my pardon seal;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.
3 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my ev'ry deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my ev'ry lust depart,
And with me O vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

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4 Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, thy pure abode;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
That I'm a child of God:
Lord, I choose the better part,
Jesus, I wait thy peace to feel;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.
5 Whom the world cannot receive,
O manifest in me:
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live in thee.
Now impute thy whole desert,
Restore the joy from which I fell:
Breathe the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

POEM IX. *On War.*

1 Great God, whom heav'n and earth and sea,
With all their countless hosts, obey,
Upheld by whom the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command:
2 Beneath thy long suspended ire
Let papal antichrist expire;
Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
'Till ev'ry nation bows to thee.
3 Then show thyself the prince of peace,
Make ev'ry hostile effort cease;
All with thy sacred love inspire,
And burn their chariots in the fire.
4 In sunder break each warlike spear;
Let all the Saviour's liv'ry wear;
The universal Sabbath prove,
The utmost rest of Christian love!
5 The world shall then no discord know,
But hand in hand to Canaan go,
Jesus, the peaceful king adore,
And learn the art of war no more.

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POEM X. *Desiring to be given up to God.*

1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And lov'd thee with a perfect love!
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!
Jesus remove th' impending load,
And set my soul on fire for God!

2 Thou seest I dwell in awful night
Until thou in my heart appear;
Kindle the flame, O Lord, and light
Thine everlasting candle there:
Thy presence puts the shadows by;
If thou art gone, how dark am I!

3 Ah! Lord, how should thy servant see,
Unless thou give me seeing eyes?
Well may I fall, if out of thee;
If out of thee, how should I rise?
I wander, Lord, without thy aid,
And lose my way in midnight's shade.

4 Thy bright, unerring light afford,
A light that gives the sinner hope;
And from the house of bondage, Lord,
O bring the weary captive up;
Thine hand alone can set me free,
And reach my pardon out to me.

5 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
With eye-salve, Lord, anoint the blind,
And seal me thine adopted son:
A fallen, helpless creature take,
And heir of thy salvation make.

POEM XI. Mat. viii. 25. *Lord, save us, we perish.*

1 PILOT of the soul, awake,
Save us for thy mercies sake;
Now rebuke the angry deep,
Save, O save thy sinking ship!

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2 Stand at the helm, our vessel steer,
Mighty on our side appear;
Saviour, teach us to descry
Where the rocks and quicksands lie.
3 The waves shall impotently roll,
If thou'rt the anchor of the soul:
At thy word the winds shall cease,
Storms be hush'd to perfect peace.
4 Be thou our haven of retreat,
A rock to fix our wav'ring feet;
Teach us to own thy sov'reign sway,
Whom the winds and seas obey.

POEM XII. *O that my ways were made so direct*, &c.

1 O THAT my ways were made so strait,
And that the lamp of faith
Would, as a star, direct my feet
Within the narrow path!
2 O that thy strength might enter now,
And in my heart abide,
To make me as a faithful bow
That never starts aside!
3 O that I all to Christ were giv'n,
(From sin and earth set free)
Who kindly laid aside his heav'n,
And gave himself for me!
4 Not more the panting hart desires
The cool refreshing stream,
Than my dry, thirsty soul aspires
At being one with him.
5 Set up thine image in my heart;
Thy temple let me be,
Bid every idol now depart
That fain would rival thee.
6 Still keep me in the heav'nly path;
Bestow the inward light;
And lead me by the hand till faith
Is ripen'd into sight.

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POEM XIII.

1 Father, to thee in Christ I fly,
What tho' my sins of crimson dye
For thy resentment call?
My crimes he did on Calv'ry bear,
The blood that flow'd for sinners there
Shall cleanse me from them all.
2 Spirit divine, thy pow'r bring in,
O raise me from this depth of sin,
Take off my guilty load:
Now let me live through Jesus' death,
And being justified by faith,
May I have peace with God!
3 Foul as I am, deserving hell,
Thou can'st not from thy throne repel
A soul that leans on God:
My sins, at thy command, shall be
Cast as a stone into the sea——
The sea of Jesu's blood.

POEM XIV.

1 Supreme high priest, the pilgrim's light,
My heart for thee prepare,
Thine image stamp, and deeply write
Thy superscription there.
2 Ah! let my forehead bear thy seal,
My arm thy badge retain,
My heart the inward witness feel
That I am born again!
3 Thy peace, O Saviour, shed abroad,
That ev'ry want supplies:
Then from its guilt my soul, renew'd,
Shall, phœnix like, arise.
4 Into thy humble mansion come,
Set up thy dwelling here:
Possess my heart, and leave no room
For sin to harbour there.

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5 Ah! give me, Lord, the single eye,
Which aims at nought but thee:
I fain would live, and yet not I——
Let Jesus live in me.
6 Like Noah's dove, no rest I find
But in thy ark of peace:
Thy cross the balance of my mind,
Thy wounds my hiding-place.
7 In vain the tempter spreads the snare,
If thou my keeper art:
Get thee behind me, God is near,
My Saviour takes my part!
8 On him my spirit I recline,
Who put my nature on;
His light shall in my darkness shine,
And guide me to his throne.
9 O that the penetrating sight,
And eagle's eye were mine!
Undazzled at the boundless light,
I'd see his glory shine!
10 Ev'n now, by faith, I see him live
To crown the conqu'ring few;
Nor let me linger here, but strive
To gain the prize in view.
11 Add, Saviour, to the eagle's eye,
The dove's aspiring wing,
To bear me upwards to the sky,
Thy praises there to sing!

POEM XV. *Self Dedication.*

1 Jesus, my Saviour, fill my heart
With nothing else but thee;
Now thy saving pow'r exert,
And more than conquer me:
Each intruding rival kill,
That hinders or obstructs thy reign;
All thy glorious might reveal,
And make me pure within.

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2 Through my soul in mercy shine,
Thine holy Spirit give;
Let him witness, Lord, with mine,
That I in Jesus live;
Set me free from Satan's load,
The gift of liberty dispense,
In my heart O shed abroad
Thy quick'ning influence.
3 Let the gifts bestow'd on me,
Live to thy praise alone;
Lord, the talents lent by thee
Are thine, and not my own:
May I in thy service spend
All the graces thou hast given,
Taken up, when time shall end,
To live and reign in heav'n.

POEM XVI. *In Temptation.*

1 Compass'd by the foe, on thee
Feebly I presume to call;
Get thyself the victory,
Hold me and I shall not fall:
On thy creature mercy show,
Thine I am by purchase too.
2 Guard of my defenceless heart,
Wherefore hidest thou thy face?
Mercy's fountain head thou art,
Ever full of truth and grace:
Quell the roaring lion's pow'r,
Father, save me from this hour.
3 Sun of righteousness arise,
Shed thy blissful rays on me;
Kindly listen to my cries,
Try'd by him who tempted thee:
Thou my helpless soul defend,
Keep me blameless to the end.
4 Rise in vengeance from thy seat,
Jesus, Lord, make haste to save:
Me, to sift my soul as wheat,
Satan hath desired to have:

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Let him not too far prevail,
Suffer not my faith to fail,
5 Try'd, afflicted, and distrest
By temptation's searching flame,
Tho', beneath its load oppress,
Now in heaviness I am;
I shall soon at freedom be,
More than conqueror in thee.
6 This affliction shall work out,
(Light and transient as it is)
When I am to Sion brought,
Everlasting joy and peace:
Here but for a moment try'd,
There for ever glorified.

POEM XVII.

1 O MAY I never rest
'Till I find rest in thee;
'Till of my pardon here possest,
I feel thy love to me!
Unseal my dark'ned eyes,
My fetter'd feet unbind;
The lame shall, when thou say'st "arise,"
Run swifter than the hind.
2 O draw the alien near,
Bend the obdurate neck,
O melt the flint into a tear,
And teach the dumb to speak:
Turn not thy face away,
Thy look can make me clean;
Me in thy wedding robe array,
And cover all my sin.
3 Tell me, my God, for whom
Thy precious blood was shed;
For sinners? Lord as such I come,
For such the Saviour bled:
Then raise a fallen wretch,
Display thy grace in me;
I am not out of mercy's reach,
Nor too far gone for thee.

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4 Thou quickly wilt forgive,
My Lord will not delay;
Jesus, to thee the time I leave,
And wait th' accepted day:
I now rejoice in hope
That I shall be made clean:
Thy grace shall surely lift me up
Above the reach of sin.
5 Hast thou not dy'd for me,
And call'd me from below?
O help me to lay hold on thee,
And ne'er to let thee go!
Though on the billows tost
My Saviour I'll pursue:
A while submit to bear his cross,
Then share his glory too.

POEM XVIII.

1 From Justice's consuming flame,
Saviour, I fly to thee:
O look not on me as I am,
But as I fain would be.
2 Deserted in the way I lie,
No cure for me is found;
Thou good Samaritan, pass by,
And bind up ev'ry wound.
3 O may I, in the final day,
At thy right hand appear!
Take thou my sins out of the way,
Who did'st the burthen bear.
4 What though the fiery serpent's bite
Hath poison'd ev'ry vein——
I'll not despair, but keep in sight
The wounds of Jesus slain.
5 My soul thou wilt from death retrieve,
For sorrow grant me joy;
Thy pow'r is mightier to save
Than Satan's to destroy.

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POEM XIX. *After being surprised into Sin.*

1 Ah! Give me Lord myself to see,
Against myself to watch and pray,
How weak am I, when left by thee,
How frail, how apt to fall away;
If but a moment thou withdraw,
That moment sees me break thy law.

2 Jesus, the sinner's only trust,
Let me now feel thy grace infus'd;
Ah! raise a captive from the dust,
Nor break a reed already bruis'd!
Visit me, Lord, in peace again,
Nor let me seek thy face in vain.

3 O gracious Lord, now let me find
Peace and salvation in thy name;
Be thou the eye-sight of the blind,
The staff and ancles of the lame;
My lifter up whene'er I fall,
My strength, my portion, and my all.

4 Let thy meek mind descend on me,
Thy holy Spirit from above:
Assist me, Lord, to follow thee,
Drawn by th' endearing cords of love;
Made perfect by thy cleansing blood,
Completely sav'd and born of God.

POEM XX. *Christ the Light of his People.*

1 I lift my heart and eyes to thee,
Jesus, thou unextinguish'd light:
My lanthorn, guide, and leader be,
My cloud by day, my fire by night.

2 Glory of Israel, shine within,
Unshadow'd, uneclips'd appear;
O let thy beams dispel my sin,
Direct me by a friendly star.

3 The world a maze and lab'rinth is,
Be thou my thread and faithful clue;
Thy kingdom and thy righteousness
The only objects I pursue.

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4 Light of the Gentiles, thee I hail!
Essential light, thyself impart!
Spirit of light his face reveal;
And set thy signet on my heart.
5 Thy office is t' enlighten man,
And point him to the heav'nly prize;
The hidden things of God t' explain,
And chase th' darkness from our eyes.
6 Show me I have the better part,
The treasure hid with Christ in God;
Give me a perfect peace of heart,
And pardon through my Saviour's blood.

POEM XXI.

1 CHAIN'D to the world, to sin ty'd down,
In darkness still I lie;
Lord, break my bonds, Lord, give me wings,
And teach me how to fly.
2 Instruct my feeble hands to war,
In me thy strength reveal,
To put my ev'ry lust to death,
And fight thy battles well.
3 Rend ev'ry veil that shades thy face,
Put on thine helmet, Lord;
My sin shall fall, my guilt expire,
Beneath thy conqu'ring sword.
4 Thou art the mighty God of hosts,
Whose counsels never fail;
Be thou my glorious chief, and then
I cannot but prevail.

POEM XXII.

1 O WHEN will thou my Saviour be,
O when shall I be clean,
The true, eternal sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin!
Jesus, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from my heart
I look for rest in vain.

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2 The consolations of thy word,
My soul hath long upheld,
The faithful promise of the Lord,
Shall surely be fulfill'd:
I look to my incarnate God,
'Till he his work begin;
And wait 'till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.
3 His great salvation I shall know,
And perfect liberty:
Onward to sin he cannot go,
Whoe'er abides in thee;
Added to the Redeemer's fold,
I shall in him rejoice:
I all his glory shall behold,
And hear my shepherd's voice.
4 O that I now the voice might hear,
That speaks my sins forgiv'n;
His word is pass'd to give me here
The inward pledge of heav'n:
His blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify th' unclean;
The grace that saves from future hell,
Shall save from present sin.

POEM XXIII.

1 JESUS thy light impart
And lead me in thy path;
I have an unbelieving heart,
But thou canst give me faith.
2 The work in me fulfil,
Which mercy hath begun;
I have a proud rebellious will,
But thou canst melt it down.
3 Sin on my heart is wrote,
I am throughout impure;
But my disease, O Lord, is not
Too hard for thee to cure.

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4 The darkness of my mind,
Lies open to thy sight;
Jesus, I am, by nature, blind,
But thou canst give me light.
5 Send down thy Holy Ghost,
To cleanse and fill with peace;
For O, mine inward parts thou know'st
Are very wickedness.
6 Thy love all power hath,
Its power in me exert;
And give me living active faith,
That purifies the heart.
7 Unrival'd reign within,
My only sovereign be,
O crucify the man of sin,
And form thyself in me,
8 Thy blood's renewing might,
Can make the foulest clean;
Can wash the Ethiopian white,
And change the leopard's skin.
9 That, Lord, can bring me nigh,
And wipe my sins away;
Can lift my abject soul on high,
And call me into day.
10 Fulfil thy gracious word,
And show my guilt forgiv'n:
Bid me embrace my dying Lord,
And mount with him to heav'n.

POEM XXIV. *The Christian's Wish.*

1 Empty'd of earth I fain would be,
The world, myself, and all but thee;
Only reserv'd for Christ that dy'd,
Surrender'd to be crucify'd.
2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
For heav'n alone my heart prepare,
And have my conversation there.

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3 O may I the Redeemer trace,
Invested with his righteousness!
This path, untir'd, I will pursue,
Nor slack while Jesus is in view.
4 Nothing save Jesus may I know,
My Father and companion thou!
Lord, take my heart, assert my right,
And put all other loves to flight.
5 My idols tread beneath thy feet,
And enter'd, once, maintain thy seat;
Let Dagon fall before thy face,
The ark remaining in its place.
6 O lend me now a two-edg'd sword,
To slay my sins before the Lord;
With Abraham's knife, before thine eyes,
Each favourite Isaac sacrifice.

POEM XXV. [*Before Meat*] 1 Cor. x. 31.

1 Lord, we invite thee here,
Vouchsafe to be our guest;
Jesus, do thou appear
The master of the feast:
Thy quick'ning presence let us prove,
And banquet on thy hidden love.
2 With manna from on high
Feed thine inheritance,
And come and sanctify
Our outward sustenance:
With it the inward food be giv'n,
The bread of life, the wine of heav'n.

POEM XXVI. *For the Morning.*

1 My soul, canst thou no higher rise,
To meet thy God, than this?
Yet, Lord, accept my sacrifice,
Defective as it is.
2 Tune all my organs to thy praise,
And psalmist's muse impart;
And, with thy penetrating rays,
O melt my frozen heart.

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3 Give me thyself the only good,
And ever with me stay;
Whose faithful mercies are renew'd,
With each returning day.
4 Ah! guide me with a Father's eye,
Nor from my soul depart;
But let the day-star from on high
Illuminate my heart.
5 This day preserve me without sin,
Unspotted in thy ways;
And hear me, while I usher in
The welcome dawn with praise.
6 Far as the East from West remove
Each earthly, vain desire,
And raise me on the wings of love,
'Till I can mount no higher.

POEM XXVII. *For the Evening.*

1 Thou unexhausted mine of bliss,
From whence all comforts flow;
Inspire me with that perfect peace,
Which only Christians know.
2 The curtains of thy love extend
Around my calm abode,
As I began, so may I end
My ev'ry day with God.
3 My life unhurt thine hand hath kept,
Accept the praise I pay;
For all the dangers I've escap'd,
And mercies of the day.
4 Far, far away the tempter chace,
My soul from terror keep;
Let angels fill this hallow'd place,
And guard me as I sleep.
5 O wash out ev'ry sin whereby,
This day, I have transgress'd;
And seal my pardon ere I give
My slumb'ring eye-lids rest.

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6 Prepare me for the bed of death,
Be that my hourly thought,
That when I yield my latest breath,
I may be found with God.

POEM XXVIII. *He is the propitiation of our Sins.*

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffer'd once for me.
2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."
4 The King of terrors then would be,
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclog'd by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
To everlasting day.

POEM XXIX. Hab. ii. 14. *For the Earth shall be filled,* &c.

1 BRING the kingdom, Lord, make haste,
Bring on the glorious day,
From the greatest to the least,
When all shall own thy sway:

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When the convert world, with grief,
Shall see the error of their ways,
Lay aside their unbelief,
And yield unto thy grace.

2 In thy gospel chariot, Lord,
Drive through earth's utmost bound;
Spread the odour of thy word
Through all the nations round:
Fill the darken'd earth with light,
Thine own victorious cause advance;
Take the heathen as the right
Of thine inheritance.

3 In our day expose to view,
The standard of the Lamb;
Bid the nations flock thereto,
Who never knew thy name:
Let them quit the downward road,
Compell'd thy gospel to receive;
Turn'd from Satan unto God,
With one consent believe.

POEM XXX.

1 Redeemer, whither should I flee,
Or how escape the wrath to come?
The weary sinner flies to thee
For shelter from impending doom:
Smile on me, gracious Lord, and show
Thyself the friend of sinners now.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy cross,
The heavy laden soul finds rest:
Let me esteem the world as dross,
So I may be of Christ possess'd!
I borrow ev'ry joy from thee,
For thou art life and light to me.

3 Close to my Saviour's bloody tree,
My soul, untir'd, shall ever cleave;
Both scourg'd and crucified with thee,
With Christ resolved to die and live.
My pray'r, my grand ambition this,
Living and dying to be his.

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4 O nail me to the sacred wood,
There hold me by the Spirit's chain,
There seal me with thy fast'ning blood,
Nor ever let me loose again:
There may I bow my suppliant knee,
And own no other Lord but thee!

POEM XXXI.

1 LORD, stand not off, come nearer still,
Illuminate my darken'd soul,
Renew my heart, correct my will,
Make the polluted leper whole.
2 Behold my struggles, Lord, and set
My sin-bound soul at liberty:
Give me thine hand to break the net,
And bid the fetter'd slave be free.
3 My own desert I cannot plead,
My purest silver is but dross:
Let Jesus' merits intercede,
O nail my errors to the cross.
4 Fain would I mount to thee my crown,
And gain the realms of endless light;
But fett'ring earth still keeps me down,
And sin impediates my flight.
5 Father to me impart thy bread,
To me thine healing manna give;
On life eternal let me feed,
That my diseased soul may live.
6 Unworthy to intreat thy grace,
Unworthier still thy grace t' obtain,
I plead my surety's righteousness,
Nor shall my plea be urg'd in vain.

POEM XXXII. *Where two or three are gathered together in my name,* &c.

1 JESUS, God of love attend,
From thy glorious throne descend;
Answer now some waiting heart,
Now some harden'd soul convert:

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To our advocate we fly,
Let us feel Emanuel nigh;
Manifest thy love abroad,
Make us now the sons of God.

2 Hover round us, King of kings,
Rise with healing in thy wings;
Melt our obstinacy down,
Cause us to become thine own:
Set, O set the captives free,
Draw our backward souls to thee;
Let us all from thee receive
Light to see and life to live.

3 Prostrate at thy mercy seat
Let us our beloved meet;
Give us in thyself a part,
Deep engraven on thine heart:
Let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
Bid the broken bones rejoice;
Condemnation do away,
O make this the happy day!

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Join to seek and save the lost:
Raise some sinner to thy throne,
Add a jewel to thy crown!
Are we not, without thy light,
Darken'd with Egyptian night?
Light of light, thy pow'r exert,
Lighten each benighted heart!

5 Prayer can mercy's door unlock;
Open, Lord, to us that knock!
Us the heirs of glory seal,
With thy benediction fill:
Holy Spirit, make us his,
Visit ev'ry soul in peace;
Give our vanquish'd hearts to say,
Love divine has won the day!

6 Give the heavy laden rest,
Christ make known in ev'ry breast:
Void of thee we quickly die,
Turn our sackcloth into joy:

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Witness all our sins forgiv'n,
Grant on earth a glimpse of heav'n;
Bring the joyful tidings down,
Fit us for our future crown.

7 Let us chaunt melodious hymns,
Loud as those of cherubims;
Join with heart and tongue to bless
Christ our strength and righteousness:
All our praise to him belongs,
Theme of our sublimest songs;
Object of our choicest love,
Thee we laud with hosts above.

8 Thee we hail with joint acclaim,
Shout the glories of thy name;
Ever may we feel thee thus,
Dear Immanuel, God with us!
Prince of peace, thy people see,
All our thanks we aim at thee;
Deign our tribute to receive,
Praise is all we have to give.

POEM XXXIII.

1 Come from on high, my King and God,
My confidence thou art;
Display the virtue of thy blood,
And circumcise my heart.

2 From heav'n, thy holy place, on me
Descend in mercy down;
Water of life, I thirst for thee,
To know thee for my own.

3 Rend, O rend the guilty veil,
That keeps me from my God;
Remove the bar, and let me feel
That I am thine abode.

4 O might this worthless heart of mine
The Saviour's temple be!
Empty'd of ev'ry love but thine,
And shut to all but thee!

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POEM XXXIV. *I know that in my flesh dwelleth no good thing.*

1 Lord, is not all from thee?
Is not all fulness thine?
Whate'er of good there is in me,
O Lord, is none of mine.

2 Each holy tendency
Did not thy mercy give?
And what, O Saviour, what have I
That I did not receive?

3 I cannot speak a word,
Or think a thought that's good,
But what proceedeth from the Lord;
And cometh forth from God.

4 Jesus, I know full well,
What my best actions are:
They'd sink my grievous soul to hell,
If unrefin'd they were.

5 Myself and all I do,
O sprinkle with thy blood;
Renew me, Saviour, ere I go,
To stand before my God.

6 I of myself have nought,
That can his justice please;
Not one right word, nor act, nor thought,
But what I owe to grace.

POEM XXXV. *Refuge in the righteousness of Christ.*

1 From thy supreme tribunal, Lord,
Where justice sits severe,
I to thy mercy seat appeal,
And beg forgiveness there.

2 Tho' I have sinn'd before the throne,
My advocate I see:
Jesus, be thou my Judge, and let
My sentence come from thee.

3 Lo, weary to thy cross I fly,
There let me shelter find:

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Lord, when thou call'st thy ransom'd home,
O leave me not behind!

4 I joyfully embrace thy love
To fallen man reveal'd;
My hope of glory, dearest Lord,
On thee alone I build.

5 The law was satisfy'd by him
Who flesh for me was made:
Its penalty he underwent,
Its precepts he obey'd.

6 Desert and all self-righteousness
I utterly forego;
My robe of everlasting bliss,
My wedding garment thou!

7 The spotless Saviour liv'd for me,
And dy'd upon the Mount:
Th' obedience of his life and death
Is plac'd to my account.

8 Canst thou forget that awful hour,
That sad, tremendous scene,
When thy dear blood on Calvary
Flow'd out at ev'ry vein?

9 No, Saviour, no; thy wounds are fresh,
Ev'n now they intercede;
Still, in effect, for guilty man
Incessantly they bleed.

10 Thine ears of mercy still attend
A contrite sinner's cries,
A broken heart, that groans for God,
Thou never wilt despise.

11 O love incomprehensible,
That made thee bleed for me!
The Judge of all hath suffer'd death
To set his prisoner free!

POEM XXXVI. *For Pardon of Sin.*

1 JESUS, thy feet I will not leave,
Till I the precious gift receive,
The purchas'd pearl possess:

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Impart it, gracious Lord, while I
With supplications humblest cry,
Invest the throne of grace.
2 Baptize me with the Holy Ghost;
Make this the day of Pentecost,
Wherein my soul may prove,
Thy Spirit's sweet renewing pow'r,
And show me in this happy hour,
The riches of thy love.
3 Thou canst not always hide thy face,
Thou wilt at last my soul embrace,
Thou yet will make me clean:
My God, is there not room for me?
I'll wait with patience, Lord, on thee,
'Till thou shalt take me in.
4 Remember, Lord, that Jesus bled,
That Jesus bow'd his dying head,
And sweated bloody sweat:
He bore thy wrath and curse for me
In his own body on the tree,
And more than paid my debt.
5 Surely he hath my pardon bought,
A perfect righteousness wrought out
His people to redeem:
O that his righteousness might be
By grace imputed now to me:
As were my sins to him.

POEM XXXVII.

1 Thou Sun of righteousness arise,
Shine glorious morning star,
Enlighten my benighted soul,
And make the Ethiop fair.
Confus'd and blind tho' now I am,
And prone to go astray,
Bid me receive my sight, and I
Shall clearly see my way.
2 The captive, at thy word, shall be
From ev'ry chain releas'd;

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The broken heart shall sing for joy,
The troubled sea shall rest:
Enflame me with a ray of heav'n,
Pure fervent love inspire;
And let thy dove-like spirit aid
And fan the holy fire.

3 Be thou my light, for light thou art,
O crucify each doubt;
Sweep ev'ry corner of my heart,
And turn the tempter out:
Let not my hopes be overcast
With shadows of despair;
Dart through my soul thy quick'ning beams,
And build an altar there.

4 Redeem me from temptation's rage,
Break down the holds of sin;
Give me to stand in crooked ways,
And keep my garments clean:
Transplant me, Saviour, from my self,
And graft me into thee;
Then shall the grain of mustard-seed
Spring up into a tree.

POEM XXXVIII. Phil. ii. 5. *Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.*

1 Lord I feel a carnal mind
That hangs about me still,
Vainly tho' I strive to bind
My own rebellious will;
Is not haughtiness of heart
The gulf between my God and me?
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

2 Fain would I my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bid me do,
And think as Jesus thought:
But 'tis thou must change my heart,
The perfect gift must come from thee:

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Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

3 Lord, I cannot, must not rest,
'Till I thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And all thy mildness gain;
Give me, Lord, thy gentle heart,
Thy lowly mind my portion be:
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

4 Let thy cross my will controul;
Conform me to my guide;
In thine image mould my soul,
And crucify my pride;
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
A heart that always looks to thee:
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

5 Tear away my ev'ry boast,
My stubborn mind abase;
Saviour, fix my only trust
In thy redeeming grace:
Give me a submissive heart,
From pride and self dependance free;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

POEM XXXIX. *For all the Mind of Christ.*

1 Hail, faultless model, sinless guide,
In whom no blame was seen!
Able thou wert, and none beside,
To ransom guilty men.

2 I want my happiness below
In thee alone to find;
Surely thou wilt on me bestow
Thy pure, thy heav'nly mind!

3 Active for God I fain would be,
And do my work assign'd:
Jesus, look down, implant in me,
Thy zealous, fervent mind!

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4 While here, it was thy constant aim
To benefit mankind:
O give me, dear redeeming Lamb,
Thy loving, gracious mind!
5 Stiff is my neck, and proud my heart,
Unbroken, unresign'd:
When wilt thou, blessed Lord, impart
Thy patient, humble mind!
6 My sins how slowly do I leave,
To earthly things inclin'd!
But wean me, Lord, and let me have
Thy self-denying mind!
7 O might I walk with faithful heed,
And look no more behind,
Possess'd of what I chiefly need,
Thy serious steady mind!
8 Still may my ev'ry grace increase,
'Till I in heaven appear:
On earth like thee in holiness,
Like thee in glory there.

POEM XL. *For Pardon.*

1 Now, Lord, the purchas'd pardon give,
Nor e'er the grant revoke,
But bend my stiff obdurate neck
Beneath thine easy yoke.
2 O might I, as a faithful sheep,
My shepherd ne'er forsake!
O might I now for heav'n set out,
And never more turn back!
3 Christ, in his resurrection's pow'r,
Within my heart reveal:
Forgive my deep revoltings, Lord,
And my forgiveness seal.
4 Thou only hast the words of life,
My spirit upward draw,
Me to thy kingdom, Lord, instruct,
And teach me in thy law.

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5 Apollos waters but in vain,
Paul plants without success;
The prophets' labours fruitless are
Except thou give increase.

POEM XLI. *The Same.*

1 Should'st thou be strict to mark our faults,
Who could acquitted be?
Who, unrenewed, could stand the search,
Or bear the scrutiny?
2 Lord, at thy feet I meekly fall,
Held in contrition's chain:
Thy gracious hand that cast me down,
Shall raise me up again.
3 O speak the word, thy servant hears,
Pronounce me pardon'd now:
Lord, I believe, increase my faith,
And let me know thee too.
4 Thou only, Saviour, hast the key,
Unlock the prison door!
Tho' yet I cannot fly to thee,
I'll send my heart before.
5 The blood of sprinkling now apply,
And that shall make me clean;
Weigh not my worthless works, O Lord,
But O forgive my sin!
6 Take now away whate'er obstructs
Thine intercourse with me:
And may I cheerfully leave all
I have, to follow thee!

POEM XLII.

1 Jesus, thy pow'r I fain would feel,
Thy love is all I want:
O let thine ears consider well
The voice of my complaint.
2 Thou seest me yet a slave to sin,
And destitute of God;
O purify and make me clean
By thine all-cleansing blood.

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3 Far off I stand, O bring me nigh,
And bid me sit up high'r:
Immanuel, now in love pass by,
And answer my desire.
4 O Jesus, undertake for me,
Thy peace to me be giv'n:
For while I stand away from thee,
I stand away from heav'n.
5 I will not my offence conceal,
I will not hide my sin,
But all my crimes with weeping tell,
And own how vile I've been.
6 Lord, will thy wrathful jealousy
As fire for ever burn?
And wilt thou not a succour be,
And comfort those that mourn?
7 Reject not Lord my humble pray'rs,
Nor yet my soul destroy:
Thine only Son hath sown in tears
That I might reap in joy.

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EUCHARISTIC HYMNS.

"Immensa Beneficia Laudibus immensis celebranda."
PRIMAS.

——————O thou Patron God,
Thou God and Mortal, thence more God to Man,
Man's Theme eternal, Man's eternal Theme!
Thou canst not 'scape injur'd from our Praise.
NIGHT THOUGHTS. NIGHT II.

HYMNS OF THANKSGIVING.

HYMN I. *Praise for Conversion.*

1 NOT to myself I owe
That I, O Lord, am thine,
Free grace hath all the shades broke thro',
And caus'd the light to shine.
Me thou hast willing made
Thy offers to receive;
Call'd by the voice that wakes the dead,
I come to thee and live.
2 Why am I made to see,
Who am by nature blind?
Why am I taken home to thee,
And others left behind?
Because thy sov'reign love
Was bent the worst to save,
Jesus, who reigns inthron'd above,
The free salvation gave.
3 Tho' once far off I stood,
Nor knew myself thy foe,
Brought nigh by the Redeemer's blood,
Myself and thee I know:

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No more a child of wrath
Thy smiling face I see;
And praise thee for the work of faith
Which thou hast wrought in me.
4 With me thy Spirit strove,
Almighty to retrieve;
Thou saw'st me in a time of love,
And said unto me, live.
By thee made free indeed,
I felt thy gracious words;
Thy mantle over me was spread,
And I became the Lord's:
5 Jesus, thy son, by grace,
I to the end shall be;
Made perfect through thy comeliness
Which I receiv'd from thee.
I drink the living stream
To all believers giv'n,
A fellow citizen with them,
Who dwell in yonder heav'n.
6 With all thy chosen band
I trust to see thee there,
And, in thy righteousness, to stand
Undaunted at thy bar.

HYMN II. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.*

1 The sky's a veil, the outward scene
Proclaims the majesty within;
Which boundless light, tho' hid behind,
Breaks out too great to be confin'd.
2 The heav'n thy glorious impress wears,
Thy image glitters in the stars:
The firmament, thine high abode,
Seems too the spangled robe of God.
3 Whene'er its beauty I admire,
Its radiant globes direct me high'r,
In silent praise they point to thee,
All light, all eye, all majesty!
4 Glory to him who studs the sky,
(Earth's variegated canopy)

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With lamps to guide us on our way,
Faint emblems of eternal day.
Yes, Lord, each shining orb declares
Thy name in dazzling characters;
As precious gems they dart their rays,
And seem to form a crown of praise.

HYMN III. *On Ascension Day.*

1 Lo! the Lord by whom salvation
Is to fallen man restor'd,
Now resumes his blissful station,
Shows himself th' Almighty Lord;
Slow ascending,
Bids us, for a while, farewel.
2 Who his heav'nly state suspended,
And for man's atonement dy'd,
By unnumber'd hosts attended,
Rises to his Father's side;
Born by angels
Back to his eternal throne.
3 Seraphs, chaunt his endless praises,
Guard him to his ancient seat;
Open wide, ye heav'nly places,
Your returning God admit;
Heav'nly portals
Let the King of Glory in!
4 Christ his kingdom re-inherits,
His before the world began;
Myriads of admiring spirits
Hover round the Son of man;
Wrapt in wonder
View the wounds he bore for us.
5 "Worthy thou of exaltation,"
Lost in sweet surprise they sing;
"Mortals, with like acclamation,
Hail your great redeeming King:
Let your voices
Emulate th' angelic choir."

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6 Yes, O Christ, from ev'ry creature,
Praise shall to thy name be giv'n;
Worthy thou of more and greater,
King of saints and King of heav'n!
Kindling transports
Swell our hearts and tune our tongues!
7 Though our Lord is taken from us,
Present but in spirit now,
This his faithful word of promise
Made while sojourning below;
"Where I enter
Thither shall my servant come."
8 Him we praise for his ascension,
Conqueror of sin and death;
Gone up to prepare a mansion
For his ransom'd flock beneath:
They shall quickly
Reign with him in glory there.
9 There already is our treasure,
There our heart, our hope, our crown:
Thence on sublunary pleasure,
We with holy scorn, look down:
Earth hath nothing,
Worth a moment's transient thought.
10 We shall soon in bliss adore thee,
Gain the realms of endless day;
Soon be gather'd home to glory,
All our tears be wip'd away:
There, for ever,
Sing the Lamb's new song of love.

HYMN IV. *To the Trinity.*

1 Glorious union, God unsought;
Three in name and one in thought,
All thy works thy goodness show,
Center of perfection thou!
2 Praise we, with uplifted eyes,
Him that dwells above the skies:
God who reigns on Sion's hill,
Made, redeem'd, and keeps us still.

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3 Join th' angelic hosts above
Praise the Father's matchless love,
Who for us his Son hath giv'n,
Sent him to regain our heav'n.
4 Glory to the Saviour's grace,
Help of Adam's helpless race;
Who, for our transgressions slain,
Makes us one with God again.
5 Next the Holy Ghost we bless;
He makes known and seals our peace,
Us he cleanses and makes whole,
Quickens ev'ry dying soul.
6 Holy, blessed, glorious Three,
One from all eternity,
Make us vessels of thy grace,
Ever running o'er with praise.
7 Thee we laud with grateful song,
Sever'd from the guilty throng,
Ransom'd by the Son who dy'd,
By the Spirit sanctified.
8 All the persons join to raise,
Sinners to a state of grace;
All unite their bliss t' insure,
In the glorious work concur.
9 O that we his love might taste!
Bless us and we shall be blest.
Cleanse us, Lord, from sins abuse,
Fit us for the master's use!
10 In our hearts, thy temples dwell:
With the hope of glory fill:
Be on earth our guest divine,
Then let heav'n make us thine.

HYMN V. *Another.*

1 Father, Creator of mankind,
Thee we attempt to sing;
With thy Son and Spirit join'd,
Our everlasting king;

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Us thou dost in Christ receive,
Cloth'd with Christ we come to thee:
Him thou did'st for sinners give
Their substitute to be.

2 All our sins, dear Lamb of God,
Are for thy sake forgiv'n,
Jesus, thy restoring blood
Entitles men to heav'n:
Self-existent, Lord of all,
Uncreate, with God the same,
Bought by thee on thee we call,
Exulting in thy name.

3 Spirit of Jehovah write
Thy nature on our heart,
Us unto the Lord unite,
As thou united art;
Make us meet his face to see,
Jesus' righteousness apply:
Holy Ghost, our leader be,
And guide us to the sky.

4 Three in One, before thy feet
Our inmost souls we bend,
Glorious mystery, too great
For worms to comprehend:
We can ne'er, on this side death,
Bring the Deity to light;
Reason here must yield to faith,
'Till faith is lost in sight.

HYMN VI.

1 Jesus, thou try'd foundation stone,
From whose prevailing blood alone
Thy saints expect salvation,
My robe thou art, I feel thy grace,
And triumph in thy righteousness,
Made mine by imputation.

2 Exulting in thy strength I go,
My allotted work rejoice to do,

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For love divine constrains me;
Supported inwardly by this,
Through ev'ry obstacle I press
While thy great arm sustains me.

3 By thy free grace 'till now upheld,
My future hopes on thee I build,
Nor are my hopes ill-grounded:
Thy promises are on my side,
And safe to glory, lo! I ride,
By countless deaths surrounded.

4 Before I from the body fly,
He who forgave shall sanctify
And perfectly renew me;
Stronger than Satan Jesus is;
Sin shall not always wound my peace,
Nor finally subdue me.

5 Who wash'd me from its deadly stain,
Shall here cut short its guilty reign,
And weaken its dominion;
From height to height my faith shall rise,
Until I gain my native skies,
On love's seraphic pinion.

6 Unmov'd, till then, on Christ I stand,
And Satan from the Saviour's hand,
In vain attempts to stir me:
On Jesus I for strength depend;
My omnipotent redeeming friend,
Prepare my way before me.

HYMN VII.

1 Praise the Lord, my joyful heart,
With the elders bear thy part:
Stand with them around the throne,
Singing praises to the Son.

2 Strive with them in rapture lost,
Who shall laud the Saviour most:
Join with angels to proclaim
All the mercies of the Lamb.

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3 Praise his great humility,
Long as life remains in thee;
By thy pray'rs and praises given,
Make on earth a little heav'n.
4 Jesus, I the theme renew,
Endless praises are thy due:
Anthems equal to thy grace,
Saints and angels cannot raise.
5 I my worthless mite cast in,
Here the song of heav'n begin:
I th' eternal chorus join,
Echoing the love divine.
6 Ever may I worship thee,
Praise my sole employment be;
Sing the virtues of thy blood!
Every moment thank my God.

HYMN VIII.

1 My soul with blessings unconfin'd,
Thy tender care supplies;
Thyself the fountain head from whence
Those blessings first arise.
2 Let me thy gracious gifts receive,
With gratitude and joy,
And in thy just and ceaseless praise,
Each thankful hour employ!

HYMN IX.

Rom. viii. 16. *The Spirit itself bears witness with our spirit, that we are the children of grace.*

1 Earnest of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail,
The cleansing gift on saints bestow'd,
The witness of their peace with God.
2 With our perverseness here,
How often hast thou strove,
And spar'd us year by year,
With never-ceasing love!

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O set from sin our spirits free,
And make us more and more liek thee.

3 What wond'rous grace is this,
For God to dwell with men!
Through Jesus' righteousness,
His favour we regain.
And feeble worms, by nature lost,
Are temples of the Holy Ghost!

4 Tho' Belial's sons would prove
That thou no witness art,
Thanks to redeeming love,
We feel thee in our heart;
Continue gracious Lord to bear,
Thine inward testimony there!

5 By thee on earth we know,
Ourselves in Christ renew'd,
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God:
Of his adopting love the seal,
And faithful teacher of his will.

6 Great Comforter, descend,
In gentle breathings, down,
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown:
Our guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

HYMN X. *Thanksgiving for the divine Thankfulness.*

1 IMMOVEABLE our hope remains,
Within the vail our anchor lies;
Jesus, who wash'd us from our stains,
Shall bear us safely to the skies.

2 Strong in his strength, we boldly say,
For us Immanuel shed his blood;
Who then shall tear our shield away,
Or part us from the love of God?

3 Can tribulation or distress,
Or persecutions fiery sword?
Can Satan rob us of our peace,
Or prove too mighty for the Lord?

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4 Founded on Christ, secure we stand,
Seal'd with his Spirit's inward seal;
We soon shall gain the promis'd land,
Triumphant o'er the pow'rs of hell.
5 The winds may roar, the floods may beat;
And rain, impetuous, descend;
Yet will he not his own forget,
But love and save them to the end.
6 Jesus acquits, and who condemns?
Cease, Satan, from thy fruitless strife:
Thy malice cannot reach our names,
To blot them from the book of life.
7 This is eternal life to know,
God and the Lamb for sinners giv'n;
Nor will the Saviour let us go,
His ransom'd citizens of heav'n.
8 Us to redeem his life he paid,
And will he not his purchase have?
Who can behold Immanuel bleed,
And doubt his willingness to save?
9 Surely the Son hath made us free,
Who earth, and heav'n, and hell commands;
Our cause of triumph this—that we
Are graven on the Saviour's hands.
10 To him who wash'd us in his blood,
And lifts apostate men to heav'n,
Who reconciles his sheep to God,
Be everlasting glory giv'n.

HYMN XI. *On the Birth of Christ.*

1 Amplest grace in thee I find,
Friend and Saviour of mankind,
Richest merit to atone
For our sins before the throne.
2 Born to save thy church from hell,
Once thou didst with sinners dwell;
Was to earth a prophet giv'n,
Now our advocate in heav'n.

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3 Well might wond'ring angels cry,
" Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men;
Lost mankind is found again."
4 Join my soul, their holy song,
Emulate the brighter throng,
Hail the everlasting word,
Welcome thy descending Lord!
5 Grace unequall'd! Love unknown!
Jesus lays aside his crown,
Clothes himself with flesh and blood,
Takes the manhood into God.
6 Harden'd rebels tho' we are,
Lo, he comes to sojourn here:
See him lie where oxen feed,
This his chamber, hay his bed!
7 God (O hear it with surprise!)
For a manger leaves the skies,
By assuming flesh beneath,
Render'd capable of death.
8 From their maker turn'd aside,
As in Adam all have dy'd,
So whoe'er his grace receive,
Shall in Christ be made alive.

HYMN XII. *Thanksgiving for general Mercies.*

1 Gracious Creator, thy kind hand
In all thy works I see;
Resistless pow'r and mildest love
Are blended, Lord, in thee.
2 When thou art wrath and hid'st thy face,
The whole creation mourns;
Thou art the attractive pole to which
Thy ransom'd people turns.
3 O let my heart be wholly thine,
Thy property alone!
No longer let me think it mine,
Or call myself my own!

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4 Without reserve I quit the claim,
And give up all to thee,
For thou, my all-sufficient Lord,
Art more than all to me.
5 Only do thou refine my dross,
And cleanse me with thy blood,
To make th' imperfect sacrifice
Acceptable to God.
6 Nor shall I fear, if Jesus pleads,
Unworthy as I am,
Being excluded from the feast,
And supper of the Lamb.

HYMN XIII. *Thanksgiving for the righteousness of Christ.*

1 Fountain of never ceasing grace,
Thy saint's exhaustless theme,
Great object of immortal praise,
Essentially supreme;
We bless thee for the glorious fruits
Thy incarnation gives;
The righteousness which grace imputes,
And faith alone receives.
2 Whom heaven's angelic host adores,
Was slaughter'd for our sin,
The guilt, O Lord, was wholly ours,
The punishment was thine:
Our God in flesh, to set us free,
Was manifested here;
And meekly bare our sins, that we,
His righteousness might wear.
3 Imputatively guilty then
Our substitute was made,
That we the blessings might obtain
For which his blood was shed:
Himself he offer'd on the cross,
Our sorrows to remove;
And all he suffer'd was for us,
And all he did was love:

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4 In him we have a righteousness,
By God himself approv'd,
Our rock, our sure foundation this,
Which never can be mov'd.
Our ransom by his death he paid,
For all his people giv'n,
The law he perfectly obey'd,
That they might enter heav'n.
5 As all, when Adam sinn'd alone,
In his transgression dy'd,
So by the righteousness of one,
Are sinners justify'd.
We to thy merit, gracious Lord,
With humblest joy submit,
Again to Paradise restor'd,
In thee alone complete.
6 Our souls his watchful love retrieves,
Nor lets them go astray,
His righteousness to us he gives,
And takes our sins away:
We claim salvation in his right,
Adopted and forgiv'n,
His merit is our robe of light,
His death the gate of heav'n.

HYMN XIV. *Thanksgiving for the Sufferings of Christ.*

1 O THOU who didst thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve,
From nature's deadly fall;
Me thou hast purchas'd with a price,
Nor shall my crimes in judgment rise,
For thou hast borne them all.
2 Jesus was punish'd in my stead,
Without the gate my surety bled,
To expiate my stain;
On earth the Godhead deign'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail,
The suff'rings of the man.

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3 And was he for his rebels giv'n?
He was: th' incarnate King of heav'n
Did for his foes expire;
Amaz'd, O earth, the tidings hear;
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.
4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,
The God for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone:
Praise him 'till with the heav'nly throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

HYMN XV. *The General Thanksgiving in the Liturgy, paraphrased.*

1 Eternal God, the thanks receive,
Which thine unworthy servants give;
Father of ev'ry mercy thou,
Almighty and all-gracious too!
2 In humble yet exulting songs,
Thy praises issue from our tongues,
For that incessant, boundless love,
Which we and all thy creatures prove.
3 Fashion'd by thy creating hand,
And by thy providence sustain'd,
We wish our gratitude to show,
For all thy temp'ral blessings due.
4 But O! for this we chiefly raise
The incense of admiring praise—
Thy love unspeakably we own
Which sent the willing Saviour down.
5 For him, of all thy gifts the best,
Th' exceeding gift which crowns the rest,
Chiefly for him thy name we laud,
And thank thee for a bleeding God.
6 Nor should we fail our Lord to praise,
For all the assisting means of grace;
Th' appointed channels which convey
Strength to support us on our way.

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7 To thee let all our thanks be giv'n,
For our well-grounded hope of heav'n,
Our glorious trust that we shall reign,
And live with him who died for man.
8 And O! so deep a sense impress
Of thy supreme unbounded grace,
That anthems in full choir may rise,
And shake the earth and rend the skies!
9 Make us in deed, as well as word,
Show forth the praises of the Lord,
And thank him still for what he gives
Both with our lips, and in our lives!
10 O that, by sin no more subdu'd,
We might devote ourselves to God,
And only breathe to tell his praise,
And in his service spend our days!
11 Hail, Father! Hail, eternal Son!
Hail, sacred Spirit, three in one!
Blessing and thanks, and pow'r divine,
Thrice, holy Lord, be ever thine!

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PARAPHRASES

ON

SELECT PARTS OF HOLY WRIT.

Sanctos ausus recludere Fontes.

PARA. I. Psalm cxlviii.

1 General praise to God be giv'n;
Praise him in the height of heav'n:
Him, ye glorious hosts, proclaim,
Saints and angels, bless his name!
2 Sun, his lofty praise display,
His who made thee king of day:
Moon, adore the god of light,
God, who made thee queen of night.
3 Stars, your tribute too be giv'n,
Spangles in the robe of heav'n;
God, your awful sov'reign, own,
Bright forerunner of the morn.
4 Praise thou curtain of the sky,
(Hiding heav'n from mortal eye)
Him that spreads thy wat'ry clouds,
Celebrate the God of gods.
5 Highest heav'n, his dwelling place,
Lift thy voice, resound his praise.
Hymn "the dweller ev'ry where,"
Present more supremely there.

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6 Sun and moon, and stars and light,
Heav'n and sky, and clouds unite:
Verbal creatures of the Lord,
Swift existing at his word.
7 'Stablish'd firm by his command,
Lo! immoveable, we stand;
Him, th' ineffable adore,
Own his regulating pow'r.
8 Womb and sepulchre of man,
Join, O earth, the grateful train:
Praise, 'till, in the last great fire,
Thou and all thy works expire.
9 Ocean, with thy num'rous brood,
Swell to magnify thy God:
Roll his praise from shore to shore,
Lift his name and sound his pow'r.
10 Praise him, fire and hail, and snow,
Praise him, all ye winds that blow:
Cold and heat—let each extreme
Join to render praise to him.
11 Storms dispensing waste and death,
Dreadful messengers of wrath;
Spread his fear and praise abroad,
Weapons of an angry God.
12 Mountains, vales, and hills, and trees,
Tell how good your Maker is;
His exalted praise declare,
Feather'd songsters of the air.
13 Beasts of prey, where'er ye prowl,
Join to make the concert full:
Cattle, low Jehovah's fame;
Meanest insects, do the same.
14 Kings and people, rich and poor,
Celebrate creating pow'r;
Who are ransom'd by the Lamb,
Join to praise the great I AM.
15 Female, male of ev'ry age,
From the suckling to the sage,
All conspire with one accord,
Chaunt the glories of the Lord.

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16 Worthy praise can ne'er be giv'n,
'Till his saints arrive at heav'n,
There, with all the glorious ones,
Sing his praise and cast their crowns.

PARA. II. *Names of Christ, expressive of his Offices, taken from various parts of Scripture.*

1 Low at thy feet, O Christ, we fall,
Enabled to confess,
And call thee by the Holy Ghost,
The Lord our righteousness.
2 God over all Immanuel reigns,
With his great Father one;
The brightness of his glory thou,
And partner of his throne.
3 Author and finisher of faith,
In all that know thy name;
A lion to thy stubborn foes,
But to thy friends a lamb.
4 Sceptre of Israel, prince of peace,
Immortal king of kings:
The sun of righteousness that shines
With healing in his wings.
5 The gift of God to fallen man,
The Lord of quick and dead:
A well of life to fainting souls,
And their sustaining bread.
6 Foundation of thy people's joy,
Their pardon and their rest;
On earth our sacrifice for sin,
In heav'n our great high priest.
7 The Lord of life, who suffer'd death
That we might heav'n regain:
The source of blessing, who on earth,
Was made a curse for man.
8 Was poor, that Adam's needy sons
Treasure in thee might find;
Repairer of the dreadful breach,
Restorer of mankind.

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9 Through thy desert a fallen race
To God may gain access;
With thy fine linen deck our souls,
Thy perfect righteousness.
10 With that celestial robe endued,
We ev'ry foe defy;
On earth it shall our armour be,
Our glory in the sky.

PARA. III. *The Prayer of King Manasses paraphrased.*

1 AUTHOR of all in earth and sky,
From whom the stars derive their light,
When thou art wroth the planets die,
And melt as nothing in thy sight.
2 Measur'd by thine almighty hand,
Unfathom'd seas of liquid glass,
Obedient, own thy high command,
And keep the bounds they cannot pass.
3 Shut up by their restraining Lord,
They in their proper channels flow:
Obey Jehovah's sovereign word,
"Here, and no farther, shall ye go."
4 Thy terrors as a blazing flame,
Devour and weigh the sinner down:
The mighty tremble at thy name,
And nations quake beneath thy frown.
5 Tremendous as thy judgments are,
Thy pity too no limit knows;
Thine arm is stretch'd the meek to spare,
And terribly consume thy foes.
6 With shame, great God, I own with me,
Thy waiting mercy long hath borne,
Yet would I not come back to thee,
Proudly refusing to return.
7 When mercy call'd I stopp'd my ear,
How did I from the Saviour rove,
And, bent on death, refuse to hear
The voice of thy inviting love!

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8 Blind were my eyes, and hard my heart,
And proof against thy striving grace:
I would from thee, my strength, depart,
And cease to walk in wisdom's ways.
9 But lo! On thee I fix my hope;
Be thou my friend and advocate:
Gracious Redeemer, lift me up,
And raise me to my first estate.
10 Faith in thy merit is thy gift,
By which thou dost backsliders heal:
Impart it, gracious Lord, to lift
My abject soul from whence I fell.
11 Destruction shall not seize the just,
Whose sin already is forgiv'n,
Whom thou hast rescu'd from the lost,
And number'd with the heirs of heav'n.
12 To sinners, of whom I am chief,
Thy healing promises pertain;
Who fell from thee through unbelief,
By faith may be restor'd again.
13 Of boundless mercy I have need,
My sins have took deep hold on me;
In number they the grains exceed,
That form the margin of the sea.
14 Meek on the earth thy servant lies,
And humbly makes his sorrows known;
Unworthy to lift up my eyes
To heav'n my injur'd Maker's throne.
15 Bow'd with my sense of sin, I faint,
Beneath the complicated load;
Father, attend my deep complaint,
I am thy creature, thou my God!
16 Tho' I have broke thy righteous law,
Yet with me let thy Spirit stay;
Thyself from me do not withdraw,
Nor take my spark of hope away.
17 Mercy unlimited is thine,
God of the penitent thou art;
The saving pow'r of blood divine,
Shall wipe the anguish from my heart.

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18 Then let not sin my ruin be,
Give me in thee my rest to find:
Jesus, the sick have need of thee,
The great physician of mankind.
19 In my salvation, Lord, display
The triumphs of abounding grace:
Tell me my guilt is done away,
And turn my mourning into praise.
20 Repriev'd so long from hell's abyss,
Thou wilt not hurl me there at last,
But cheer me with the smile of peace,
Nor look at my offences past.
21 Then shall I add my feeble song
To their's who chaunt thy praise on high,
And spread, with an immortal tongue,
Thy glory through the echoing sky.

PARA. IV. PSALM XX.

1 BELOV'D of God, may Jesus hear
The ardent breathings of thy pray'r,
And cancel thy transgressions;
Be with thee in affliction's day,
Redeem thee from thy fears, and say
Amen to thy petitions!
2 Thy ev'ry need he will supply;
His saints shall surely find him nigh,
The God whom they rely on;
He will not turn away his face,
But save thee from his holy place,
And send thee help from Sion.
3 Thy feeblest pray'r shall reach his throne,
Thy ev'ry pang is noted down,
And thou shalt be forgiv'n;
He loves thee, troubled as thou art;
And all the pantings of thy heart
Are treasured up in heav'n.
4 God is our triumph in distress;
His children's privilege it is
To smile at tribulation:

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Jesus, to thee we lift our voice,
By grace enabled to rejoice,
In hope of thy salvation.
5 Ready to hear, O Lord, thou art,
Mighty to take thy people's part,
And help them in affliction:
Creation kneels to thy command,
The saving strength of thy right hand,
Shall be our sure protection.
6 In chariots some repose their trust,
Of horses others make their boast,
But we in God are stronger:
Who on the arm of flesh rely,
Trembling before our face shall fly,
When we shall more than conquer.
7 Still may the palm to us be giv'n,
Thy saints, O mighty King of heav'n,
Continue to deliver:
Support us with thy strength'ning grace,
'Till we, in yon celestial place,
Sit down with thee for ever.

PARA. V. PSALM CXIX. ver. 169. to the end.

1 CONSIDER, Lord, my just complaint,
Wisdom divine is what I want;
From lack of knowledge, Lord, I groan:
O when shall I my God put on?
2 O let my supplication rise,
As fumes of incense to the skies,
Enter Jehovah's high abode,
The presence chamber of my God.
3 When I am truly taught thy ways,
My lips shall only speak thy praise;
My tongue shall sing of thee alone,
And tell the wonders thou hast done.
4 Assist me in thy love to stand,
And hold me by thy guardian hand:
Help me to choose the lot of grace,
The way of life, the path of peace.

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5 Lord, I have long'd thy will to know,
And, knowing, all thy will to do:
My meat and drink is thee to please,
And know the Saviour as he is.
6 Tho', as a sheep, I went astray,
And wander'd from thy holy way:
The way that Christ my master trod,
The narrow way that leads to God:
7 Sought out by grace, brought back I am,
Sav'd by the merits of the Lamb;
And now, O Christ, myself I see,
In Adam lost, restor'd to thee.

PARA. VI. PSALM CXXI.

1 My heart, whene'er I lift my eyes
To heaven's exalted sphere,
Wing'd with impetuous ardour flies,
To meet thee in the air.
2 Jesus by faith I ever see,
Who for the sinner pleads,
And ev'ry moment look to thee,
From whom my help proceeds.
3 The great artificer of heav'n,
My guard and keeper is,
Who, by his Spirit inly giv'n,
Assures me I am his.
4 Where'er I go he guides my steps,
Nor suffers me to fall:
Israel's defence, who never sleeps,
Surrounds me as a wall.
5 In my Redeemer's watchful sight,
Secure I ever stand;
My guard by day, my screen by night,
My shield on either hand.
6 Knit to my condescending God,
I dwell with the Supreme;
Nor open force nor secret fraud,
Shall sever me from him.

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7 His light, his peace, his heav'n is mine,
And mine his mighty pow'r:
My faithful centinel divine,
Preserves me ev'ry hour.

PARA. VII. PSALM CXXXIV.

1 YE friends and followers of God,
With robes made white in Jesus' blood,
Approach the throne of grace:
His temple's hallow'd court draw nigh,
By day and night renew the cry,
And sound the trump of praise.
2 With ardour lift your hearts and hands;
In yonder heav'n Immanuel stands
To offer up your pray'rs:
From Sion he your souls shall bless;
Builder of heav'n and earth he is,
And dwells above the stars.

PARA. VIII. AMOS IV.

1 YE Kine of Bashan, who devour
The needy and oppress the poor,
Who drown in wine your every sense,
And drink the spoil of violence.
2 God by his holiness hath sworn
(The awful God whose law ye scorn)
Your foes, whom more than him ye dread,
Your destin'd borders shall invade.
3 The Lord hath ratify'd your doom,
Yourselves and yours he will consume.
Aliens his instruments shall be,
To scourge your vile idolatry.
4 Your stately buildings then shall fall;
His vengeance shall destroy them all.
Your palaces shall be a prey,
And stalls for oxen in that day.
5 Shall guilty hands and wanton eyes
Be lifted up in sacrifice?
Cease to transgress, and then my ear
Shall meet the incense of your pray'r.

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6 In vain my judgments are abroad,
Tokens of an offended God;
Nor wrath nor mercies can prevail,
Nor love of heav'n, nor fear of hell.
7 I gave you, in your greatest need,
Cleanness of teeth, through want of bread;
Each face was pale, and weak each knee,
Yet have ye not return'd to me.
8 Have I not marr'd the rip'ning grain,
With scorching heat and want of rain?
And frustrated your rising hopes,
By wither'd trees, and blasted crops?
9 Your water fail'd, your wells were dry;
Your thirst ye could not satisfy:
Your fainting cities yet sinned on,
And drew my fiercer judgments down.
10 Your figs and olive trees I smote,
Your vineyards I consumed with drought;
Mildew and palmer-worms bereft
The earth of what the drought had left.
11 Contagious sickness next I sent:
(Infatuate Egypt's punishment)
My fury next in blood I pour'd,
And gave your children to the sword.
12 Horses (the ruin who can tell?)
Promiscuous with their riders fell:
Caus'd by their stench, the infectious air
Increas'd the havock of the war.
13 Obdurate, still, ye felt mine ire
Reveal'd from heav'n in flames of fire;
The blazing ruin swept away
Men, towns and cities in a day:
14 Hear then the message of the Lord,
The awful thunder of his word;
Since all my judgments strive in vain,
To kindle fear in stubborn man.
15 Myself in judgment shall appear,
And call thee, Israel, to my bar:

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As harden'd Pharaoh blind and proud,
Prepare to meet thy hostile God.
16 Prepare to meet your dreadful foe,
Omniscient and Almighty too:
Whose terrors heav'n and earth proclaim,
The God of glory is his name.

PARA. IX. PSALM CXIX. verses 161, 162, 163, 164, &c. to the 169th.

1 PRINCES have persecuted me,
But, Lord, my trust is still in thee;
Me from my hope they sought to move,
But could not stir me from thy love.
2 I fly for refuge to my Lord,
For comfort to his healing word:
From Saul my safe retreat he is,
And all the troublers of my peace.
3 Each passing hour displays his care;
He saves me from the latent snare:
His love with wonder I survey,
And praise him seven times a day.
4 Jesus, my mind from earth withdraw;
Great peace have they that love thy law:
No precept there which thou hast giv'n,
Is hard to them who strive for heav'n.
5 I too have look'd thy health to see,
And taste the peace that comes from thee;
Each inward lust have strove to kill,
And walk in all thy perfect will.
6 My soul hath lov'd thy ways and thee,
Thy word is life and health to me:
Exceedingly thy word I prize,
The fund where heav'nly treasure lies.
7 Thy testimonies are my food,
The saving oracles of God:
Studious of them on earth I'll be,
And then fly up to reign with thee:

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PARA. X. *Salvation recovered for man by Jesus Christ,* Isaiah lii. 1, 2, 3. 9, 10, 11. 15.

1 Zion, awake, put on thy strength,
Resume thy beautiful array;
The promis'd Saviour comes at length,
To chase thy guilt and grief away:
Thee for his purchase God shall own,
And save thee by his dying Son.

2 Jerusalem, be holy now,
Satan no more shall dwell in thee;
Wash'd from thy sin, and white as snow,
Prepare thy God made man to see;
Prepare Immanuel to behold,
And hear his peaceful message told.

3 Shake off the dust, arise with speed,
Too long hast thou a captive been;
Redemption's near, lift up thine head,
And cast away the chains of sin;
Forth from thy prison come, and shake
The yoke of bondage from thy neck.

4 Tho' ye have sold yourselves for nought,
And forfeited your claim to heav'n,
Accept the Saviour's love unbought;
Your treason now is all forgiv'n;
My blood the fallen race restores,
And saves without desert of yours.

5 Ye desart places, sing for joy:
Lost man, your hymns of wonder raise;
Let holy shouts invade the sky,
And ev'ry altar flame with praise;
For I, Almighty to redeem,
Have comforted Jerusalem.

6 My arm's made bare for your defence,
To save my church from Satan's pow'r,
Depart, depart, come out from thence,
Defile yourselves with sin no more:
Be pure ye priests, who preach my word,
And bear the vessels of the Lord.

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7 Look out and see Immanuel come,
Myriads to sprinkle with his blood;
He many nations shall bring home,
And save them from the wrath of God:
And earth's remotest bounds shall see
The great salvation wrought by me.

PARA. XI. Hosea viii.

1 Set the loud trumpet to thy mouth,
Let all the final warning hear;
My everlasting word of truth,
To high and low alike declare.
2 Swift, as the rav'nous eagle flies,
And darts, impetuous on her prey,
Shall their victorious enemies,
Fill Israel's land with pale dismay.
3 Then shall they cry to me in vain;
Tho' ask'd with tears, no aid I'll grant,
Because they did my words disdain,
And trample on my covenant.
4 Me for their God they will not have,
Therefore I give them to the sword:
Your foes commission shall receive,
T' avenge my quarrel, saith the Lord.
5 Sin is the god whom they adore,
And hell-born lusts their rulers are:
Th' apostate land shall feel my pow'r,
The fury of destructive war.
6 Go, to your gods, O Israel, go!
Samaria to thy calf apply!
Thy idols cannot help thee now,
Nor save thee when distress is nigh.
7 When wilt thou turn to me thy God?
When wilt thou seek my injur'd face?
'Till then my wrath shall drench in blood,
The harden'd unbelieving race.
8 Ye fools and blind, consider this,
Can they be gods which hands have made?
On you and on your images,
I'll hurl the ruin I have said.

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9 Who sow in sin shall reap in pain;
My word shall surely come to pass:
Unnumber'd mischiefs yet remain,
For those despisers of my grace.
10 To punish their apostasy,
The corn shall perish ere it rise;
Or what comes up shall only be
A portion for their enemies.
11 For Israel waxes worse and worse,
Nor quakes at my tremendous frown,
Famine and war unite their force,
To bring a sinful people down.
12 Before the heathen Israel flies,
His boasted strength is weakness found:
As when a broken vessel lies,
Slighted and useless on the ground.
13 Ephraim is up to Syria gone,
In all the confidence of pride:
Alas, he goes to war alone,
Jehovah is not on his side.
14 Ephraim in vain the King of kings,
With condescending pity woo'd:
The fatal love of earthly things,
Has drawn him from the love of God.
15 The fierce invaders to repel,
Tho' they have foreign aid obtain'd,
Yet shall th' ungrateful nation feel,
The weight of my avenging hand.
16 Since Ephraim hath disguised his sin,
Beneath religion's specious forms,
His very prayer shall be unclean,
And hasten to bring on the storm.
17 In vain I gave my gracious law,
The treasure of my written word;
No beauty there the worldlings saw,
Nor priz'd the message of the Lord.
18 Wherefore their cry I will not hear,
Nor yet accept their sacrifice;
Unpardon'd sin pollutes their pray'r,
Nor lets it penetrate the skies.

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19 In Egypt they again shall weep;
I'll visit their iniquity:
Their sins I will in mem'ry keep,
Because they have forgotten me.
20 In vain they fence their cities round,
In forts and ramparts put their trust:
Their lofty spires shall kiss the ground,
By light'ning level'd with the dust.

PARA. XII. Psalm cxxv.

1 Who, Lord, confide in thee,
And in thy faith endure,
Shall as Mount Sion be,
Immoveable and sure:
As Christ their rock, unshook, unmov'd;
Of God eternally belov'd.
2 The rising mountains stand
Around Jerusalem;
So God's almighty hand,
Guards us who trust in him:
We never will of safety doubt,
While he shall compass us about.
3 Ye souls who stand in God,
Whom Jesus' blood hath bought,
The guilty sinner's rod
Shall never be your lot:
Ye shall not fall, upheld by grace,
Nor put your hands to wickedness.
4 The upright men in heart,
Jehovah will defend;
Will not from them depart,
But love them to the end:
He will do well, O saints, to you,
The Lord will never let you go.
5 But such as will forsake,
The happy path of peace,
Deceivers, that turn back
To their own wickedness,

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The double wrath of God shall feel
And sink unpardon'd into hell.
6 While they who hear his call,
And plead a Saviour's blood,
Shall reign in joy with all
The ransom'd ones of God:
Peace upon Israel shall come,
To endless glory gather'd home.

PARA. XIII. *Lord's Prayer.* Matthew vi. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 Our holy Father, all thy will
We fain would perfectly fulfil;
But each has left thy law undone,
Unworthy to be call'd thy Son.
2 Who art in heav'n, enthron'd on high,
Diffusing glory through the sky;
Reigning above, on earth rever'd,
By saints belov'd, by sinners fear'd.
3 For ever hallow'd be thy name,
The Triune God, the bright I AM;
At which seraphic choirs and all
The hosts of heav'n adoring fall.
4 Thy kingdom come, e'en now we wait
Thy glory to participate:
Rule in our hearts, unrival'd reign,
Nor e'er withdraw thyself again.
5 Thy will, thy law, thy precept giv'n,
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heav'n:
Faithful as angels, fain would we
With cover'd faces wait on thee.
6 Great God, on whom the ravens cry,
For sustenance, our wants supply:
Give us this day, and evermore,
Our daily bread from hour to hour.
7 Forgive whate'er we do amiss,
Our wilful sins and trespasses,
As we forgive (reward us thus)
All them that trespass against us.

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8 And lead us not by bounty's tide,
Into temptation, lust or pride:
But what by mercy we obtain,
Let pow'r omnipotent restrain.
9 And O! deliver us thine own
From evil and the evil one,
Who fain his darts in us would sheath,
And bind us with the chains of death.
10 Thou, Lord, canst vanquish his design,
Thine is the kingdom, only thine;
The pow'r, th' eternal majesty,
And glory, appertain to thee!

PARA. XIV. PSALM LXIII.

1 O GOD, my God thou art,
My Father too by grace;
I dare not from my hope depart,
Or cease to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit pants
Thy plenitude to prove,
And comprehend with all thy saints,
The fulness of thy love.
2 In this dry, barren land,
Where water is not found,
I fain would fly to thy right hand,
Where living streams abound:
Thee, thee, I long to know,
Athirst for God I am,
And come to thee as needy now,
As when at first I came.
3 Thy glory and thy pow'r
I long again to see,
To have again, as heretofore,
Sweet fellowship with thee;
Again to feel thy peace,
Again thy name to praise:
Better than life thy favour is,
To all that know thy grace.

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4 With persevering hope,
Thy mercy I'll proclaim,
My hands in steady faith lift up,
And magnify thy name.
Thy praises I'll reveal,
'Till I from earth remove,
My mouth with joyful lips shall tell
The wonders of thy love.

5 Surely I reason have
On thee, my God to trust;
My life thou liftest from the grave,
My spirit from the dust:
Thy grace and boundless might
My theme by day shall be,
My glory in the silent night,
To meditate on thee.

6 My succour, thou hast been
When ev'ry helper failed,
Or I, ere now, had fell by sin,
And Satan had prevail'd;
My soul, redeem'd from death,
To thee her off'ring brings,
And hides her helpless head beneath
The covert of thy wings.

7 Thou keep'st my steady feet,
In thy appointed road;
By all the pow'rs of hell beset,
I follow after God:
In Jesus I am safe,
My castle of resort;
His hand is both my shield and staff,
My shelter and support.

8 The men who seek to tread
Thy faithful people down,
And persecute, in them, their Head,
And crucify their Son,
Thou, Lord, will surely foil
In thy avenging day,

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And give their bodies for a spoil
To ev'ry beast of prey.
9 But me, and all who love
Thy worship and thy ways,
Thou far from danger wilt remove,
And hide us in thy place:
Who speak the words of truth,
Thou, Lord, on them shall smile,
But thou wilt stop the liar's mouth,
And slay the sons of guile.

PARA. XV. PSALM CXIX. From the 40th verse to the 49th.

1 LET thy loving mercy, Lord,
Come also unto me;
Now according to thy word,
My present Saviour be:
Unbelievers then no more
Shall against my hope blaspheme;
Forced to own "the mighty pow'r
Of God hath rescu'd him."
2 In thy word my trust I place,
And humbly urge my claim,
'Till I of thy saving grace,
A living witness am:
Give me, Lord, thyself to know,
Then in me thy word fulfil,
To walk in all things here below,
According to thy will.
3 Seeking now in stedfast faith,
I wait a word from thee;
Bring my feet into the path
Of perfect liberty;
Then, when I the path have found,
Unasham'd thy truth I'll show;
Kings shall hear the joyful sound,
And seek salvation too.

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4 My delight is in thy word
Which I have lov'd of old,
Dearer is thy promise, Lord,
To me than mines of gold:
Up to thee my hands I lift,
'Till I of thy grace receive;
Give the never changing gift,
Thy full redemption give.

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OCCASIONAL PIECES

ON THE

DEATH OF FRIENDS.

John xi. 26.—*Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.*

——— Quid sibi Saxa cavata
Quid pulchra volunt Monumenta,
Nisi quòd Res creditor illis
Non mortua, sed data Sommo? PRUD.

EPITAPH I. On Mrs. E. B.

If candour, merit, sense or virtue dies,
Reader, beneath thy feet dead virtue lies;
Yet still she lives, if worth can eternize.
Lives far above the reach of death: But where?
In heav'n, and ev'ry heart that knew her here.
Vain are encomiums; praise is idly spent
On them whose actions are their monument.
Thrice sacred tomb, be loyal to thy trust,
And guard, till Christ revives her hallow'd dust:
Then, as a faithful steward, safe restore
The precious treasure thou must keep no more.

EPITAPH II. On Mr. G. WALTON.

1 The debt of nature I have paid,
Which thou must shortly pay:
To learn instruction from the dead,
Thou breathing taper, stay.
2 Swifter than thought thy years depart,
My verse proclaims their haste:

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A moment nearer death thou art,
Than when you read the last.

3 Soon must thy earth to earth be giv'n,
Soon must thou disappear:
Say, reader, is thy heart in heav'n,
And is thy treasure there?

4 Like thee the prostrate dead I view'd,
While in the flesh detain'd:
How differ we? thou'rt on the road,
I've reach'd my journey's end.

EPITAPH III. On the Death of Mrs. F. T.

June 3, 1754. Heb. iv. 9.—*There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.*

1 The robes of light our sister wears,
Which emulate the sun,
Should cause us to suspend our tears,
And make our anthems rival their's
Who stand before the throne.

2 Glory to him whose love constrains,
And saves us by his blood:
By virtue of his dying pains,
She finds the rest that still remains,
For ev'ry child of God.

3 In fiery trials day by day
Unshaken did she stand;
To glory sweetly made her way,
Meek and resign'd as passive clay,
In her great Potter's hand.

4 Her woes their period have found,
They cannot now enslave,
Nor come where endless joys abound,
Nor haunt her peaceful soul beyond
The limit of the grave.

5 Victorious she assumes the wreath,
For conquerors design'd,
The end of persevering faith;
And leaves her cares, releas'd by death,
Eternally behind.

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6 No more, by Satan's rage pursu'd,
Affliction shalt thou see;
Secure of heav'n for thine abode,
Blest with the presence of thy God,
To all eternity.
7 The happy change that life deny'd,
Assisting death affords;
Behold her at Immanuel's side,
Unutterably glorify'd,
Immutably the Lord's!
8 O may we too maintain our ground,
From faith to faith go on!
At the last day in Christ be found,
And form the circles that surround
His everlasting throne!

EPITAPH IV. On the Death of Mr. Enoch Williams, August, 1757.

Gen. v. 24.—*And Enoch walked with God, he was not, for God took him.*

1 Hearken! the Saviour's voice at last
Invites his sufferer home,
And tells thee all thy toil is past,
But thy reward is come.
2 Till meet for bliss on earth detain'd,
The conquest thou hast won:
Through much temptation thou hast gain'd
The prize, and reach'd the crown:
3 While shouting angels chaunt their joys,
And tune their notes the higher,
And clap their wings, for O! thy voice,
Is added to the choir.
4 Of his inheritance above
They hail a saint possest:
Made meet, by his Redeemer's love,
To be Jehovah's guest.
5 Swift as an arrow through the air,
The tow'ring spirit flies,

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Intrusted to a seraph's care,
And convoy'd to the skies:
6 On the expanded wings of love,
He seeks his high abode,
To meet the happy souls above,
That are brought home to God.
7 Him they salute with lifted cry,
As soon as enter'd there,
"But for thy favour'd ministry,
Or we had not been here:
8 From pain to glory summon'd forth,
Thrice welcome from below,
Our fellow sufferer on earth,
Our fellow angel now!"
9 While humbly he draws near the throne,
The Saviour's crystal seat;
Gives him the praise, and casts his crown,
At his redeeming feet.
10 Lifted above the reach of pain,
We soon shall change our place;
And join Immanuel's shining train,
And see his blissful face:
11 Rejoicing in that glorious hope,
We bear his cross below;
We quickly shall be taken up,
Sublimer joys to know.
12 For our arrival into bliss,
Our friends in glory wait:
Cut short thy work in righteousness,
And make their joys complete!
13 The happy soul whom Jesus gives,
In him to live and die,
Its blest transition scarce perceives
Into eternity.
14 A sight of him that conquer'd death,
In our last moments giv'n,
Shall elevate our languid faith,
And charm us into heav'n.

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15 Christ when expiring Stephen view'd,
He scorn'd death's utmost pow'r,
And calmly fell asleep in God,
Amidst the stony show'r.
16 Assist us, Lord, to walk and live,
In Sion's heavenly road,
And then our souls to thee receive,
When call'd to meet our God.
17 A little while and we shall soar
To yonder promis'd land,
And meet our brethren gone before,
Enthron'd at thy right hand:
18 Thy praise shall actuate each tongue,
Thy love our hearts enflame;
And we with them shall sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

EPITAPH V. On Master Eustace Bateman.

1 Hail, happy youth, so early taken home,
Caught up to Jesus from the ill to come:
By thy Redeemer sweetly order'd hence,
Ere vice had marr'd thy lovely innocence.
2 When twice six winters he had scarcely seen,
His heav'n-born soul disdain'd to dwell with men:
Ardent the crown eternal to receive,
And ripe for heav'n, he only dy'd to live.

EPIT. VI. On the Death of the Rev. Mr. R. B.

Numbers xxiii. 10. *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*

1 Thrice happy they who sleep in God,
Securely wafted o'er the flood,
To Canaan's peaceful shore!
Whose lives were as a daily death,
Who walk'd with God, and liv'd by faith,
And now shall die no more!
2 Such, gracious Lord, we wish to be;
Such was our pastor, now with thee,

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Our candlestick below:
A burning and a shining light,
He liv'd a while to bless our sight,
But shines in glory now.

3 A prophet hallow'd from the womb,
To seek and bring the wand'rers home,
Anointed, set apart:
Enabled by the searching word,
To set the message of the Lord,
Home to the sinner's heart.

4 His ev'ry pow'r devoted was
To further his Redeemer's cause;
Nor did his talents hide:
A beacon set upon an hill,
He liv'd to do his Master's will,
He did his will, and dy'd.

5 A faithful messenger he stood,
The trumpet and the mouth of God,
To make his counsel known:
His life one constant voice hath been,
Inviting sinners to come in,
And ask th' eternal crown.

6 May I like him my hours employ,
Finish, like him, my course with joy,
And sleep to wake in bliss!
Like him be number'd with the blest!
Jesus regard my one request,
Make my last end like his.

EPITAPH VII. On the Death of Mr. R. V.

Heb. vi. 12. *Be not slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.*

1 The crown of righteousness is giv'n,
Our friend is landed safe in heav'n:
His warfare now accomplish'd is,
And face to face his Lord he sees.

2 Forever now redeem'd from pain,
He did not run nor strive in vain:
With triumph from his clay releas'd,
Translated to his place of rest.

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3 Ear hath not heard, nor eye beheld,
What to the saints is there reveal'd;
Blissful experience only knows,
The glories of the upper house.
4 Far, far from all distress remov'd,
They know the God whom here they lov'd:
Temptation, sickness, grief and care,
Shall never gain admission there.
5 Then let us seek, in stedfast faith,
A city that foundations hath:
Our bright, immoveable abode,
Whose glorious architect is God.
6 There we shall all our pain forget,
And only songs of praise repeat;
In knowledge, happiness and love,
To all eternity improve.
7 There we shall as the angels shine,
The martyr's noble army join;
And see the Lamb (thrice blissful sight!)
Encompass'd with his saints in light.
8 When shall we to our joy be giv'n;
O when exchange this earth for heav'n?
And cast our crowns before the throne,
And worship him that sits thereon?
9 When shall we hear th' inviting word,
And be for ever with the Lord?
A day with Christ in glory there,
Is better than a thousand here.
10 Holy and true, call in thine own,
Accomplish, Lord, their number soon:
Us to thy second coming seal,
And with thyself for ever fill!

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AN

APPENDIX:

CONSISTING OF SEVERAL PIECES, NOT PROPERLY REDUCIBLE TO ANY OF THE PRECEDING HEADS.

I.

1 Look back, my soul, and take a view,
Of Christ expiring on the tree:
Behold thy Saviour breathe his last,
To buy eternal life for thee!
Thy Jesus faints—'Tis finish'd, cries,
Reclines his sacred head, and dies.

2 Shadows and types are done away,
The temple's veil is rent in twain:
Vanish, ye emblematic rites,
The real victim now is slain;
Is slain for sinners to atone,
The priest and sacrifice in one.

3 Methinks I see the purpled earth,
Startle to feel its Maker's blood;
The sun retires, and from their graves,
Saints rise to hail their dying Lord:
Each sympathising rock appears
More tender than his murderers.

4 And did the Saviour thus exchange
His throne of glory for a cross?
Left he for this th' ethereal court,
To die a painful death for us?
For us he bled at ev'ry vein,
And, slain by man, for man was slain.

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5 Obdurate heart, shall mountains heave,
And nature mourn her best belov'd,
Shall the rocks tremble at his voice,
And I alone abide unmov'd!
Shall I not weep his death to see,
Who wept in tears of blood for me?
6 O Prince of martyrs, touch my heart,
There at thy mighty standard rest;
Burn purifying incense there,
Fit it for so divine a guest:
There let thy pow'rful cross reside,
'Till ev'ry lust is crucified.

II. *To a Friend who asked what God is.*

1 Is there a man whose daring hand,
Can number ev'ry grain of sand?
Can count the drops that fill the sea,
Or tell how many stars there be?
2 Who, then, shall strive to comprehend
Infinity that knows no end?
Who shall set bounds to boundless pow'r,
Restrain omnipotence, or low'r
Eternity to one poor hour?
3 Believe me, friend, thou canst no more
The vast designs of God explore,
Than thy short arm can touch the skies,
Or fathom ocean's deep abyss.
4 Who shall disclose his Maker's plan,
Or dare his secret will to scan?
Shall feeble, guilty, finite man?
5 None but perfection, such as his,
Can know th' Almighty as he is;
His glory never can be brought
Adapted to a mortal's thought.
6 Consider what thou art, and fear
This unseen witness always near.
Dive not into his deep decree:
The object's too elate for thee,
Thou must not ask, nor wish to see.

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Cast each presumptuous doubt away;
Remember thou'rt, at best, but clay,
Whose only province is t' obey.

III. Isa. xlix. 16.—*Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands.*

1 Redeem'd offender, hail the day
That sees thy sin forgiv'n:
Jesus hath borne thy guilt away,
And pleads for thee in heav'n.
2 Imprinted on his hands thou art
In characters of blood;
The stream that issu'd from his heart
Shall waft thee safe to God.
3 For me vouchsaf'd th' unspotted Lamb,
His Father's wrath to bear:
I see his feet, and read my name
Engraven deeply there.
4 Forth from the Lord his gushing blood
In purple currents ran:
And ev'ry wound proclaim'd aloud
His wond'rous love to man.
5 My faith looks back and sees him bleed;
A thorny crown he wears,
To set upon the sinner's head
A shining crown of stars.
6 Saviour, I fain would take the wreath,
To thee, my centre, move,
In all the lowliness of faith,
In all the heights of love.
7 Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy bitter death my hope:
For my offence upon the tree
My Lord was lifted up.
8 For me the Saviour's blood avails,
Almighty to atone:
The hands he gave to piercing nails
Shall lead me to his throne.

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IV. PHIL. iv. 5.—*Be careful for nothing.*

1 CAN my heav'n-born soul submit
To care for things below!
Nay, but never from the feet
Of Jesus may I go.
Anxious, Lord, for nothing here,
In ev'ry straight I look to thee;
Humbly cast my ev'ry care,
On him that cares for me.

2 Godliness is greatest gain,
For that alone I pray;
Lord, I never would complain,
Give thou or take away:
Never would I grieve for ought,
So Christ is mine and I am his;
I would ne'er by taking thought,
Obstruct my inward peace.

3 He shall dwell in perfect rest
Whose mind is stay'd on thee,
Whom to keep within my breast,
My only care shall be;
View the lilies of the field,
They grow, but neither toil nor spin,
By their Maker's arm upheld,
Who clothes the earth with green.

4 See the ravens, day by day,
Their Maker gives them food,
Lions, roaring for their prey,
Do seek their meat from God:
Lean thou on his faithful word,
Nor, by distrust, provoke his wrath,
Cast thy burden on the Lord,
O thou of little faith.

5 Will the Saviour (who thy peace
At such a price hath bought)
From his work of mercy cease
And sell thy life for nought?

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Doubting soul, to him look up,
His ears are open to thy cry;
God shall recompence thy hope,
And all thy need supply.
6 Thou hast promis'd help to thine,
And I believe the word;
I will never ask a sign,
Nor dare to tempt the Lord:
'Tis enough for God to say,
I'll feed my people with my hand;
Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
But his decree shall stand.

V. *Judgment.*

1 Behold, the awful day comes on,
When Jesus on his righteous throne,
Shall in the clouds appear:
With solemn pomp shall bow the sky,
And in the twinkling of an eye,
Arraign us at his bar.
2 But first th' archangels trump shall blow,
Our scatter'd dust its voice shall know,
And quicken at the sound;
The sea shall then give up her dead,
And nations, starting from their bed,
Shall cleave the op'ning ground.
3 Who shall sustain his righteous ire,
When Jesus sets the clouds on fire,
And makes the earth retreat?
In vain shall sinners then repent,
When each expiring element,
Shall melt with fervent heat.
4 The dead in Christ shall first awake,
The faithful few, who for his sake,
On earth were justify'd:
Guarded by a seraphic band,
Aloft they mount to his right hand,
In whom they liv'd and dy'd.

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5 See next the guilty crowd arise,
Beholding, with reluctant eyes,
The glories of the Lamb,
While taunting fiends impatient wait,
To hurl them from the judgment seat,
To hell's eternal flame.

6 Hark! as they mount, by devils borne,
To meet their judge, on earth their scorn,
Despairingly they cry,
" Fall on us rocks with all your load,
And screen us from the wrath of God,
And hide us from his eye."

7 In vain on rocks and hills ye call,
The rocks shall from their basis fall,
And know their place no more:
The hills shall melt when God comes down,
And mountains crumble at his frown,
And groan beneath his pow'r.

8 What thought can paint their black despair,
Who this tremendous sentence hear,
Irrevocably giv'n,
" Depart ye cursed, into hell,
With everlasting burnings dwell,
Remote from me and heav'n?"

9 But O thou Saviour of mankind,
Display thy pow'r, and to the blind
Effectual light afford:
Snatch them from unbelief,
And now compel them to come in,
And tremble at thy word.

10 Methinks I hear thy mercy plead,
The voice of him that wakes the dead
Doth over sinners mourn:
" Why do ye still your God forget,
And madly hasten to the pit
From whence is no return?

11 Ye reasoners, make the wisest choice;
Listen, in time, to reason's voice,
Nor dare almighty ire:

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Turn, lest my hotest wrath ye feel,
And find, too late, the flames of hell
No metaphoric fire."

VI. *Contempt of the World.*

1 Can ought below engross my thought?
Or am I to the world confin'd?
Nay, let my pure affections soar
To objects of a nobler kind!
2 I know I'm but a pilgrim here,
That seeks a better, promis'd land:
Then may I run and never tire,
Till that celestial home's obtain'd.
3 Resolv'd to tread the sacred way
That Jesus water'd with his blood,
I bend my fixed and cheerful course
Through that rough path my master trod.
4 Contemptuous of the world I live,
A daily death rejoice to die:
And, while I move and walk below,
My absent heart mounts up on high.
5 O light of life, still guide my steps,
Without thy friendly aid I stray:
Lead me, my God, for I am blind,
Direct me, and point out my way.
6 Let the vain world applaud or frown,
Still may I heaven's path pursue:
Still may I stand unshook, and keep
The centre of my hopes in view!
7 Tho' Satan, earth and self oppose,
Yet, thro' thy help, I'll persevere;
To Canaan's hills my eyes lift up,
And choose my lot and portion there.
8 The way that leads to glory lies
Through ill report, contempt and loss:
Assist me to deny myself,
To follow thee and bear thy cross.
9 Let Satan never come between,
Nor separate my God from me;

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But may my soul, in ev'ry storm,
Find a sure resting place in thee.

VII.

1 Dying Redeemer, slaughter'd Lamb,
Thou pour'dst out thy blood for me;
O may I, kindled by thy flame,
As freely give myself to thee!
My heart to thee I now resign,
For, Lord, it cost the blood of thine!
2 To save my falling soul from death,
Th' immaculate Redeemer dy'd;
Lord, my offences drove the nails,
The soldier I, that pierc'd thy side:
For this my restless eye runs o'er,
Because I can lament no more.
3 How gladly should my head have worn,
The crown of thorns to hinder thine!
Have suffer'd in my master's stead,
And made thy dying sorrows mine!
Have stretch'd my arms upon the tree,
And dy'd myself to rescue thee.
4 But O! no other sacrifice,
The Father's justice could appease;
Ten thousand worlds had dy'd in vain,
Thy blood alone could buy our peace:
The God offended must be slain,
To expiate the offence of man.
5 And shall I not his cross take up
Who dy'd upon a cross for me?
Jesus, through good and ill report,
I, in thy strength, will follow thee.
My master liv'd despis'd, abhorr'd,
And I am not above my Lord.

VIII. *Life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel.*

1 How blest am I! no snare I fear,
While Jesus keeps his dwelling here:
His presence chases death away,
Enliv'ning with continual day.

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2 By Satan's rage I stand unshook,
My hopes are founded on a rock:
Christ is the stone on which I build,
My castle, guardian, helmet, shield!

IX. *To the Rev. Mr. E. W. March*, 1757.

1 Soldier of the living God,
Steward of the mystic word,
Use the gifts on thee bestow'd
To the honour of thy Lord.
Free thou didst from him receive,
Man of God as freely give.
2 Clad with zeal as with a cloke,
Boldly urge thy rapid way;
Firmly grounded as a rock,
Faithful in the trying day:
Stand in Christ thy sure abode,
Safely hid with him in God.
3 In Immanuel's strength go forth,
Loud his dying love proclaim,
Dare the feeble sons of earth,
Conquer in his saving name:
March with Jesus for thy guide,
Go, for God is on thy side!
4 Bear the standard of the Lord,
Fight thy captain's battles well;
With the Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
Put to flight the hosts of hell:
Single thou thy foes shall chase,
Arm'd with all the strength of grace.
5 Satan and the world may join,
Hell and death with thee engage;
Strong thou art, in strength divine,
Safe amidst their blackest rage:
Jesus shall thy soul confirm,
Lift thee up above the storm.
6 Vainly shall the blinded crew
Strive thy progress to withstand;
Thee they never shall subdue,
Guarded by the Saviour's hand:

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God hath said concerning thee,
"As thy day thy strength shall be."
7 But if Jesus should depart,
For a season cease to smile,
Proving what is in thine heart,
Leave thee to thyself a while,
He again thy stay will prove,
Bear thee in his arms of love.
8 When thou dost in secret pray'r,
Find a ready, free access,
When thou tellest all thy care,
Sweetly at the throne of grace,
Me to Jesus then commend,
Think upon thy distant friend!
9 Dauntless thou his word proclaim,
Tell his message to mankind:
Bid them, in thy master's name,
Ask the pearl for those design'd:
Tell them, Jesus will redeem
All that come to God by him.
10 Faithful to thy sacred trust,
Thus from strength to strength go on;
Stay the weak, bring back the lost,
Labour 'till thy work is done:
Fight and conquer, end the strife,
Enter on eternal life.

X. 1 Thess. v. 24. *Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.*

1 Fickle and changeable man,
Terrestrial joys are just as vain,
And perish in the tasting;
But Jesus' truth I cannot fear,
His gifts without repentance are,
His love is everlasting.
2 Mercy unchangeable is his,
Eternal as himself it is,
Nor will his promise fail me:

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I own the token he has given,
And steadily press on to heav'n,
Tho' fiends and men assail me.
3 He never will from me remove;
For me the Saviour pleads above,
Still making intercession:
I hear his pray'r, I feel his blood,
Kept by the mighty pow'r of God,
Through faith unto salvation.
4 His Spirit for that end is giv'n,
To bear unhurt, unstain'd, to heav'n,
The soul of each believer:
Deputed by the Lamb he is,
To comfort, guard, and strengthen his,
And stay with them for ever.
5 Through him united to the Son,
Unalienably sealed his own,
Nor earth, nor hell shall move me:
From conqu'ring I to conquer go;
Jesus hath lov'd me hitherto,
And to the end will love me.
6 Bent to devour the serpent stands,
But Christ from his own mighty hands
Will never let him force me:
My Maker is my husband now,
Nor heights above, nor depths below,
Shall from my Lord divorce me.
7 If, for a season, Satan's chain
Be lengthen'd, Jesus will sustain
Me in the sore temptation;
Will frustrate the accuser's hope,
And bear my ransom'd spirit up
Above the inundation.
8 His name assuredly I prove
Essential faithfulness and love;
Shall I, by doubting, grieve him?
My soul he with a price hath bought,
His law within my heart is wrote,
And I shall never leave him.

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TO

THE HOLY SPIRIT,

MODERNIZED FROM THE OFFICE FOR ORDINATION.

HYMN I. *To the Holy Spirit, &c.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And warm with uncreated fire!
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gift impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer us, all our days,
With the abundance of thy grace;
Our foes convert, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee; a Trinity in one:
That, thro' the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;
Praise to thy eternal love,
Father, Son, and mystic dove!

HYMN II. *A Contemplation, suggested by* Rev. vii. 9——17.

1 I SAW, and lo! a countless throng
Th' elect of ev'ry nation, name, and tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting throne;

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With robes of white endu'd
(The righteousness of God);
And each a palm sustain'd
In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright melodious choir begun:
"Salvation to thy name,
Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb,
In pow'r, in glory, and in essence, one!"
So sung the saints, th' angelic train,
Second the anthem with a loud Amen.
(These in the outer circle stood,
The saints were nearest God);
And prostrate fall, with glory overpow'r'd,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus address the King of kings:
"All hail, by thy triumphant church ador'd!
Blessing and thanks and honour too
Are thy supreme, thy everlasting due,
Our triune, sov'reign, our propitious Lord!"
While I beheld th' amazing sight,
A seraph pointed to the saints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence they came:
"These are they, whose lot below
Was persecution, pain, and woe:
These are the chosen purchas'd flock,
Who ne'er their Lord forsook;
Through his imputed merit, free from blame;
Redeem'd from ev'ry sin;
And, as thou seest, whose garments were made clean,
Wash'd in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.
Sav'd by his righteousness alone,
Spotless they stand before the throne,
And in th' etherial temple chaunt his praise;
Himself among them deigns to dwell,
And face to face his light reveal:
Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,
And pain, and heat, they know no more;

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Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays,
Immanuel, here, his people feeds,
To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from ev'ry face."
2 Happy the souls releas'd from fear,
And safely landed there!
Some of the shining number, once, I knew,
And travell'd with them here:
Nay, some (my elder brethren now)
Sat later out for heav'n; my junior saints, below;
Long after me, they heard the call of grace,
Which wak'd them unto righteousness.
How have they got beyond!
Converted last, yet first with glory crown'd!
Little, once, I thought that these
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me, far behind, slow journeying thro' the plain!
Lov'd, while on earth; nor less belov'd, tho' gone;
Think not I envy you your crown;
No; if I could, I would not, call you down.
Tho' slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way,
Who, now and then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from his throne.
The shinings of his grace
Soften my passage thro' the wilderness,
And vines, nectareous, spring, where briers grew;
The sweet unveilings of his face
Make me, at times, near half as blest as you.
O might his beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,
His gladd'ning presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey thro'!
But soon the clouds return; my triumph dies;
Damp vapours from the valley rise,
And hide the hill at Sion from my view.
Spirit of light, thrice holy dove,
Brighten my sense of int'rest in that love

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Which knew no birth, and never shall expire!
Electing goodness, firm and free,
My whole salvation hangs on thee,
Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity.
Redemption, grace, and glory too,
Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent fountain, flow;
Ah, tell me, Lord, that thou hast chosen me!
Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,
Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,
And let me my election know!
Then, when thy summons bids me come up higher,
Well-pleased I shall from life retire,
And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now.

HYMN III. *Happiness found.*

1 Happiness, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, "It is not here:"
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies,
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss, I seek, create.
2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucify'd for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;

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Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.
4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Ev'ry object teems with joy;
Here O may I walk with thee,
Then into thy presence die!
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove;
Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

HYMN IV. *Affliction.*

1 Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold;
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.
3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep;
While harrass'd, and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord hath forsaken thee quite,
Thy God will be gracious no more."
4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,

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Ah, tell me, how is it I find,
Some sweetness in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my only resource;
If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,
Thy Spirit must take it by force.

HYMN V. *The method of Salvation.*

1 The Father we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace,
Selected a people to show forth thy praise;
Nor is thy love known,
By election alone;
For, O thou hast added the gift of thy Son.

2 The goodness in vain,
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ransom for men;
Great surety of thine
Thou didst not decline,
To concur with the Father's most gracious design.

3 To Jesus our friend,
Our thanks shall ascend,
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end;
Our ransom he paid,
In his merit array'd
We attain to the glory for which we were made.

4 Sweet Spirit of grace,
Thy mercy we bless,
For thy eminent share in the council of peace;
Great agent divine,
To restore us in thine,
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.

5 O God, 'tis thy part,
To convince and convert;
To give a new life, and create a new heart;
By thy presence and grace,
We're upheld in our race;
And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

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6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in One,
The salvation of those he has mark'd for his own;
Let us too agree,
To glorify thee,
Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three.

HYMN VI. *The evil Heart.*

1 Astonish'd and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.
2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.
3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.
4 This done, my cheerful voice,
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN VII. *Thy Kingdom come.*

1 O when shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious rest!
Partake the triumphs of the sky,
And, holy, holy, holy, cry!
2 With all thy heav'nly hosts, with all
Thy blessed saints, we then shall fall;
And sing in extasy unknown,
And praise thee on thy dazzling throne.
3 Honour, and majesty, and pow'r,
And thanks and blessings evermore;
Who dost through endless ages live,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive.

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4 For thou hast bid the creatures be
And still subsist to pleasure thee;
From thee they came, to thee they tend,
Their gracious source, their glorious end!

HYMN VIII. *The Propitiation.*

THY anger, for what I have done,
The gospel forbids me to fear:
My sins thou hast charg'd on thy Son;
Thy justice to him I refer:
Be mindful of Jesus and me!
My pardon he suffer'd to buy;
And what he procur'd on the tree,
For me he demands in the sky.

HYMN IX. *Assurance of Faith.*

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring:
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my transgressions from view.
2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea, and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.
3 My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace;

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Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

HYMN X. *To the Blessed Spirit.*

1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night,
Come thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure,
Man can wish, or God can send;
O thou glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Come with unction and with pow'r;
On our souls thy graces show'r;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Known to thee are all recesses
Of the earth, and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses,
Thy omniscient mind descries:
Holy fountain, wash us clean;
Both from error, and from sin!
Let us fly what thou refusest,
And delight in what thou choosest.

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5 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever;
Guard, and teach, support, and guide:
Let thy kind, effectual grace,
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Show thyself our new creator,
And conform us to thy nature.
6 Be our friend on each occasion;
God, omnipotent to save!
When we die, be our salvation;
When we're buried be our grave:
And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore thee.

HYMN XI. *Divine Breathings.*

1 I GROAN from sin to be set free,
From self to be releas'd;
O take me, take me unto thee,
My everlasting rest!
2 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend:
No longer from thy creature stay;
My author, and my end!
3 The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd,
No longer be delay'd:
Come my exceeding great reward,
For whom I first was made.
4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of ev'ry virtuous thought
And righteous work is thine.
5 'Tis not of him that wills or runs,
That labours or desires;
In answer to my Saviour's groans,
Thy love my breast inspires.

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6 The meritorious cause I see,
That precious blood divine,
And I, since Jesus dy'd for me,
Shall live for ever thine.

HYMN XII. PSALM CXLVII. 1.

'TIS pleasant to sing,
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move:
'Twill be pleasanter still,
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above.

HYMN XIII. HEBREWS X. 19th verse.

We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.

1 O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,
By which the sinner lives!
When stung with sin, this blood we view,
And all our joy revives.
2 We flourish as the water'd herb,
Who keep this blood in sight,
The blood that chases our distress,
And makes our garments white.
3 The blood that purchas'd our release,
And washes out our stains,
We challenge earth and hell to show,
A sin it cannot cleanse.
4 Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,
And we brought nigh to God:
Thanks to that wrath appeasing death;
That heav'n procuring blood.
5 The blood that makes his glorious church
From ev'ry blemish free;
And, O the riches of his love!
He pour'd it out for me.
6 Guilty and worthless as I am,
It all for me was giv'n;

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And boldness, thro' his blood, I have,
To enter into heav'n.
7 Thither, in my great surety's right,
I surely shall be brought!
He could not agonize in vain,
Nor spend his strength for nought.
8 He wills that I and all his sheep,
Should reign with him in bliss;
And pow'r he has to execute,
Whate'er his will decrees.
9 The Father's everlasting love,
And Jesus' precious blood,
Shall be our endless themes of praise;
In yonder blest abode.
10 In patience let us then possess,
Our souls, 'till he appear:
Our head already is in heav'n,
And we shall soon be there.

HYMN XIV. *A propitious Gale longed for.*

1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, sweet Spirit come,
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

HYMN XV. *All in All.*

1 Compared with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see:
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
2 The sense of our expiring love,
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow; for thee alone,
My all in all I pray.

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3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
4 Love of my God, for him again,
With love intense I'll burn:
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I'll choose thee in return.
5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

HYMN XVI. *Weak Believers encouraged.*

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.
2 Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We ev'ry moment come.
3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
4 Fasten'd within the vail,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale,
That wafts you smooth along.
5 Or, should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come;
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
6 The people of his choice,
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect,
On Tabor's mount to stay.

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7 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
8 Soon shall our doubts and fears,
Subside at his controul;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
9 No wonder, when God's love,
Pervades your kindling breast,
You wish for ever to retain,
The heart transporting guest.
10 Yet learn, in ev'ry state,
To make his will your own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.
11 By anxious fear depress'd,
When, from the deep ye mourn,
"Lord, why so hasty to depart,
So tedious in return!"
12 Still on his plighted love,
At all events rely:
The very hidings of his face,
Shall train thee up to joy.
13 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour:
Wait, till the bridegroom of thy soul,
Reveals his love with pow'r.
14 The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But that it flowed for thee.
15 Tarry his leisure then,
Altho' he seem to stay:
A moment's intercourse with him,
Thy grief will overpay.
16 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!

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Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN XVII. *Christ the Light of his People.*

1 I LIFT my heart and eyes to thee,
Jesus, thou unextinguish'd light,
My guardian stay and leader be,
My cloud by day, my fire by night.
2 Glory of Israel, shine within;
Unshadow'd, uneclips'd appear:
With beams of grace exhale my sin;
Break forth thou bright and morning star.
3 The earth a trackless lab'rinth is;
Be thou my thread and faithful clue!
Thy kingdom and thy righteousness,
The only objects I pursue.
4 Light of the Gentiles thee I hail;
Essential truth, thyself impart!
Spirit of light, his face reveal,
And set thy signet on my heart.
5 Thy office 'tis t' enlighten man,
And point him to the heav'nly prize;
The hidden things of God t' explain,
And shine the darkness from our eyes.
6 Witness of Christ within my heart,
My int'rest in his love display;
My int'rest in that better part,
Which never can be torn away.
7 In bondage 'till thou set me free,
Fain would I know my part in him:
The brightness of his rising see,
And bask in thy meridian beam.
8 Shine then thou uncreated ray!
If but a moment thou withdraw,
That moment sees me go astray,
That moment sees me break thy law.
9 The word and Spirit both conspire,
To tell thy church she is forgiv'n;

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And lift her daily high'r and high'r,
'Till all her joys are crown'd with heav'n.
To that bless'd realm of bright repose,
Thou wilt conduct my weary feet;
Where peace no interruption knows,
And where my sun shall never set.

HYMN XVIII. *Leaning on the Beloved.*

1 COURAGE my soul; Jehovah speaks:
His promise is for thee:
"I never will forsake nor leave
The soul betroth'd to me."
2 The cheering word, as heav'nly dew,
My thirsty soul drinks in:
Jesus commands me to rejoice,
Who bore away my sin.
3 My Saviour's ever watchful eye,
Is over me for good:
What will he not on me bestow,
Who hath himself bestow'd?
4 Me to enrich, himself he made
Poor, and of no esteem:
The source, the true foundation, this,
Of all my love to him.
5 Dear Lord, into thy faithful hands,
My welfare I commit;
And to thy righteousness alone,
For safety I retreat.
6 Sorrows and agonies and death,
Thou didst endure for me,
When all the sins of God's elect,
Were made to meet on thee.
7 Tho' worthy, in myself, of hell,
And everlasting shame;
I cannot dread the frown divine,
Accepted in the Lamb.
8 Still on thy merit, gracious Lord,
Enable me to lean:

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Ever in thee may I be found,
My hiding-place from sin!
9 Exult my soul; thy safety stands
Unshaken as his throne:
His people's everlasting life
Is founded on his own.

HYMN XIX. *Before Hearing.*

1 Source of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine;
Lord, behold thy servant stands,
Lo, to thee he lifts his hands:
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lip with holy fire!
Source of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine.
2 Breathe thy Spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet upon us all;
'Till, by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be trac'd and found;
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart:
Source of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine.

HYMN XX. *A Morning Hymn.*

1 Christ whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only light,
Son of righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day spring from on high be near,
Day star in my heart appear.
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

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3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN XXI. *A Chamber Hymn.*

1 WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuse,
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep;
A sov'reign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save;
Almighty to rule and command.
2 From evil secure and its dread,
I rest if my Saviour is nigh,
And songs his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night season supply;
He smiles and my comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend.
3 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee, for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me till now;
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd,
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally lov'd.
4 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign,
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,

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And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
5 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep,
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep;
Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to the stations assign'd,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.
6 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my king.
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

HYMN XXII. *A Prayer, living and dying.*

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2 Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil thy laws demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow;
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless look to thee for grace:
Foul I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

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4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN XXIII. *To the Trinity.*

1 Eternal hallelujahs,
Be to the Father giv'n,
Who lov'd his own
Ere time begun,
And mark'd them out for heav'n.
2 Anthems of equal glory,
Ascribe we to the Saviour;
Who liv'd and dy'd,
That we his bride,
Might live with him for ever.
3 Hail co-eternal Spirit,
Thy church's new Creator!
The saints he seals
Their fear dispels,
And sanctifies their nature.
4 We laud the glorious trial,
The mystic one in essence;
'Till call'd to join
The hosts that shine
In his immediate presence.
5 Faithful is he that promis'd,
And stands engag'd to save us:
The triune Lord
Has pass'd his word,
That he will never leave us.
6 A kingdom he assign'd us,
Before the world's foundation:
Thou God of grace,
Be thine the praise,
And ours the consolation.

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HYMN XXIV. 2 Tim. i. 9. "*Who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us before the world began.*"

1 How vast the benefits divine,
  Which we in Christ possess,
Sav'd from the guilt of sin we are,
  And call'd to holiness.
2 But not for works which we have done,
  Or shall hereafter do;
Hath God decreed on sinful worms,
  Salvation to bestow.
3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
  Is due to thee alone;
Aught to ourselves, we dare not take,
  Or rob thee of thy crown.
4 Our glorious surety undertook
  To satisfy for man,
And grace was given us in him,
  Before the world began.
5 This is thy will, that in thy love
  We ever should abide,
And lo, we earth and hell defy,
  To make thy counsel void.
6 Not one of all the chosen race,
  But shall to heav'n attain;
Partake on earth the purpos'd grace,
  And then with Jesus reign.
7 Of Father, Son, and Spirit, we
  Extol the threefold care,
Whose love, whose merit, and whose pow'r,
  Unite to lift us there.

HYMN XXV. *He hath borne our Griefs*, &c.

1 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul no longer mourn:
View him bleeding on the tree;
Pouring out his life for thee;

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There thy ev'ry sin he bore,
Weeping souls lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid,
See upon his blameless head;
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Wounded in our stead, he is
Bruis'd for our iniquities.

3 Weary sinner keep thine eyes,
On th' atoning sacrifice:
There th' incarnate Deity,
Number'd with transgressors see;
There his Father's absence mourns,
Nail'd and bruis'd, and crown'd with thorns.

4 See thy God, his head bow down,
Hear the man of sorrows groan!
For thy ransom, there condemn'd,
Stripp'd, derided, and blasphem'd;
Bleed the guiltless for th' unclean,
Made an off'ring for thy sin.

5 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

6 Lord, thy arm must be reveal'd!
Ere I can by faith be heal'd!
Since I scarce can look to thee
Cast a gracious eye on me;
At thy feet, myself I lay,
Shine, O shine, my fears away.

HYMN XXVI. *Faith in the Promises.*

1 What in thy love possess I not,
My star by night, my sun by day;
My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;

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My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

2 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable, thou hast me view'd
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursu'd;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on ev'ry side.

3 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my pow'r;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus in that important hour;
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast dy'd.

HYMN XXVII. *Divine Aid.*

1 The pow'r of hell, the strength of sin,
My Jesus shall subdue:
His healing blood shall wash me clean,
And make my spirit new.

2 He will perform the work begun,
Jesus, the sinner's friend;
Jesus, the lover of his own,
Will love me to the end.

3 No longer am I now afraid,
The promise shall take place,
Perfect his strength in weakness made:
Sufficient is his grace.

4 When thou dost in my heart appear,
And love erects its throne;
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heav'n on earth begun.

5 Lord, I believe and rest secure,
In confidence divine;
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And all thou art is mine.

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HYMN XXVIII. *Almighty Power.*

1 What tho' I cannot break my chain
Or e'er throw off my load;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.
2 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
Or match Omnipotence;
Unfold the grasp of thy right hand,
And pluck the sinner thence.
3 Faith to be heal'd I fain would have,
O might it now be giv'n;
Thou canst, thou canst the sinner save,
And make me meet for heav'n.
4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.
5 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

HYMN XXIX. *Mercy experienced.*

1 Jesus, what hast thou bestow'd
On such a worm as me;
What compassion hast thou show'd,
To draw me after thee:
Mindful of thy mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove,
Still my helpless soul I cast,
On thy redeeming love.
2 Hast thou not revers'd my doom,
Thou hast, and I believe;
Yet I still a sinner come,
That thou may'st still forgive;

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Wretched, miserable, blind,
Poor, and naked, and unclean,
Still that I may mercy find,
I bring thee nought but sin.

3 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And make my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear,
Thy comfortable voice:
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secrets of thy love.

4 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ will build me up;
I shall certainly be made,
Partaker of my hope;
Author of my faith he is,
He its finisher shall be,
Sov'reign grace has seal'd me his,
To all eternity.

HYMN XXX. *Fervent Desire.*

1 Father, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taste how good thou art,
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The length and depth, and breadth and height,
Of love divinely infinite.

2 Jesus, my great high priest above,
My friend before the throne of love;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty advocate to thine.

3 O sovereign love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die;

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Save me from death, from hell set free,
Death, hell, are but the want of thee;
My life, my crown, my heav'n thou art,
O may I find thee in my heart!

HYMN XXXI. Written in illness *, Psalm civ. verse 34.

" My meditation of him shall be sweet."

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay;
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid.
5 Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

* The late countess of Huntingdon had the original of this mellifluous piece of poetry sent her by the Author. The right honourable lady Ann Erskine gave herself considerable trouble to procure it for the Editor, for which obliging politeness and condescension, he returns this public acknowledgment.

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7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come;
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

9 There shall my disimprison'd soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfy'd,
And grieve and sin no more.

10 Shall see him wear that very flesh,
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As tho' but newly slain.

11 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

12 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that dy'd for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee.

13 If such the views which grace unfolds
Weak as it is below;
What raptures must the church above
In Jesu's presence know.

14 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from thee.

15 O may the unction of these truths,
For ever with me stay;
'Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd
My spirit flies away.

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HYMN XXXII. *The Dying Believer to his Soul.*

1 Deathless principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies.
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown:
Go, his triumphs to adorn:
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood;
Thine the righteousness of God.

3 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal giv'n,
And escort thee quick to heav'n.

4 Is thy earthly house distrest?
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die:
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe myself away:
Singing, to thy crown remove;
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

5 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and pow'r
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle, as a summer's eve:
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.
See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale:
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

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6 Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er
See, they throng the blissful shore.
Mount, their transports to improve:
Join the longing choir above:
Swiftly to their wish be giv'n:
Kindle higher joy in heav'n.
——Such the prospects that arise,
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death!

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